













THE  
WORKS  
OF

PETER PINDAR, Esq.<sup>R</sup>

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

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L O N D O N.

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M D C C X C V I





THE

# L O U I S I A D.

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## CANTO THE FIFTH.

NOW with the sweetest lips that love inspire,  
The PRINCESS ROYAL thus address'd her Sire :  
“ O Sir, for once attend a daughter's pray'r--  
“ Refrain your fury from your people's hair :  
“ A thousand blessings will their mouths bestow,  
“ And ev'ry heart with gratitude o'erflow :  
“ For *such* a vict'ry, who would give a fig ?  
“ Pray, Sir, don't make them wear a nasty wig.”  
Such sounds, so sweet, that most divinely broke,  
As might have mollified the sturdy oak,  
Were fruitless doom'd on royal ears to fall !  
Yet *Musick* drove the Devil out of *Saul* !  
To HER the KING, with most astonish'd eyes,  
And furly wrinkled brows so stern, replies :

"What, what? not *shave 'em, shave 'em*, now they're caught?"

"What! have this pretty hubbub all for *nought*?"

"No, no, girl; no, girl; no, girl; no, girl---no---

"Beg on till doomsday, girl---it shan't be so.

"How, how, pray, would it look, how, how, pray,  
"look?"

"People would swear I could not shave a Cook.

"*You* call wig-*nasty*, Miss? Fine speech, indeed!

"Don't, don't you see I've one upon my head?"

"Go back, go back, Miss PERT," he bluntly cried;

Then with his elbow push'd the nymph aside:

Although the Monarch did not box her ears,

He drown'd the radiance of her eye with tears.

Far from the wrathful King the MAID withdrew,

And veil'd her modest beauties from his view.

Thus when the virgin MORN her blushes spreads,

And paints with purest ray the mountain heads;

Behold, those blushes so divine to shroud,

The surly BORCAS gathers ev'ry cloud;

Bids the huge phalanx seek the smiling East,

And blot the lustre of her crimson veil:

From pole to pole extends the black'ning band;

Cloud pressing cloud, obeys his rude command:

In tears she moves away, the heav'nly MAID,  
And leaves him Monarch of the mighty shade.

Now o'er the *Sov'reign's* shoulder, with a sigh,  
The fair AUGUSTA cast a pitying eye;  
And whisper'd to her Sire a tender pray'r,  
To save from razor-rage the heads of hair;  
When lo, the King!

"What, *you* too, Mifs, petition for each knave?

"You, you, too, Mifs, an enemy to *shave*?"

Mute was the Maid; when soft from King and  
Cooks,  
Concern'd, she shrunk away, with sweetest looks:  
Thus, o'er a murky cloud the MOON so bright,  
Oft' gives a peep of momentary light;  
Much as to say, "I wish my smiles to grant,  
"To cheer you darkling mortals, but I can't."  
Sing, heav'nly GODDESS, how the COOKS behav'd,  
Who swore they'd all be d—n'd ere they'd be shav'd;  
Who penn'd to MAJESTY the bold petition,  
And daring fum'd with rebel opposition!

Cow'd, cow'd, alas! the Lords of saucopans feel—  
Each heart so val'rous funk into the heel:

' And lo, each threat'ning Amazonian Dame,  
 Her spirit drooping, and extinct her flame—  
 For lo, of Majesty the pow'rful blaze,  
 His coat's bright gold, and eyeball's rolling gaze,  
 Just like the light that cover'd sad SAINT PAUL,  
 Flash'd on their visages, and smote them all !  
 Who could have thought that things would thus have  
     ended ?

FATE seemingly a dreadful crash intended !  
 Such stately resolution in the Cooks,  
 Such fierce demeanour in their spouses looks !  
 But thus in Western India Love ordains  
 At times an affect wind of hurricanes :  
 Dark grows the sky, with glooms of threat'ning red ;  
 All nature dumb, the tender zephyr dead—  
 Bird, beast, and mortal, nothing, pausing, still.  
 Expectant of the tempest's mighty will.  
 Tremendous pause ! when lo, by small degrees,  
 Light melts the mists ; with life returns the breeze ;  
 And DANGER, on his cloud, who frowl'd dismay,  
 Moves fallen with his congregated glooms away.  
 How strange that Kings, with borrow'd plumes who  
     soar,  
 Should make the very *wing-makers* adore !

Strange

Strange that the realm, by which a Monarch lives,  
 Should tremble at the Majesty it *gives* !  
 Strange that an Empire so much reason wants,  
 When *bounteous* Majesty a pension grants,  
 As not to understand, the stupid stone,  
 He granteth not a sixpence of *his own* !  
 What's stranger still, indeed, to people's eyes,  
 That Monarchs and their wives should seem so *wise* !  
 But so it is indeed !—and yet I hear  
 That Majesty is falling from its sphere ;  
 WAR's mighty *first rate* dwindling to a *jiff* ;  
 The knees of ADORATION waxing stiff,  
 That bent so phantly to *folk* of State—  
 Cock-turkey GRANDIUS veiging to his fate.  
 But TIME discovers truth—in folly far,  
 Folk deem'd a beam from bogs a falling star,  
 And fancied thunder, all so dread, ador'd,  
 The voice tremendous of an anger'd Lord ;  
 The lightning his swift vengeance—never dreaming  
 That mortals, ever poring, ever scheming,  
 Should find that in a phial they should lock it,  
 And bear heav'n's vengeance in their breeches pocket.  
 In France, lo ! HOMAGE much has lost her awe,  
 And *blushes* now to kiss the Lion's paw :



Nay, dares to fancy (an old rebel jade),  
 Kings and their thrones of *like* materials made ;  
 Nay, fancy too (on bold rebellion's brink,)  
 That subjects have a right to *peak* and *think* ;  
 Revileth kings, for praise and wonder born,  
 Calleth crowns *fool caps*, that their heads adorn ;  
 And sacred sceptres, which we *here adore*,  
*Mean picklocks* for the houses of the *Poor*.—  
 Thus CURIOSITY no longer springs,  
 And wide-mouth'd WONDER gapes no more at Kings.  
 Heavens ! if EQUALITY all ranks confounds,  
 No more shall we be whistled to like hounds ;  
 FREEDOM will talk to Kings in dauntless tone,  
 And female MAJESTY be just *plain* JOAN !

Now taking courage to his honest breast,  
 His hand the MAJOR energetic press'd ;  
 Cloth'd with humility's mild beam his eye,  
 He thus address'd the SOVEREIGN with a sigh :—  
 “ O King, you've call'd me an old fool to whine ;  
 “ But I'm not *old*—still many a year is mine ;  
 “ Tho' white, as tho' from *Time*, my temples grow,  
 “ INGRATITUDE's cold hand hath form'd their snow—  
 “ Grief dims these eyes, and whitens every hair ;  
 “ And, lo, my wrinkles are the tracks of *care* !

“ To

“ To tread LIFE’s wild, unwounded by a thorn,  
 “ Was ne’er the lucky lot of woman-born.  
 “ Man should be kind to man, O best of Kings,  
 “ And try to blunt the ills that *Nature* brings;  
 “ Not bid the cup of bitterness o’erflow,  
 “ And to her thousands add *another woe*.—  
 “ Ah! if a *trifle* can a smile employ,  
 “ How cruel, Sir, to *kill* the infant joy!  
 “ How faint of Happiness the scatter’d ray,  
 “ That cheers of life, alas! the little day;  
 “ While CARE and SORROW’s imp-like host invade,  
 “ And fill a fighting universe with shade!  
 “ Then bid your royal indignation cease,  
 “ And suffer our poor locks to rest in peace.”—  
 He ended.—Now with scorn so keen inspir’d,  
 And anger, uninvited, undesir’d,  
 Did MADAM SCHWELLENBERG, devoid of grace,  
 O’er the QUEEN’S shoulder poke her cat-like face;—  
 And thus—“ Mine Gote den—vat a faucy vretch!  
 “ How cleberly dis poor old fella preach!  
 “ Bring him de polepit—dat he sal be pote in—  
 “ JAN beat de Mettodißes all as rotin.”—  
 Now spoke the SPOUSE of our most *glorious King*,  
 Who deem’d a louse a very nasty thing;

For *folk* of Strelitz are so neat and clean,  
 They think on vermin with abhorrent mien !—  
 For cleanliness so much in Strelitz thrives,  
 Folks never saw a louse in all their lives.  
 “ Mine Gote ! ’mong men an women, an de boys,  
 “ Dis shave indeed make very pretty noise !  
 “ Goot Gote ! make rout about a lectel hair !  
 “ Wig be de fashion—DIXON, take de shair—  
 “ Sheet down, and don’t make hubbub shuft hke pig :  
 “ Dere’s noting terrible about a wig.  
 “ Mine Gote ! de tremblin fellow seem asred,  
 “ As if we put a tiger ’pon his head—  
 “ De *Ladies* now wear wig upon der crown ;  
 “ So sheet you down, JAN DIXON, sheet you down.—  
 “ Cook tell his King and Queen he von’t be shave !  
 “ Egote ! de Englis don’t know how behave !—  
 “ Let Cook say so in Strelitz, ah ! mine Gote !  
 “ Dere would be soldiers dat would cut der troat.  
 “ You know dat King an Queen, you rebel, JAN,  
 “ Can cut your head off in a moment, man—  
 “ Lord ! den, you may be tankfull dat we *spare*,  
 “ An only-cut off good-for-notin hair.  
 “ You know dat in our history you read,  
 “ How King of Englund cut off subjects head !—

“ Yes,

“ Yes, please your Majesty,” the Cook reply’d,  
“ And something, if I don’t mistake, *beside*---  
“ How *subjects* also cut off heads of Kings !  
“ But these undoubtedly are horrid things---  
“ Wide from the truth then does the proverb wander,  
“ Sauce for the goose, is sauce too for the gander.”---  
At this dire irony, with sable look,  
The anger’d Queen of England smote the Cook.  
Thus can the sweetest dispositions feel,  
And, when excited, ring a glorious peal.  
Whene’er it happens, (but it happens rare)  
Look sharp, my Masters---let the world beware.  
Thus water, all so simple, cool, and mild,  
So soft, it would not injure e’en a child,  
Yet, goaded by the fire, how warm it grows,  
Displaying symptoms of disturb’d repose !  
Sudden it swells, and, o’er the cauldron’s side,  
Foams the fierce cataract’s tumultuous tide ;  
And, in a twinkling, see the foolish fire,  
Whelm’d by the water, with a whiz expire.  
Now silence broke the King---“ Sit down, sit down !  
“ Come, come, let every barber take his crown ;  
“ I’ll show some mercy, t’ye, ye nasty pigs ;  
“ For mind, mind, mind, I’ll *pay* for all the wigs !”

At

At these last words, forth crawl'd an ANCIENT DAME,  
Sharp-nos'd, half starv'd, and AVARICE her name;  
With wrinkl'd neck, and parchment-like to view,  
That e'en the coarsest kerchief seldom knew;  
With hawk-like eyes that glister'd o'er her gold,  
And, raptur'd, ev'ry hour her treasure told;  
Who of her fingers form'd a comb so fair,  
And with a garter filletted her hair;  
Who fiercely snatch'd, with wild devouring eyes,  
An atom of brown sugar from the flies;  
Made a sad candle from a dab of fat,  
And stole a stinking fish-head from a cat;  
Sav'd of the mustiest bread the crumbs, and fees  
A dinner in the *scrapings* of a cheese:  
Whiffing a stump of pipe, a frequent treat,  
That gives the stomach smoke, poor thing! for meat:—  
Forth hobbled this old Dame, with shaking head,  
Like, in her crooked form, the letter *zed*—  
The Palace-watch, and guardian most severe  
Of drops of dying and of dead small beer:  
A Dame who hated idle dogs and cats,  
And trembled at a rompus of the rats;  
Nay, listen'd, jealous scratching of a mouse,  
Afraid the imp might swallow the whole house:

The

The careful province hers, to sell old shoes,  
 Old hats, old coats, and breeches, to the Jews;  
 And drive, with dog-like fury, from the door,  
 The plaintive murmurs of the famish'd Poor:—  
 The Dame who bade the great SIR FRANCIS sell  
 The sacred Pulpit, and the good old Bell! \*  
 Forth hobbl'd SHE, and, in a quick shrill tone,  
 Thus to the King of Nations spoke the Crone:—  
 “ God bless us, Sir, why give me leave to say,  
 “ Your Majesty is throwing things away!  
 “ What! give the fellows wigs for every head!  
 “ A piece of rare extravagance indeed!  
 “ Let them *buy* wigs *themselves*, a dirty crew!  
 “ An't please your Majesty, what's that to you?  
 “ *You* buy the rascals wigs, indeed, so nice!  
 “ It only gives encouragement to lice.  
 “ Marry come up, indeed, I say—new wigs!  
 “ No—let them *suffer* for't, the nasty pigs!  
 “ Lord! they can well afford it—Sir, their hair,  
 “ Costs (Heav'n protect us!) what would make you  
 “ stare,

\* SIR FRANCIS DRAKE. Verily this is a fact. The Baronet lately disposed of the Pulpit and Bell of the old Chapel at Nutwell, in Devonshire, built by his immortal ancestor. The annual interest of four shillings was too fascinating to be withstood.

- " Hours in the barber's hands, forsooth, they sit,  
 " Reading the newspapers, and books of wit !  
 " Just like our men of quality, forsooth,  
 " Each full-ag'd gentleman, and dapper youth !  
 " *Newmarket* now, and now the *Nation* studying,  
 " In clouds of flour sufficient for a pudding.  
 " Lord ! what extravagance I see and hear !  
 " Unlike your Majesty and Madam there,  
 " Our GREAT consume and squander, fling away—  
 " 'Tis rout and hubbub—spend, spend, night and  
     " day !  
 " Such racketting that people's peace destroys,  
 " As if the world was only made for noise.—  
 " Would ev'ry Duche's copy our good Queen,  
 " More money in their purses would be seen ;  
 " Her Majesty to *things* can condescend,  
 " Which our fine quality, with nose an end,  
 " Behold with *such* contempt, and *such* a grin,  
 " As though a little saving was a sin !  
 " Her Majesty, God bless her ! does not scorn  
 " To see a stocking and a shoe *well worn* ;  
 " To mend, or darn, or clean a lutestring gown,  
 " So mock'd, indeed, by all the Great in town.

" Her

- " Her Majesty at Frogmore,\* day and night,  
 " Can to their labour keep her pupils tight ;  
 " See that to Milliners no trifle goes,\*  
 " That may be done beneath her own great nose.  
 " Her Majesty can buy a hat, or cloak,  
 " In shops, indeed, as cheap as *common folk* :  
 " She will not be impos'd upon, she says—  
 " O what a good example for *our* days !  
 " When PRUDENCE dictates, lo, no pride she feels :  
 " Could order shoes to come with *copper* heels.  
 " Yes, Majesty could nobly pride renounce,  
 " And make a handsome *jacket* of a *flounce* ;  
 " 'Stead of *lawn gauze*, descend, Great Queen ! to  
     " *crape*,  
 " And, 'stead of *ribbon*, draw a gown with *tape* ;  
 " Turn hats to bonnets, by her prudence led,  
 " And clean a tarnish'd spangl'd shoe with bread ;  
 " A gown's worn sleeve from *long* to *short* devote,  
 " And into pockets cut an upper coat ;  
 " Cut shifts to night-caps, satin cloaks to muffs,  
 " And calmly frill groat ribbons into ruffs :

\* A Farm near Windsor, where a parcel of young women, the  
*Protégées* of Majesty, are constantly employed in working Beds, and  
 very well know the meaning of the phrase—"Working one's fingers  
 " to the stumps."



- " Blest with the rarest economic wits,  
 " Transform an old silk stocking into *Mits* :  
 " Transform too (so convertible are things !)  
 " E'en flannel petticoats to caps for Kings,—  
 " And then your Majesty, whom God long keep !  
 " How fond, indeed, of every thing that's cheap !  
 " ' Best is best cheap'—you very wisely cry ;  
 " And so, an't please your Majesty, say I.  
 " Lord bless us ! why should people spend and riot ?  
 " When people can *so save* by living quiet ?  
 " Give to the *Poor*, forsooth ! a rare exploit !  
 " Catch what you can, and never *give* a doit.  
 " To SAVING, every one should go to school—  
 " To my mind, GENEROSITY's a fool.—  
 " Look at the Prince of Wales now, Sir, your son—  
 " Poor youth ! by Generosity undone—  
 " When was he ever known distress to scout,  
 " And to a one-legg'd beggar say—" Get out !"  
 " Instead of proper words, as, " Varlet ! Slave !  
 " Go to your parish, to your workhouse, knave !"  
 " In goes his hand, and out his purse he draws,  
 " Relieves the rogue, and violates the laws :  
 " With puling PITY's tears, his eyes o'erflow—  
 " Plague on his lips that never can say—" No."

" He

- “ He values money just as so much dirt ;  
“ And to a beggar’s pray’r would give his shirt :  
“ His open heart was made for ruin—rot it !  
“ I wonder where the dev’l it was he got it.—  
“ A pretty disposition his, in troth :  
“ People should cut their garments to the cloth !  
“ Besides, Sir, there’s another ugly thing,  
“ He is not *proud enough* to be a king :  
“ No distant carriage his, no lofty mind,  
“ But all civility to all mankind :  
“ All speak their thoughts—his friends don’t matter  
“ mince,  
“ For nobody is *frighten’d* at the PRINCE :  
“ He bids them all *speak out*, without controul,  
“ And scorns the sycophant who hides his soul.  
“ What sort of king he’ll make, I cannot tell,  
“ With such a heart—and yet I wish him well.  
“ But kings should be close-fisted, proud, highflyers ;  
“ Nay *Authors* say, too, *Hypocrites* and *Liars*.  
“ But, Sir, I beg your pardon—to return  
“ To those same dirty Cooks that you should spurn—  
“ *Give them* no wigs, the Beasts ! for, as I say,  
“ ’Tis kindness and good money flung away.”

Thus ended AVARICE, at last, her speech,  
With praise of King and Queen, and saving, rich.

Such

Such words, deliver'd with a solemn air,  
 Made the great Ruler of three kingdoms stare.  
 " Right, right, 'tis very right," the Monarch cries,  
 And on his millions rolls his mental eyes—  
 " Right, MISTRESS AVARICE, right, right, indeed '  
 " I won't buy wigs for every nasty head ;  
 " No, no, they'll save it, save it, as you say—  
 " I won't, I won't, I won't, fling pence away !"

Here let us pause again, and think how hard,  
 That good intentions should be quickly marr'd !  
 Ah ! GENEROSITY's a tender plant,  
 Its root so weakly, and its bearings scant ! '  
 SELF-LOVE, too near it, robs it of each ray,  
 And thirstily, sucks the rills of life away.  
 Vile word ! (like docks in courtly soil which stait)  
 That thriveth in the cold and flinty heart —  
 " Come, come, sit down," the Monarch deign'd to  
     rave ;  
 " Cooks, cooks, sit down—Come, Barbers, shave,  
     " shave, shave.  
 " Yes, yes, I think 'tis right, 'tis right and just—  
 " Indeed you must be shav'd—you must, you must.  
 " Cooks must not over *Kings* and *Princes* tow'r—  
 " Must show the world that we have got some pow'r."

Thus

Thus, by Ambition fir'd, the Monarch ended  
A speech to be transcended, but not mended.  
What different roads to FAME, AMBITION takes !  
What hubbub in this under-world she makes !  
AMBITION, the Queen-passion of the soul—  
Ev'n LOVE, sweet LOVE, indeed, has less controul.  
AMBITION makes the *wife* a *fool* at Court ;  
AMBITION drowns an Alderman in port :  
AMBITION spurs our GREAT in plays to spout—  
Spurr'd SIR JOHN DICK to gain a star by *Croute* ;  
Bade LADY MARY for a eunuch sigh,  
And RICHMOND unto battles turn his eye,  
To beam the cynosure of Bagshot wars,  
And give POSTERITY a British Mars.  
AMBITION bade four JOHNSON lick the throne,  
And blink at ev'ry merit but his own ;  
BOSWELL with praise a Hottentot besmear,  
And give his country up to lead a Bear.  
AMBITION bade SIR WILL make new, old jugs,  
And bake his immortality in mugs :  
Bade round the world the fam'd SIR JOSEPH float,  
To kiss QUEEN OBEREA in the boat ;  
And spurs him now his blood's last drop to shed,  
In quest of butterflies without a head,

AMBITION nobly spurr'd the KING of MEN  
 To walk through HERSCHELL's tube and back again ;  
 A deed whose lustre, ENVY must allow,  
 Deep plann'd at Windsor, and perform'd at Slough !\*  
 AMBITION spurr'd the MAN of royal birth,  
 To humble MADAM SCHWELLENBERG to earth ;  
 Thus to the gardens of Imperial Kew,  
 When MADAM SCHWELLENBERG, for health, with-

drew,  
 And round the alleys of that fam'd abode,  
 Sublimely ambling, on a Jack-ass rode ;  
 Lo, MAJESTY so fly, with stick and pin,  
 Drove the sharp mischief through JACK's frighten'd  
 skin !

When, lo, the beast, with sudden start and bound,  
 Wild plunging, hurl'd the LADY to the ground ;  
 Where, lo, *such things* appear'd (her legs I mean)  
 As never ought by mortals to be seen ;  
 Legs that ne'er saw, ye Gods ! the sun before !

\* *Such legs !* as set Great Cæsar in a roar.

AMBITION bids the man of ropes, or figs,  
 Or fish, or brass, or foolscap, peas, or pigs,  
 Sigh for the golden chain, and coach so fair ;  
 In short, to shine the City's sun—LORD MAY'R !

\* A village near Windsor, the residence of Dr. Herschell.

Blest man ! in pomp to visit at St. James,  
 And pour his gilded barges on the Thames ;  
 Devour with Nobles, in th' Egyptian hall,  
 And trip it with a Ducheſs at the ball !  
 Rich honours ! but what pity my LORD MAY'R  
 Should loſe, at length, his chain and coach ſo fair,  
 And gorgeous gown, and wig, and bright attire,  
 And converſe ſweet of Lord, and Knight, and 'Squire ;  
 Sheriffs, and Councilmen, and Common Hunt,  
 To ſweat with candles, or with hogs to grunt ;  
 Bid *wax*, for *greafy mutton-lights*, adieu ;  
 Drop wigs for night-caps, robes for apron blue ;  
 And quit of JUSTICE the celeftial ſcales,  
 To weigh cheeſe, ſugar, tallow, or hobnails !  
 Inſtead of queſtions from the beſt of Kings,  
 On *ſolid* matters, conſequential things,  
 To hear a raggamuffin in his ſhop—  
 “ Soap, Maſter Guttle, quick, a pound of ſoap ! ”  
 With ſuch a careleſs, broad, irrev'rent ſtare,  
 As though the Chandler ne'er had been Lord May'r !—  
 But ſo it is—poor MERIT oft complains !  
 Bleſt is the mortal born with *Goofe's* brains !  
 What ſignifies the wiſdom of the ſchools,  
 If FORTUNE only will make love to *Fools* ?—

Now to the Cooks, O wand'ring Muse, return ;  
For, lo, our readers with impatience burn !  
Aw'd by the voice of King, and Queen, and Page,  
And MADAM SCHWELLENBERG's relentless rage ;  
Down sat the Cooks, amid a wond'ring host ;  
The Barbers labour'd and the locks were lost !  
Thus when BURGOYNE, opposing all the fates,  
Defied, at Saratoga, GENERAL GATES ;  
Sudden the HERO dropp'd his threat'ning fist,  
And wisely deem'd it folly to resist ;  
Dropp'd in the VICTOR's arms (unlucky lot !)  
And saw his legions sink without a shot !—  
Speak, heav'nly Goddess ! was there then no fray,  
No drops of blood effus'd to mark the day ?  
No fifty-cuffs, no eyes as black as night,  
No cat-like scratches, no revengeful bite ?—  
Nor fifty-cuffs, nor eyes as black as night,  
Nor cat-like scratches, nor revengeful bite,  
The Palace witness'd.—Thus the Muse divine  
Must close, without one drop of blood, the line ;  
And readers, baulk'd of deeds of high renown,  
Perhaps shall, grumbling for their money, frown.  
What can we do, if FATE produc'd *no* fray ?  
The Poet dares not *make* a murd'rous day—

Should FALSEHOOD's tale the Epic Bard defile,  
Which damneth half th' historians of our Isle ;  
How could he hold aloft his tuneful head,  
Or proudly hope at Doomsday to be read ;  
The glowing wish of every Son of Rhime,  
To sink into Eternity with *Time* ?  
Yet nought were easier than to form a fray,  
And bring a dozen Gods to aid the day—  
Yet nought were easier than to raise a battle—  
Make iron head-piece against head-piece rattle ;  
Nails nails oppose, and grinders grinders greet,  
Nose poke at nose, and stomachs stomachs meet ;  
Wild-rolling eye-balls against eye-balls glare,  
The dusty floor be strew'd with teeth and hair ;  
Caps, petticoats, and kerchiefs load the ground,  
The trembling roofs with mingled cries resound ;  
Legs of joint-stools, and chairs, their vengeance pour ;  
And blocks, and mopsticks fly, a wooden show'r ;  
Raise clamours equal to an Indian yell,  
Transcended only by the house of hell ;  
Nay, bid old EREBUS, in sulphur strong,  
Display his flaming cauldron in our song.  
Proud of the *Shave*, the King of Nations smil'd ;  
Nay, laugh'd triumphant, with his glory wild :



But still, to shew his *justice*, thus he said—  
 “ Mind, mind me, Gentry with the shaven head ;  
 “ Know, know the Louse belongs to some of *you*—  
 “ It is a Louse—it is—’tis very true :  
 “ Yes, yes, belongs to some one of your house—  
 “ I’ve read Bouffon—yes, yes, I know a Louse.”  
 A pill-box then he ope’d, with eager look,  
 And shew’d the Crawler, to convince each Cook.  
 The long-car’d beast of BALAAM, lo, we find,  
 Sharp to the beast that rode him, spokē his mind :  
 The mournful Xanthus\* (says the Bard of old)  
 Of PELEUS’ warlike son the fortune told :—  
 Thus to the captive Louse was language giv’n,  
 Which proves what int’reſt JUSTICE holds in heav’n.  
 The Vermin, rising on his little rump,  
 Like Ladies’ lap-dogs, that for muffin mump,  
 Thus, solemn as our Bishops, when they preach,  
 Made, to the best of Kings, his *maiden* speech :—  
 “ Know, mighty Monarch, I was born and bred,  
 “ Deep in the burroughs of a Page’s head ;  
 “ There took I sweet LOUSILLA unto wife,  
 “ My soul’s delight—the comfort of my life :  
 “ But, on a day, your Page, Sir, dar’d invade  
 “ COWSLIP’s sweet lips, your faithful dairy-maid ;

\* The horse of Achilles.

- “ Great was the struggle for the short-liv’d bliss;  
 “ At length he won the long-contested kiss!—  
 “ Lo! mid the struggle, thus it came to pass;  
 “ Down dropp’d my wife and I upon the last;  
 “ From whence we crawl’d (and who’s without am-  
     “ bition?  
 “ Who does not wish to better his condition?)  
 “ To *You*, dread Sir, where lo, we lov’d and ted;  
 “ Charm’d with the fortune of a royal head;  
 “ Where, safe from nail and comb, and blust’ring  
     “ wind,  
 “ We nestled in your little lock behind;  
 “ Where many a beaucous baby plainly proves,  
 “ Heav’n, like a King’s, can bless a Louse’s loves;  
 “ Where many a time, at court, I’ve join’d your  
     “ Grace,  
 “ And with you gallop’d in the glorious chace;  
 “ LOUSILLA, too, my children, and my nits,  
 “ Just frighten’d, sometimes, out of all their wits.  
 “ It happen’d, Sir, ah! luckless, luckless day!  
 “ I foolish took it in my head to stray—  
 “ How many a father, mother, daughter, son,  
 “ Are oft by curiosity undone!  
 “ Dire wish! for ’midst my travels, urg’d by FATE,  
 “ From you, O King, I fell upon your plate!

- “ Sad was the precipice !—and now I’m here,  
“ Far from LOUSILLA, and my children dear !  
“ Who now, poor souls ! in deepest mourning  
all,  
“ Groan for my prescnce, and lament my fall,  
“ NITTILLA now, my eldest girl, with sighs  
“ Bewails her father lost, with streaming eyes :  
“ And GRUBBINETTA, with the loveliest mien,  
“ In state, in temper, and in form a queen ;  
“ And sturdy SNAP, my son, a child of grace,  
“ His father’s image both in form and face ;  
“ And DIGGORY, poor lad, and hopeful SCRATCH,  
“ Boys that LOUSILLA’s soul was proud to hatch ;  
“ And little NIBBLE, too, my youngest son,  
“ Will ask his mother where his father’s gone ;  
“ Who (poor LOUSILLA ! ) only will reply,  
“ With turtle moan, and tears in either eye.—  
“ Thus, SIR, are you mistaken all this while,  
“ And Queen and Pages, that our race revile,  
“ As though our species could not life adorn,  
“ And that th’ ALMIGHTY made a Louse in scorn.  
“ Yet if to Genealogy we go,  
“ The LOUSE is of the *elder house*, I trow.

“ E’er God (so Moses says) did man create,  
“ Lo, our first parents walk’d the world in state.  
“ Such is the hist’ry of your loyal LOUSE,  
“ Whose presence breeds such tumult in the house;  
“ Thus, Sir, you see no blame to Cooks belong;  
“ Thus *Majesty*, for *once*, is in the wrong!”

Thus, in the manly tones of FOX and PITT,  
To GEORGE, intrepid, spoke the SON OF NIT:  
Firm in his language to the King of Wrath,  
As little DAVID to the MAN OF GATH;  
Ordain’d, in oratory, to surpass  
The speech — th’ immortal speech of BALAAM’S  
    ass.

“ Lies! lies! lies! lies! reply’d the furious King,  
“ ’Tis no such thing! no, no, ’tis no such thing!”  
Then quick he aim’d, of red-hot anger full,  
His nails of vengeance at the LOUSE’S scull;  
But ZEPHYR, anxious for his life, drew near,  
And sudden bore him to a distant sphere;  
In triumph rais’d the animal on high,  
Where BERENICE’S locks adorn the sky;  
But now he wish’d him nobler fame to share,  
And crawl for ever on BELINDA’S hair.

Yet to the Loufe was *greater* glory giv'n ;  
To roll a *planet* on the splendid heav'n,  
And draw of deep aftronomers the ken ;  
The GEORGIUM SIDUS of the fons of men !!!

END OF CANTO V.

A PLAIN.

# HAIR POWDER;

^

PLAINTIVE EPISTLE

TO

MR. PITT.

---

Yet if resolv'd to worry *Wigs* and *Hair*,  
And, Herod-like, not *little Children* spare;  
Say, (for methinks the Land has much to dread)  
How long in safety may we wear the *Head*?



## THE ARGUMENT.

A sublime exordium, containing a great Compliment to Mr. Pitt—

The POET sagely adviseth the MINISTER—Observeth to him the effect of Time on the Heads of Beaux and Old Maids—The hard fate of poor carroty-polled PHILLIS—LUBIN's and HODGE's disappointment, by means of this cruel Tax—A great and economical JUDGE's mortification; and exultation of his fur-clad BROTHER at the tax on hair-powder—A melancholy picture of the HAIRDRESSERS and BARBERS—The POET's eye (as Shakespeare sayeth) "in a fine frenzy rolling," beholdeth the chase of a powdered Poll; the capture; the redemption; and punishment of the INFORMERS in LONDON—Also Poll-chases in the country, illustrated by an apt *smile*—PETER exclaimeth at the MINISTER, and compareth him to a hard-hearted Fellow that lived upon executions—PETER praiseth Mr. PITT's powers of oratory—He attacketh the pride of the MINISTER; wishing him to take a little retrospect of humble days—A Kite and beautiful Bat-comparison—Another charming comparison of the Boy and his TRUNK—PETER telleth strange and *unbelievable* things, and giveth two most gracious speeches—PETER praiseth the two speeches, and giveth alarming advice—He exhibiteth a part of his political creed—PETER sheweth his profound knowledge of EMPERORS and KINGS and QUEENS, &c. and maketh shrewd observations *thereon*; concluding with a compliment to Mr. FOX—PETER prayeth fervently for the Royal Family—The POET suspecteth the effect of the MINISTER's eloquence—PETER prayeth to Mr. PITT—England wittily and properly christened an *old Cow*; also AMERICA—The POET asketh a pertinent question relative to *royal exemption* from the tax, and administereth laudable counsel—PETER gravely and ingeniously pointeth out a tax on CHRISTIAN SKINS; also *some* (not *all* indeed) of the great advantages of human hides in the way of trade—The convertible use of Mr. JUSTICE BULLER's tender hide; of the DUKE of GLOUCESTER's; of the DUCHESS of CUMBERLAND's; of LORD BRUDENELL's (the Lord help him!); of the DUKE of RICHMOND's, &c. &c.—The POET asketh where the  
POWDER-



POWDER-TAX was born, and, like a certain GREAT MAN, answereth the question *himself*—The POET telleth the MINISTER a sorrowful tale—A stinking, yet beautiful *simile*—PETER prophesieth—Serious and good advice to Mr. PITT—Political and deep reflections—PETER seeth a vision full of horror—He affecteth a *smile*, but it seemeth to be rather the *risus sardonius*—PETER counselleth (but, he thinketh, *in vain*) the MINISTER and his COLLEAGUE HARRY DUNDAS to run the gantlet—The conclusion.

A PLAIN-

## PLAINTIVE EPISTLE, &amp;c.

O MIGHTY Master of the *ways* and *means*  
 To slake the golden thirst of Kings and Queens ;  
 To gorge the cavern of each greedy chest  
 With all the wonders of the bleeding East ;  
 To lull with opiate draughts a Kingdom's groans,  
 Patch ragged crowns, and cobble crazy thrones ;  
 The modest BARD, for five short minutes, bear ;  
 Nor may the MUSE's wisdom wound thine ear.

Sick' of thy taxes, while the wearied nation  
 Drags her last penny forth, and fears *starvation* ;  
 Whose voice is loud, and daily waxing louder ;  
 Lift to the serious sound, and damn the Powder.  
 To *thee*, responsible for every blunder,  
 Her *mildest* murmurs should be claps of thunder.

Pleas'd

Pleas'd with thy fav'rite folly, mark old TIME,  
Wide-grinning at the Beau beyond his prime;  
And many a Maid beyond life's blooming day,  
Whose curls his wonted malice turn'd to gray!

Lo, the poor Girl, whom carrot-colour shocks,  
Pines pennyless, and blushes for her locks!  
Refus'd to fly to POWDER's friendly aid,  
She bids them seek in caps the secret shade;  
No ringlets now around her neck to wave,  
PHILLIS must hide the redd'ning shame, or shave!  
At *thee* she flings her curses, PITT, and cries—  
At *thee* she darts the lightnings of her eyes;  
And thinks that LOVE ne'er warm'd Him who could  
vex,  
With wanton strokes of *cruelty*, the SEX.

On Sundays trim, to give his head an air,  
Poor LUBIN shook the dredge-box o'er his hair;  
HODGE dipp'd his caxon 'mid the sack of flour:  
But now they execrate the arm of pow'r;  
LUBIN no longer dares the dredge-box shake,  
Nor HODGE to dip his caxon in the sack.

Yet see a *nobler* MOURNER ! K-----, lo !  
 The saving JUDGE has felt a stunning blow :  
*His* hawk-economy won't thank thee for't,  
 Which stops his pretty nipperkin of PORT.\*  
 Not so JUDGE BLOOD, who glories in deceit ;  
 His life one murder, and his soul a cheat—  
*He* loves a law, and hugs the man who made it,  
 To hang a culprit, and himself evade it.

See groups of HAIR-DRESSERS all idle stand,  
 A melancholy, mute, and mournful band ;  
 And BARBERS *eke*, who lift the crape-clad Pole,  
 And round and round their eyes of horror roll ;  
 Desponding, pale, like HOSIER's ghosts so white,  
 Who told their sorrows 'mid the moony light.  
 But see ! each hopeless wight with fury foams ;  
 His curling-iron breaks, and snaps his combs ;

\* Such is the laudable moderation of this second Sir John Cutler, or Mr. Elwes, that he allows himself and Lady *at and after* dinner no more than this little measure of wine ! A fine example for the sons of dissipation ! It has been supposed that the economical Judge has surpassed the famous miracle of the loaves and fishes, by making *one bottle* of wine serve for *double* the number of souls, or rather *bodies*, that have come with open mouths to Lincoln's-Inn-Fields. I do not think they have gone away *so well satisfied*.

Ah ! doom'd to shut their mouths as well as shops ;  
For dead is custom, 'mid the world of CROPS.\*

In fancy now I mark the frequent race ;  
I see th' INFORMER polls of powder chase !  
On this, on that, a Footman, Maid of Mop,  
Fierce as the tiger from his ambush, pop ;  
Now in his cruel clutches, sharp and strong,  
To Bow-street drag his powder'd prey along :  
And now I see the Mos, in Mercy's cause,  
Redeem the victim from his savage paws ;  
And now the tyrant to a horse-pond draw,  
To quench the red-hot thunderbolt of law.  
Amidst our villages, in Fancy's eye,  
I see Informers chase, and culprits fly—  
Rude Pikes so hungry putting to the rout,  
Voracious darting, a poor host of Trout.

Who would not hide the temple's white and gray ?  
“ Your money, Sirs—remove the mask, or pay,”  
Is now thy language to a groaning nation !  
PITT, PITT, thou hast no bowels of compassion.

\* Such is the universal disgust at the Powder-tax, that many thousands of the male sex have already sacrificed their favourite curls, to disappoint the rapacity of a MINISTER.

How

How mean (for money such thy boundless rage)  
 Thus to expose the cruel pow'r of AGE !  
 Much like the Man art thou, and hard as he,  
 Who let his scaffold out at Tyburn tree ;  
 Where, as the great and pious DOCTOR DODD  
 Gave by a rope his sinful soul to GOD,  
 Thus on his boards aloft, amidst the crowd,  
 Th' unfeeling wretch of wretches bawl'd aloud,  
 (So anxious people's pockets to be picking)  
 " Up, up—who mounts here?—*all alive, and kicking.*"

I grant thine eloquence's happy flow ;  
 But TRUTH should bear it company, I trow—  
 HYPOCRISY, the knave, to keep his place,  
 Too often borrows VIRTUE's honest face.  
 I know thy pride vaults high—but what of that ?  
 The tow'ring column often rais'd a rat.  
 Though toss'd aloft by stone-blind FORTUNE's pow'r,  
 Awake thy mem'ry to thy *bumbler* hour :  
 Though *now* a KITK—ah ! *once* a Bat, how small !  
 Flick'ring around for flies in yonder Hall !\*  
 But, drunk with honours, "No," thou cryest, "no ;  
 " I thank thee, but I cannot look so low."

\* Westminster Hall.



" My money in the flocks, my wood,\* my hay ;

" Yes, yes, I'll give my all, my all away ;

" Yes, yes, I know, I know the hounds are howling—

" God, PITT, I don't, I don't much like their growl-  
ing :

" Hæ, hæ, growl, growl—what, what ? things

" don't go right ;

" Why quickly, quickly, PITT, the dogs may bite—

\* Here I must candidly condemn a part of the People, whose cause, in the affair of Hair-powder, I am so pathetically pleading. " Such (says the Windfor Chronicle) was the unparalleled effrontery of the inhabitants of Brentford, during the late unexampled frost, when they should have thought of nothing but *dying*, that those very people, not worth a groat, starving, shivering, and in rags, dared to proceed in a body, amidst the dead silence of the night, with their unhallowed feet, into the sacred Gardens of Richmond and Kew ; where they wickedly, inhumanly, and feloniously, cut down and maimed a number of trees, many of which they had the impudence to carry away to their own scrub chimnies, to warm their own vile bones, because, forsooth, *certain* GREAT PEOPLE happened fortunately to be in possession of *enormous quantities* of wood, during the great scarcity, and chose not to *give* it away in *idle charity*, nor *sell* it at the *then* current price, which had every probability of mounting higher : as though they had not an equal right to *turn a penny in an honest way*, with any *coal-bed man* in the village of Brentford. But behold how they behaved on this insulting, provoking, stealing, and trying occasion ! So far from advertising handsome rewards for discovering the rogues, and bringing them to justice ; such was their clemency, that they ordered the affair to be hushed up, and buried in perpetual oblivion !!! "



“ That would be bad, bad, bad,—a sad mishap—  
 “ Hæ, PITT—hæ, hæ? I should not like a *snap*.”

Such are the sounds to stun those ears of thine,  
 Where truth and speed and oratory shine.

And hark, another voice ! and thus it cries\* :  
 “ I geef my chewells to de peepel’s fighs—  
 “ All tings from MISTRESS HASTINGS as I gotc ;  
 “ I geef de fine pig di’mond\* of ARCOTE ;  
 “ Is, dat vich RHUMBOLD geef, I geef again,  
 “ Rader dan see de peepels suffer pain.  
 “ De EMP’ROR presents, Lord ! I vil not tush,  
 “ Although de duty cofs so very mush.†  
 “ I turn off MISTER WYAT,‡ dat I sal ;  
 “ And geef up FROGMORE—Is, I geef up all ;

\* The *famous* Diamond, so *infamously* obtained by Mr. R. ; constituting a curious piece of Asiatic history.

† I am really afraid to touch upon this ticklish topic. The late procession of imperial presents from the India-House to . . . . . was attended by a dirty Custom-house-officer ; but for *what reason*, the L--- of the T---- can best explain. It has been rumoured, and believed, that a small order from a *certain quarter* can overpower an Act of Parliament ; which, if true, maketh a second edition of little David knocking down the great Giant of Gath.

‡ The Architect.

- " Geef up mine di'mond stomacher indeed ;  
 " All, all, mush rader dan de peepels bleed :  
 " Ifs, ifs, I geef up all, shust like de K---,  
 " For bankrup nation be quite deflish ting.  
 " Vat signifie de millions\* in our purses,  
 " If money do profoke de peepels curses ?  
 " We won't haf tumult---no fush ting mus spread---  
 " Mine Gote ! *half loaf* be better dan *no bread*.  
 " Pecty to make de Englis peepels groan ;  
 " So goote as poote de Prences 'pon de trone ;  
 " Who soon, mine Gote ! may take it in der brain,  
 " Vat dey poote up, dey may pull down again."

What sounds of wisdom, PITT, to make thee shrink !  
 Beware !---thou stand'st on DANGER's giddy brink :

\* Notwithstanding her M——'s immense property, in *one thing* and *another*, she possesses the most economical circumspection: witness the following pretty tale. A Miss J-n-r, of Gloucestershire, with her mother, viewing the Palace of St. James's, and entering her M——'s dressing room, where a cushion *full* of pins lay on her toilette, the young Lady expressed a strong desire for having one of the Q---'s pins to carry into the country, and was reaching out her hand to take one ; when the Attendant, struck with a sudden horror, caught her arm, and told her it was impossible to be granted, as her M—— would certainly *find it out*.—"D'ye think I might *change* a pin ?" sighed the young Lady, with anxiety. "Miss," replied the Attendant, after some consideration, "it is probable her M----- may *not* find *that* out, "but I'll run the risk."

Know, that a fingle grain, or half grain more,  
 May turn the balance, man, and heave thee o'er :  
 And shouldst thou tumble down the rock of Fate,  
 No *seas* of tears will wail thy shorten'd date.  
 Go, copy the good PAIR whom all *adore*,  
 Who spurn the PROUD,\* and hug the humble POOR.

Though from my soul I hate mad Diffipation,  
 That beggars and insults a generous Nation ;  
 Too from my soul the Avarice I hate,  
 That, thirsty, squeezes like a sponge the State :  
 Wishing from trees (so keen the gold it grapples)  
 To shake down guineas, just like pears and apples.  
 Think not I court a TUMULT's lawless hour,  
 And with a Mob's wild arm the sword of pow'r :  
 No ! let a TITUS, let an ALFRED rule ;  
 Who fights not for a King, I deem a fool.  
 Like those were Europe's Monarchs ! in thy ear,  
 What from a people had *such* FORMS to fear ?  
 Safe 'mid the ardour of a realm's embrace !  
 Kings never fall but by their own disgrace.  
 I murmur not at Kings, if good for *ought* ;  
 I only quarrel when they're good for *nought*.

\* *Parcere subjectis et debellare superbos.*

'Tis whisper'd that I never reverenc'd Thrones;  
 Granted---I never worship *stocks* nor *stones*;  
 Nor look I for *wise* Emp'rors, nor *wise* Kings---  
 'Tis EXPECTATION's madness---Quixote things.  
 The man to titles and to riches born,  
 Amid the world of science, how forlorn!  
 To speak, to think, unable, mark his air!  
 Heav'ns! what an ideot gape, and ideot stare!  
 Though lord of *millions*, gilt with titles o'er---  
 A statue 'midst a library!--no more!  
*He* deems the butterflies of Folly, *treasure*;  
 And shuns chaste WISDOM, for the strumpet PLEA-  
 SURE.

'Tis true, gay PLEASURE *courts* us to the joy,  
 While WISDOM to her swains is always coy.  
 The brain must *labour*, or it proves the sport  
 Of WISDOM's circle, though it charm a Court.  
 Seek we *corporeal* strength? the mine, the plough,  
 Of *strong* examples, furnish us enow.  
 Search we the spot which *mental* power contains?  
 Go where man gets his living by his *brains*;  
 Had CHARLES\* *first* popp'd into the world, I ween,  
 That world a very *diff'rent* Charles had seen.

“ What

“ What had CHARLES been ?” is asked, with wonder—

Even

That good, fat, honest, sleepy fellow—*Stephen*.\*

O may of PRINCES a long race succeed !  
 Such *Doves*, such *harmless Doves* as *now* we feed ,  
 Not *Eagles*, screaming with insatiate maw,  
 Wild in our hearts to plunge the beak and claw !  
 And yet too oft, to damn the coward age,  
 Our Isle has trembled at a TYRANT's rage.  
 Thus 'mid the smiles of NATURE's fair domain,  
 Where blooming HEALTH and PLENTY lead their  
     train ;  
 Where, rob'd with verdure, wind the rills along.  
 And ev'ry vale resounds with cheerful song ;  
 See o'er th' Elysian scene, with lofty head,  
 The blood-stain'd *gibber*† dash the soul with dread !

I own thy eloquence's stream, but know,  
 Too oft for England's welfare periods flow :

\* The late Lord Holland, elder brother of Mr. Fox.

† In France, Switzerland, &c. are many of these pretty monuments of Pride.

A truce to all such metaphoric breath :  
 So soft, they drop into our ears with death.  
 How like the snows, wide-ermining the air,  
 So gently sinking, kissing, all so fair ;  
 Falling on simple sheep, and soon, alas !  
*O'erwhelming, killing, with the courteous ma's.*

Mercy to ENGLAND yield, the poor lean Cow !  
 Thy busy fingers have forc'd milk enow :  
 Though frequent rushing the lank teats to teaze,  
 How patiently the beast has borne thy squeeze !  
 Just shak'd her head, and wincing whisk'd her tail,  
 When oft' thou fill'dst a *puncheon* for a *pail* :  
 But now she bushing roars, and makes a pudder,  
 Afraid thy harden'd hands may steal her udder.  
 Think on AMERICA, our *cow* of yore,  
 Which oft the hand with Job-like patience bore ;  
 Who, pinch'd, and yet denied a lock of hay,  
 Kick'd the hard MILKMAN off, and march'd away.  
 In vain he try'd by ev'ry art to catch her ;  
 To wound, to hamstring, nay, knock down, *dispatch*  
     her ;  
 Far off she kept, where LOVE, where FREEDOM  
     rules ;  
 Mocking the fruitless rage of rogues and fools.

Speak,

Speak, PITT, (for know at times I'm rather dull)  
 Why from thy tax exempt a *royal* skull ?  
 Why free each *creeping thing* about a Court ?  
 The grumbling nation will not thank thee for't.  
 Let HAWKSB'RY frown, and bull-face BRUDENELL  
                   ROAR ;

'They well may club, to ease the Nation's store :  
 Their purse-firings, nay, let all thy colleagues draw,  
 Disgorging a poor guinea from each maw.  
 Let QUEENSB'RY nobly pinch his Cyprian finnings,  
 And stately CUMBERLAND\* her Faro winnings ;  
 Let MADAM S-----G† make up wry\* faces,  
 Something should come in troth from sales of places.  
 Say, what the tax thy brain will next provide ?  
 Alas ! why not attack the Human Hide ?  
 Lord, Lord ! how much it must the Nation aid !  
 Folks may be *scalp'd* with safety---why not *flay'd* ?

\* As one of the great Supporters of Morality, for such every Muse should be, I have several times had it in contemplation to give this Dame a public rap on the knuckles for certain parsimony to some of the poor disbanded and faithful servants of her household, after the death of her simple Duke. The tale however is too full of matter for a solitary Note, and may, some time or other, give importance to an ODE.

† This great Lady kept one of the first Sale-shops in England.

'Tis verily a shame---a crying sin,  
 The world should bear about a useless skin ;  
 What's worse, that skins should in the *grave* be laid,  
 So beautiful an article of trade.  
 Think of the spatterdashcs, boots and shoes ;  
 And think thou of the *millions* people use :  
 Such, form'd from human hides, would brave the  
     weather,  
 And save *such* quantities of foreign leather.  
 Thus would our BRITAIN annual thousands gain,  
 And rival all the cows and calves of Spain.  
 Ask'st thou what *other* use our hides could boast ?  
 Books may be bound, my Friend---the letter'd host :  
*Cases of conscience*, BULLER's skin should bind ;  
 Good folios upon *mercy to mankind* :  
 GLOSTER's, a book on wedlock's *sweet tranquillity* ;  
 His sister CUMBERLAND's, upon *humility* :  
 BRUDENELL's, on beauty, witty conversation,  
 On manners, music, ratiocination :  
 HAWKSE'RY, on fair, disinterested deeds :  
 Essays on manliness, the skin of LEEDS :  
 RICHMOND's, on *courage* ; modesty, DUNDAS's ;  
 State-sycophants, a volume upon ASSES :  
 The ---'s, on elocution, hay and hogs,  
 Corn, politics, tithes, civil-list, and logs :



The ——'s, on di'monds, pearls, and custom-dues,  
 Old gowns, old petticoats, old hose, old shoes ;  
 Good nature, state-extravaganty-lopping,  
 Pins, mantua-makers, milliners, and shopping :  
 To close th' illustrious list, and sounding line,  
 On delegates, reform, and powder, *thine*.

O say, where first was plann'd thy Powder scheme ?  
 At *Wimbledon* arose the golden dream ;  
 Where thou, and honest RUMBOLD-hunting HARRY,  
 Project, and *re-project*, and oft miscarry !  
 Two *Graziers*, cheap'ning hogs to fill your styes :  
 Two *Spiders*, weaving lines for simple flies.  
 Rich spot ! whence Millions take their easy wing,  
 To bribe an Emp'ror, and *refresh* a King,\*  
 Where, blest, ye bumper it in England's cause,  
 Belch OPPOSITION's fall, and hiccup laws ;  
 With equal spirit, where each work succeeds,  
 A BOTTLE now, and now a NATION bleeds.

Ah, PITT ! of late thy counsels draw disgrace :  
 The spring-tide of thy fortune ebbs apace.



\* His *most honourable* Majesty, our late *good* and *firm* Ally, the  
 King of Prussia, like the Gentlemen of the Bar, requires *very* often  
 a *refresher* before his Cannon can plead.

When

When reputation *sickens*, toil is vain—  
 No *nostrum* gives the bloom of health again !  
 No more (so grateful to the sense) a *rose*,\*  
 It drops, a *putrid carcase*, to the crows.  
 I mark the pompous column of thy fame,  
 Fast crumbling to the dust from whence it came ;  
 And see thy thund'ring day in silence close,  
 While Wisdom triumphs o'er the pale repose.  
 'Too much thou court'st Danger's dizzy height ;  
 The treach'rous sands may sink beneath thy feet—  
 Thy kite, that reeling, shifting, mounts the storm,  
 May force heav'n's flash upon thy feeble form !  
 Think not I wish with Satire's blade to *play*,  
 And, charm'd with man's disgraces, selfish say,  
 " Let folly root in Ministers and Kings—  
 " While rank and thick like Aconite it springs,  
 " Delighted on the precious load I look,  
 " And hail a harvest for the MUSE's hook."

Still to be *serious*, PITT, before we part :  
 Let MERCY melt the mill-stone of thy heart.†

How

\* To avoid an ambiguity here (for I have been questioned about it,) I mean the sweet-smelling *rose of the fields*, not Mr. *George Rose*, of the *Treasury*.

† I principally allude in this place to the *political* character of this Statesman, which is rather marked with severity. As for the *domestic*,

How nobler far, for honest fame to toil,  
 And change a Kingdom's *curfes* for a *smile* !  
 Yet, if resolv'd to worry *wigs* and *hair*,  
 And, Herod-like, not *little children* spare,  
 Say, (for methinks the land has much to dread)  
 How long in safety may we wear the *head* ?  
 Enough our necks have bow'd beneath the yoke ;  
 Enough our sides have felt the goad and stroke ;  
 Then cease to make, by further irritation,  
 Our *patience* the sole rock of thy salvation.

Of late hath GLORY quarrell'd with thy fame ;  
 POOR PUBLIC CREDIT founder'd !—lame, quite lame—  
 RAPACITY too oft extends her jaw,  
 Fresh whets her fang, and points her iron claw !  
 The arm of VENGEANCE drops not *lightly* down ;  
 Not quite a *feather* on a culprit's crown—  
 PROFUSION vilely foster'd—HONOUR dead ;  
 RESENTMENT's eye looks dangerously red.

it possesses some traits belonging to the JOLLY GOD. Even Parliament last year saw him enter the walls of St. Stephen, arm in arm with his dear colleague and constant companion *Honest HARRY DUNDAS* ; both fortunately conducted to the Treasury Bench without a fall, by the boozing, reeling DEITY, where "*Palinurus* nodded at the helm."

Believe

Believe me, PITT, not yet is *thine* the realm,  
 Not *thine* the ship, because thou hold'st the helm :  
 Such is the voice of TRUTH!—perhaps it wounds—  
 Friend to *thyself* and ENGLAND, heed the sounds ;  
 Sounds to *alarm*—and let not, though severe,  
 The breath of FOLLY brush them from thine ear.  
 Vain is rough bluster—vainly dar'st thou say,  
 “ Poh ! *danger* !\* I have met its trying day” —  
 For, ah ! too often, boastful of his wars,  
 Rank COWARDICE assumes the mien of MARS.

Dim though *thy* beam, the MUSE's eagle eye  
 Beholds a tempest in the distant sky ;  
 Dull though *thy tympanum*, *her* nicer ear  
 Catches a thunder-growl from yonder sphere ;  
 She sees sharp FATE amid the gathering gloom ;  
 A cloud of vengeance, black with mortal doom ;  
 But dares not *name* the MELANCHOLY FORM,  
 Whom GUILT has mark'd the *victim* of the storm.

Now to be gay again—should FAMINE rise,  
 The meagre spectre, on a S——'s eyes,

\* At the Old Bailey lately, in the affair of Mr. HORNE TOOKE, on the subject of Delegation, when Mr. *Memory* MIDDLETON was beat *hollow* by the PRIME MINISTER.

And should the groan of BRITAIN'S bleeding wound,  
 Press on the shrinking ear—a killing sound ;  
 Be whistles blown, and bells of children rung ;  
 The fav'rite little farthing rush-light sung ;  
 Let dancing-dogs, delighting, form their ball,  
 Whips crash, and grinding hurdy-gurdies squall ;  
 While crown'd with chimney-sweepers on their way,  
 In deep-ton'd unisons the asses bray ;  
 Such as at Frogmore,\* form'd to please a PAIR,  
 The true SUBLIME of Monarchs, a DUTCH FAIR !  
 And as again, on Frogmore's happy Green,  
*More shows* shall gladden our good King and Queen ;†  
 Suppose DUNDAS and THOU (a Princely sport)  
 Play some farce-character to charm the Court,  
 And boldly run the gauntlope through a mob,  
 That execrates, that damns the Powder job ;  
 Where Barbers, Hair-dressers, Perfumers, throng,  
 To hoot and hustle as ye course along ;  
 Dash with their powder-bags your brains about,  
 With many a kick, and scoff, and grunt, and shout ;  
 Each face with tallow and with dripping smear ;  
 And with hot pincers tweak each nose and ear !

\* A Villa near Windfor, belonging to the Queen.

† This is absolutely determined on, in the Frogmore Senate.

Lo ! should it miss the *royal* approbation,  
I'll answer for the *plaudit* of the NATION.

Such is the song—and do not thou, severe,  
With *treason, treason*, fill a royal ear.  
A gentle joke, at times, on Queens and Kings,  
Are pleasant, taking, nay, *instructive* things :  
Yet *some* there are, who relish not the sport,  
That flutter in the sunshine of a Court ;  
Who, fearful *song* might mar their high ambition,  
Loose the gaunt dogs of State, and bawl “ *Sedition !* ”



# FROGMORE FÊTE;

AN

ODE FOR MUSIC,

FOR THE FIRST OF APRIL,

VULGARLY CALLED

ALL FOOLS DAY.

---

“ — *Trahit sua quemque Voluptas.* ”

“ In *various things* (says VIRGIL) folks delight ; ”

And so it *really is* in our great Nation !

In meanness, avarice, *some*—revenge and spite,

Dutch Fairs, mock charities, and ostentation.





# FROGMORE FÊTE,

AN

## ODE\* FOR MUSIC.

'TWAS at the royal seat† on FROGMORE GREEN,  
With BRITAIN'S gold, uprear'd by BRITAIN'S *Queen*;  
To charm a Court, a Princess‡ turn'd her head;  
At length deliver'd was her lovely brain,  
And, lo! on FROGMORE'S happy, happy plain,  
Wonders on wonders soon were brought to bed.

\* The reader will, at the first glance, perceive a resemblance between *my* ODE, and the celebrated ODE for *St. Cecilia's day*, by DRYDEN, and know, perhaps, to which he must yield the *preference*. In spite of all the praises bestowed on ALEXANDER'S FEAST, I dare pronounce it, a downright drunken Bartholomew-fair scenc: the *poetry*, too, not superior to the *subject*; whereas the FROGMORE GALA was of the order of sublimity; and as for the merits of *my* MUSE on the glorious occasion, (though, indeed, I could say a great deal in her favour) my good old friend, the PUBLIC, must decide.

† " 'Twas at the Royal Feast for Persia won." DRYDEN,

‡ The Princess Elizabeth.

Sublime the PAIR of England fate !

Staring with most enormous state,

The family of ORANGE by their side ;

With all the pretty offspring round,

That struck the mob with *awe profound* ;

Sweet STATE, untainted by *one grain* of pride !

And bold beside them sat each valiant Peer ;\*

CARPMEAL, and courtly CHESTERFIELD, were there ;

MACMANUS, star-clad SAL'SB'RY, TOWNSHEND, JEA-

LOUS,

The *Guards* of England's SOVEREIGNS—furious Fel-  
lows !

With combs, puffs, powder-bags, their temples bound ;

In golden letters, GUINEA PIGS, around.†

“ KINGS love *mean company*,” quoth EDMUND BURKE—

Making, indeed, with *royal taste* short work :

\* “ His valiant Peers were plac'd around.” DRYDEN.

To the *ignorant* in punctuation, this passage may seem *degrading* ; as though the POET meant Messieurs CARPMEAL, MACMANUS, TOWNSHEND, and JEALOUS, as a *part of the Peers* ; whereas no such idea was intended. I nevertheless entertain a high respect for those Gentlemen, as very useful members of society ; yet cannot place them *so high*—it is so astonishing a leap from Bow-street.

† “ Their brows with roses and with myrtles bound.” DRYDEN.

But

But thus **KINGS** *honour* and *exalt* the **Low** !  
 How the like **God** that gives the golden day ;  
 Who through a *little hole* can dart his ray,  
 And bid the dungeon with his radiance glow ;  
 Nay, from its filth, too, bid a *vapour* rise,\*  
 And make it a *gay cloud* amid the skies !  
 But **PITT** and **GRENVILLE** were not there,  
 To whom a puppet-show is dear—  
 Too small *decorum*† on a *certain* debt,  
 Repell'd the **PAIR** from royal sport,  
 Whose want of manners put the Court,  
 Like four small beer, indeed, upon the fret.

No, no—the **COUSINS** were not ask'd indeed !  
 Broad hints, though giv'n, by no means could suc-  
 ceed ;  
 Nought could prevail, alas ! nor tears, nor sighs !

\* Witness **Lord H-----y**, **Lord A-----d**, **Mr. G. R-----se**, **Mrs. H-----**, &c. whose origins may be traced (as **Mr. BURKE** emphatically expressed himself on a particular occasion) “to the *swinish mul-*  
*“ titude.”*

† Not a single card of invitation was sent from **Windfor** or **Carleton House**. Violent were the real displeasures in the *beginning* ; but the Poet, in the true spirit of Christianity, hopes that he shall not be able to say, like the Liturgy, “As it was in the *beginning*, is *now*, and ever shall be, world without end.”

The

The Zephyr, that scarce moves the *lily's* head,  
 As soon might lift OLD OCEAN from his bed,  
 And dash his *wild* of waters to the *skies*.

Saunt'ring St. James's Park were seen the PAIR,  
 While bustling FROGMORE triumph'd in her FAIR.

And now, to charm our gracious QUEEN and KING,  
 Ascending on a public stage,  
 The tuneful wonder of the age,  
*Hight INCLEDON*, began with bows to sing.

Of war he chanted—glorious war ;  
 Of millions, millions, sent afar,  
 To aid of falling Monarchy the cause ;  
 When, lo ! the lofty GREAT all smil'd applause.

Now to the happy, simp'ring, courtly crowd,  
 In melting melody he sung aloud,  
 A list of *ev'ry* Hanoverian hide ;  
 Skins of those mighty men, by bullets bor'd,  
 Worth thirty pounds a-piece to their high LORD,  
 For whose *great glory* and defence they dy'd.

Dear

Dear is Hanoverian-skinning !\*  
 Money well is worth the winning—  
 Fighting still, and still destroying ;  
 Hide-money is worth enjoying :  
 Cutting, killing, drowning, starving .  
 Soldiers' skins are well worth carving.

And now the sweet TIMOTHEUS sang the FAIR,  
*A la Chinoise*, that brought such crowds to stare ;  
 And bear the trumpery of the booths away :†  
 And then to *charity* he pour'd the strain—  
 How FOLK a deal by *charity* may gain,  
 And thus, with *int'rest fair*, themselves repay !

- \* “ War, he sung, is toil and trouble ;
- “ Honour but an empty bubble ;
- “ Never ending, still beginning,
- “ Fighting still, and still destroying :
- “ If the world be worth thy winning,
- “ Think, O think it *worth* enjoying.” DRYDEN.

† Booths were formed, and filled with trinkets of the Windsor shops ; purchased by *somebody or other* of the inhabitants of WINDSOR at *prime cost*, and sold at FROGMORE at about *One Thousand Pounds per Cent.* Large quantities were retailed on the occasion : for *who* could withstand the temptation of carrying off a *bit* of MAJESTY, which would crown the Possessor with eternal glory, and support a charity ?

And

And then he prais'd the GREAT MAN and his DAME,  
From whose *deep* heads the scheme so cunning came.

And now he chose a plaintive strain—  
The EMBASSY across the main,  
Of poor MACARTNEY, and sad STAUNTON, Knight;  
Forc'd, forc'd to enter, cheek by jowl,  
With hogs, dogs, jack-asses, JEHO—  
The sad procession!—a tumultuous fight!

A LORD and KNIGHT, disgrac'd, and tir'd, and  
fretting,  
Amidst the dusty hurlyburly sweating—  
Ah Embassy! to which we may compare  
A drove of oxen sent to Smithfield Fair.

The pinions of *Importance* pluck'd,  
*Thrice* to the earth their heads they *duck'd*;  
And *thrice* did they with blushes rise,  
With not a friend to close their eyes.\*

Thus

\* "On the bare earth expos'd he lies,

"With not a friend to close his eyes." DRYDEN.

To this *degrading ceremony* of prostration before his Chinese Majesty, it is said, our Embassy submitted. But how could it be helped?

Every

Thus suffer'd BRITISH MAJESTY disgrace,  
So *well* supported by the B——K Race !

At this the court of FROGMORE *figh'd*—

And now he sang of more and worse disgrace ;

Sang how the EMP'OR shew'd an angry face ;

Swearing the bold advent'ers should be ty'd

To a cart's tail,

Should they dare fail

To leave the city in two days, poor clan !

When off they mov'd all mournful, beast and man.

At this the Court of FROGMORE dropp'd a tear ;

For pity dwells with Q— and K— and Peer.

“ Yet, O think,” the Songster said,

“ Of the pretty smuggling trade !

“ COURT and COBBLER *this* pursues ;

“ Smuggling, juggling,

“ Juggling, smuggling,

“ Never mind the custom-dues.”

Every thing, to be sure, that could be *devised* for the *honour and glory* of Great Britain, was attempted by *Ambassador and Co.* ; but *beggars* must not be *choofers*,

At



At this the COURT resum'd the cheerful smile;  
 For smuggling cannot *courtly folk* defile: . .

*Courts* may smuggle what they please\*—

*Mob alone* EXCHEQUERS seize.

And now he sung the *little Box*,† and old,

That caught the SOVEREIGN'S wild and raptur'd  
 gaze;

Which, oh! when open'd, a sad story told;

Displaying *pot-books*! not a *Bulfe's* blaze.

What are *rhymes* to *western Kings*?

Paltry, stupid, jingling things:

\* LADY H—RN—SSE and her *privatt Card-parties* know more of this matter than the POET. The sly nocturnal visits of a certain GREAT LADY'S *sedan-chair* from the . . . . . are notorious.

† A present, containing a scrap of complimentary *rhyme*, manufactured by KIEN LONG *himself*, in answer to the *Latin Letter* sent by the KING of GREAT BRITAIN (but not of his own composition) to the EMPEROR of CHINA. POOR SIR GEORGE STAUNTON was made overseer of the *Latinity*; but as the Knight had long forgotten his *propria quæ maribus*, the *literary vigour* of a German was employed for the occasion. Are our Universities STILL IN DISGRACE? Will nothing but *Göttingen* go down? In the sacred name of Literature, what have our Princes imported from thence to *astonish*, that could not have been given by CAMBRIDGE and OXFORD?

N. B. The verses of KIEN LONG to his BROTHER KING are in a course of translation, and will be communicated to the PUBLIC in due time.

Learning

Learning is a Monarch's *sport*—  
 WISDOM never goes to Court.

Now came a groan, that seem'd to say, "A p-x  
 " On all the jingle of th' old DRIV'LER'S BOX!"

Of taxes now the sweet Musician sung—  
 The Court, the chorus join'd,  
 And fill'd the wond'ring wind;  
 And *taxes, taxes*, through the garden rung.

Monarchs first of taxes think;  
 Taxes are a Monarch's treasure : \*  
 " Sweet the pleasure,  
 " Rich the treasure ;"  
 Monarchs love a guinea's clink.

And now to AVARICE he tun'd the strain,  
 That suck'd the Nation like a sponge—  
 And now to DISSIPATION's madding train,  
 Who in distress a PEOPLE plunge;

\* " Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,  
 " Drinking is the soldier's pleasure." DRYDEN.

What a poetical and sublime compliment to the *military of that day!*

*A People*

A *People* that from *ruin* scarce can 'scape—  
And now the wide-mouth'd COURT began to *gap*:

Gaping is the mouth's disease,  
When a *subject* fails to please.

Now to sad FRANCE his plaintive voice he tun'd—  
Sunk by the wicked SANS-CULOTTES so low ;  
Dealing poor DESPOTISM so dire a blow !  
When, mark ! the melting AUDIENCE almost *fwoon'd* !

THE SONGSTER now a *graver* subject chose—

“ Who is to pay *Performers* that compose

“ This charming *Fête* of FROGMORE ? ” were the  
words :

With much surprise,  
And rolling eyes,

THE COURT heard syllables, that stabb'd like swords.

Now voices came—“ Mine Gote !—enuff, enuff.”—

“ How ! how ! what, what ? stuf, INCLEDON, stuf,  
stuf.”—

“ *We* pay ! no, no ! mine Gote, we haf more wit.”—

“ Go, go to Parliament—ask PITT, ask PITT.”

With

With loaded *subjects*, ah! we see

A *Jack-ass* in the next degree ;\*

When soon appear'd the emblematic brutes,  
With chimney-sweepers on their backs,  
That *kick'd*, and *spurr'd*, and *lamb'd* their hacks—  
And well with such *tame fools* the treatment suits.

Off gallopp'd, for royal amusement, the Asses ;  
'Mid the haycocks they scamper'd, and knock'd down  
the lasses—

Girls squall'd, the Court laugh'd, and the Jack-asses  
bray'd

At the sight of the legs by the tumble display'd.

Now a COUPLE† leap'd down from their state to the  
PRANCERS,

MUSICIANS and RACERS, TUNE-GRINDERS and DAN-  
CERS ;

Shaking all by the hand,‡ who, in compliment clever,  
Roar'd aloud, “ Kings and Queens, Fun and Frog-  
“ more, for ever !!! ”

\* “ The mighty master smil'd to see,

“ That *Love* was in the next degree.” DRYDEN.

† “ THAIS led the way.” DRYDEN.

‡ His M——Y was verily the happiest Gentleman in the world,  
and (si licet *parvis componere magna*) was as merry as a *Grig*, vow-  
ing repetitions of the GALA ; but by what fatality it has not happened,  
not even the sagacity of the POET is able to discover.



THE  
ROYAL TOUR,  
AND  
WEYMOUTH AMUSEMENTS;  
A SOLEMN AND REPRIMANDING  
EPISTLE TO THE LAUREAT.

---

PITT'S FLIGHT TO WIMBLEDON; AN ODE.  
AN ODE TO THE FRENCH.  
ODE TO THE CHARITY MILL IN WINDSOR-PARK.  
A HINT TO A POOR DEMOCRAT.  
ODE TO THE QUEEN'S ELEPHANT.  
THE SORROWS OF SUNDAY; AN ELEGY.

---

— *Aude*  
CÆSARIS *inuesti res dicere.* HORAT.

Shame on thee, PYE ! to CÆSAR tune the string ;  
Be-rhyme his *route*, and Weymouth wonders sing ;  
Saddle thy PEGASUS at once—ride post :  
Lo, ere thou start'st, a thousand things are *lost* !



J. P Y E, Esq.

S I R,

I ALLOW you virtues, I allow you literary talents ; but I will not subscribe to your *indolence* : one little solitary annual Ode is not sufficient for a GREAT KING. Whatever things are *done*, whatever things are *jaid*, nay, whatever things are *conceived* by MIGHTY POTENTATES, is a treasure for the page of HISTORY. Blush, my friend, that a *volunteer* BARD should run off with the merit of recording the wonderful actions and sapient sayings of ROYALTY ! As soon as the MILL of CHARITY was erected in WINDSOR PARK,

Lo ! at the deed, the MUSE caught fire,  
And swell'd, with praise, the sacred Lyre,  
Sweet LASS ! she could not for her soul sit still.  
IMAGINATION, on the watch,  
Op'd, for the swelling flood, the hatch ;  
And, lo ! to work, alertly, went *her* mill.



As soon as the ROYAL JOURNEY to WEYMOUTH  
was announced, the same LOYAL MUSE

Turn'd her brain's pocket inside out,  
For poetry, to praise the rout.

No sooner was the noble ELEPHANT from ARCOT  
presented to our *beloved* QUEEN, and most æconomi-  
cally, and most *generously* returned on the NABOB's  
hands, on account of his *appetite*, but the same MUSE

Began a tender melancholy air;  
Sung how he trudg'd, poor beast, to PECKHAM  
Fair,  
And SAINT BARTHOLOMEW's, to help defray  
His sad expenses on the wat'ry way.

No sooner was a boat *ordered* by the *omnipotent*, *all-*  
*feeling*, *all-honest*, *all-delicate*, *all-constitutional*, LORDS  
of the . . . . . on board CAPTAIN ORACK's ship,  
(*even before she came to her moorings*;) for the other presents  
(fortunately without stomachs!) from the *same knowing*  
NABOB to her most excellent M---Y, not to Mr. PITT,  
and his GRACE of PORTLAND (for Ministers are cy-  
phers *now-a-days*;) but lo, the MUSE,

Attentive ever to great PRINCES,  
To *muslins* tun'd her harp, and *chintzes*;

And prophesy'd of ev'ry flawl,  
 That ~~SEN~~----- would *felt them all*;  
 A circumstance that *actually* took place; making, we  
 presume, a *decent return*—the original cost, in India,  
 exceeding **TEN THOUSAND POUNDS!!!**

In future, then, my friend PYE,

Let no man say I hate our **KINGS** and **QUEENS**,  
**PRINCES** and **DRAWING ROOMS**, and **LEVEE SCENES**;  
 Despise the bows and curtsies, whisper'd talk;  
 I love the *mum'm'ry* from my very soul:  
 Daily I spread its fame from pole to pole—  
 What glorious quarry for the **MUSE's hawk**!

Ask if the Man whose heart the chase adores,  
 Wishes annihilation to wild boars,  
 Or wolves so hungry.—“No,” the **SPORTSMAN** cries—  
 “Long live wild boars and wolves! God bless their  
 “eyes!”

May **KINGS** *exist*—and **TRIFLE** pig with **Kings**!  
 The **MUSE** desireth not more precious things—  
 Such sweet *mock-grandeur*!—so *sublimely garish*!

Let's have no WASHINGTONS : did *such* appear,  
The MUSE and I had ev'ry thing to fear—  
Soon forc'd to ask a pittance of the parish.

*Such* want no praise—in native virtue strong :  
'Tis *folly, folly, feeds* the POET's song.

THE  
ROYAL TOUR,  
AND  
WEYMOUTH AMUSEMENTS.

P R O Æ M I U M.

GREAT is of HAIR-POWDER the sale\*—  
DUNDAS and PITT have both turn'd pale ;  
Yet COURTIERs cry aloud its want of merit.  
COURTIERs have try'd with all their spite  
To sink it in OBLIVION's night—  
My Friend, the PUBLIC, keeps it up with spirit.

\* My ingenious Poem so called ; not Mr. PITT's *ingenious* Tax on that subject, which, we are well informed, succeeds as miserably in *produce*, as *reputation*.

How

How often we have seen a bullying Cloud  
 Attack the Sun, and quarrel too aloud ;  
 Spit, thunder, lighten, frighten the two poles,  
     Block up ev'ry avenue for peeping ;  
     On this side now, now on that side creeping ;  
 A sort of dirty malkin stopping holes !

Sometimes the worried glorious God of Day  
*Infests* upon a view, and shows an eye ;  
 Just as a MANAGER, when some sad Play  
     Is taken ill, and very like to die,  
 Kicks through the curtain on the Critic Nation,  
 All hissing, clatt'ring, howling out damnation.

Thus ENVY, the vile hag, attacks my rhymes,  
 Swearing they shall not peep on distant Times ;  
     But violent indeed will be the tussel ;  
 I deem myself, indeed, a tuneful *whale* :  
 She swears I am not upon so large a scale ;  
     Rather a wrinkle, limpet, paltry mussel,  
 Clinging to heavy rocks, or wooden things.  
 Meaning my loyalty, *perchance*, to Kings.

The PUBLIC seems to like my Brats,  
Begot, indeed, with little pain—  
Whether it turbot gives, or sprats,  
Behold *another* to maintain !  
Thus, then, I cast it on that Sea the Town :  
If *true*, it *swims* ; if *spurious*, let it *drown*.



THE  
R O Y A L   T O U R.

---

SEE! CÆSAR's off! the dust around him hovers,  
And, gathering, lo, the KING of GLORY covers!  
The royal hubbub fills both eye and ear,  
And wide-mouth'd WONDER marks the wild career.  
How like his golden brother of the sky,  
When NATURE thunders, and the storm is high;  
Now in, now out of clouds, behind, before,  
He rolls amid the elemental roar.

Heav'ns! with what ardour through the lanes he  
drives,

The country trembling for its tenants lives!  
Squat on his speckled haunches gazes the toad,  
And frogs affrighted hop along the road:  
The hares astonish'd to their terrors yield,  
Cock their long ears, and scud from field to field;

The



The owl, loud hooting, from his ivy rushes ;  
And sparrows, chatt'ring, flutter from the bushes ;  
Old women, (call'd " a pack of blinking b—s," )  
Dash'd by the THUND'RING LIGHTHORSE into *ditches*,  
Scrambling and howling, with post—rs pointed,  
Sad picture ! plump against the LORD'S ANOINTED.  
Dogs bark, pigs grunt, the flying turkeys gobble ;  
Fowls cackle ; screaming geese, with stretch'd wing,  
hobble ;

Dirce death his horses hoofs to ducklings deal,  
And goslings gasp beneath the burning wheel.  
Thus the great ÆOL, when he rushes forth,  
With all his winds, EAST, WEST, and SOUTH, and  
NORTH ;

Flutter the leaves of trees, with woeful fright,  
Shook by his rage, and bullied by his might ;  
Straws from the lanes dispers'd, and whirl'd in air,  
The blustering wonders of his mouth declare.  
Heav'd from their deep foundations, with dread sound,  
Barns and old houses thunder to the ground,  
And bowing oaks, in ages rooted strong,  
Roar through their branches as he sweeps along.  
He breakfasts on the road, gulps tea, bolts toast ;  
Jokes with the waiter, witty with the host ;

Runs

Runs to the garden, with his morning dues ;  
 Makes mouths at CLOACINA's ; reads the news.  
 Now mad for fruit, he scours the garden round ;  
 Knocks every apple that he spies, to ground ;  
 Loads ev'ry royal pocket, seeks his chaise ;  
 Plumps in, and fills the village with amaze.

He's off again—he smokes along the road !  
 Pursue him, PYE—pursue him with an *ode* :  
 And yet a *pastoral* might better please ;  
 That talks of sheep, and hay, and beans and peas ;  
 Of trees cut down,\* that RICHMOND's lawn adorn,  
 To gain the pittance of a peck of corn.  
 He reaches WEYMOUTH—treads the Esplanade—  
 Hark, hark, the jingling bells ! the cannonade !  
 Drums beat, the hurdigurdies grind the air ;  
 Dogs, cats, old women, all upon the stare :  
 All WEYMOUTH gapes with wonder—hark ! huzzas !  
 The roaring welcome of a thousand jaws !  
 O PYE, shalt *Thou*, APOLLO's fav'rite son,  
 In loyalty by PETER be outdone ?

\* Great has been the massacre among the *sturdy oaks*, to make room for the courtier-like pliability of the *corn-stalk*, that brings more *grist* to the ROYAL MILL.

How oft I bear thy master on my back,  
 Without one thimblefull of cheering sack;  
 While *thou*, (not drunk, I hope) O BARD divine,  
 Oft wett'st thy whistle with the MUSE's wine.  
 O haste where prostrate COURTIERs Monarchs greet,  
 Like cats that seek the *sunshine* of the street;  
 Where CHESTERFIELD the lively spaniel springs,  
 Runs, leaps, and makes rare merriment for Kings;  
 Where sharp MACMANUS, and sly JEALOUS, tread,  
 To guard from TREACH'RY's blow the Royal Head;\*  
 Where NUNN and BARBER,† silent as the mouse,  
 Steal, nightly, *certain* goods to Glo'ster House.  
 O say, shall CÆSAR in rare presents thrive;  
 Buy cheaper, too, than any man alive;  
 Go cheaper in excursions on the water,  
 And LAUREAT PYE know nothing of the matter?

\* Be it recollected with horror that a stone was flung at our beloved Sovereign in St. James's Park, endangering his life; yet an impudent Rhymer thought *otherwise*; who, on the occasion, had the audacity to write the following Epigram:

Talk no more of the lucky escape of the *head*,  
 From a flint so unwittingly thrown:  
 I think very different---with thousands, indeed,  
 'Twas a lucky escape for the *stone*.

† Two tradesmen who repair constantly from London to Weymouth, when Royalty deigns to visit the spot.

Acts that should bid his POET'S bosom flame,  
 And make his spendthrift subjects blush with shame.  
 What though TOM WARTON laugh'd at Kings and  
       Queens,

And, grinning, ey'd them just as *State Machines*;  
 Much better pleas'd (so sick of royal life)  
 To celebrate 'SQUIRE PUNCH and PUNCH's wife!  
 I grant thee deep in Attic, Latian lore;  
 Yet learn the province of the MUSE of yore:  
 The BARDS of ancient times (so HIST'RY sings)  
 Eat, drank, and danc'd, and slept with mighty KINGS,  
 Who courted, reverenc'd, lov'd the tuneful throng,  
 And deem'd their deeds ennobled by a song.

Lo, PITT arrives! alas, with lantern face!

"What, hæ, PITT, hæ—what, PITT, hæ, more  
       "disgrace?"

"Ah, SIRE, bad news! a second dire defeat!

"VENDE'E undone, and all the CHOUANS beat!

"Hæ, hæ—what, what?—beat, beat?—what,  
       "beat agen?"

"Well, well, more money—raise more men, more  
       "men.

“ But mind, PITT, hæ—mind, huddle up the news

“ *Coin* something, and the growling land amuse :

“ Make all the *Sans-culottes* to Paris caper,

“ And ROSE shall print the vict’ry in his Paper.

“ Let’s hear no more, no more of Cornish tales—

“ I sha’n’t refund a guinea, PITT, to WALES :

“ I can’t afford it, no—I can’t afford:

“ WALES cost a deal in pocket-cash and board.

“ PITT, PITT, there’s FROST, my bailiff FROST—

“ see, see !

“ Well, PITT, go back, go back again—b’ye, b’ye :

“ Keep LONDON still—no matter how they carp—

“ Well, well, go back, and bid DUNDAS look sharp.

“ Must not lose FRANCE—no, FRANCE must wear a

“ crown :

“ If FRANCE won’t swallow, *ram a monarch down*.

“ Some *crowns* are scarce worth *fixpences*—hæ,

“ PITT?—”

The PREMIER smil’d, and left the ROYAL WIT.

Now FROST approaches—“ Well, FROST, well,

“ FROST, pray,

“ How, how went sheep a score?—how corn and

“ hay?”

" An't please your Majesty, a charming price :

" Corn very soon will be as dear as spice."

" Thank God ! but say, say, do the poor complain ?

" Hæ, hæ, will wheat be sixpence, Frost, *a grain ?*"

" I hope *not*, Sire ; for great were then my fears,

" That WINDSOR would be pull'd about our ears."

" FROST, FROST, no politics—no, no, FROST, no :

" You, you talk politics ! oho, oho !

" WINDSOR come down about our ears ! what,

" what ?

" D'ye think, hæ, hæ, that I'm afraid of that ?

" What, what are soldiers good for, but obey ?

" MACMANUS, TOWNSEND, JEALOUS, hæ, hæ, hæ ?

" Pull WINDSOR down ? hæ, what ?—a pretty job !

" WINDSOR be pull'd to pieces by the mob !

" Talk, talk of farming—that's your *fort*, d'ye see ;

" And mind, mind, *politics* belong to *me*.

" Go back, go back, and watch the Windsor chaps ;

" Count all the poultry ; set, set well the traps."

- “ See, fee! fee! STACIE\*—here, here, STACIE, here—  
 “ Going to market, STACIE?—dear, dear, dear!  
 “ I get all my proviſion by the mail—  
 “ Hæ, money plenty, STACIE? don’t fear jail.  
 “ Rooms, rooms all full? hæ, hæ? no beds to ſpare?  
 “ What, what! give trav’lers, hæ, good fare, good  
     “ fare?  
 “ Good ſign, good ſign, to have no empty beds!  
 “ Shows, ſhows that people like to ſee CROWN’D  
     “ HEADS.”

The Mail arrives! hark! hark! the cheerful horn,  
 To MAJESTY announcing oil and corn;  
 Turnips and cabbages, and ſoap and candles;  
 And lo, each article GREAT CÆSAR handles!  
 Bread, cheefe, ſalt, catchup, vinegar, and muſtard,  
 Small beer, and bacon, apple-pye and cuſtard:  
 All, all, from WINDSOR greets his frugal GRACE,  
 For WEYMOUTH is a d-mn’d expenſive place.

SAL’SBERY appears, the Lord of flars and ſtrings;  
 Preſents his poem† to the *beſt* of Kings.

GREAT

\* The honeſt Maſter of the ROYAL HOTEL.

† This high Lord is really a *bigb* Poet. His Journey to Weymouth,  
 which I was horribly afraid would have foreſtalled mine with the  
 Public,

GREAT CÆSAR reads it—feels a laughing fit,  
And wonders SAL'SB'RY should become a wit.

A batch of bullocks ! see GREAT CÆSAR run :  
He stops the Drover—bargain is begun.  
He feels their ribs and rumps—he shakes his head—  
“ Poor, Drover, poor—poor, very poor indeed.”  
CÆSAR and DROVER haggle—diff'rence split—  
How much ?—a shilling ! what a royal hit !  
A load of hay in sight ! GREAT CÆSAR flies—  
Smells—shakes his head—“ Bad hay—four hay—”  
    he buys.  
“ Smell, COURTOWN—smell—good bargain—lucky  
    load—  
“ Smell, COURTOWN—sweeter hay was never mow'd.”

A herd of swine goes by !—“ Whose hogs are these ?  
“ Hæ, Farmer, hæ ?”—“ Yours, Measter, if yow  
    “ please.”  
“ Poor, Farmer, poor—lean, lousy, very poor—  
“ Sell, fell, hæ, fell ?”—Ifs, Measter, to be zure :  
“ My pigs were made for zale, but what o'that ?

Public, will make its appearance soon, and, I am informed, is to be  
enriched with *royal annotation*.



“ Yow caall mun *lean* ; now, Zur, I caall mun *vat*—

“ Measter, I haant a starling—can’t be cort ;

“ You think, agosh, to ha the pigs vor *nort*.”

Lo ! CÆSAR buys the pigs—he silyly winks—

“ Hæ, GWINN, the fellow is not *caught*, he thinks—

“ Fool, not to know the bargain I have got !

“ Hæ, GWINN—nice bargain—lucky, lucky lot !”

Enter the dancing dogs ! they take their stations ;

They bow, they curtsy to the LORD OF NATIONS.

They dance, they skip, they charm the K— of Fun,

While Courtiers see themselves almost *outdone*.

Lord PAULET enters on his hands and knees,

Joining the hunts of hares with hunts of fleas.\*

Enter Sir JOSEPH ! gladd’ning royal eyes !

What holds his hand ? a box of butterflies,

Grubs, nests, and eggs of humming-birds, to please ;

Noots, tadpoles, brains of beetles, stings of bees.

The noble President without a bib on,

To sport the glories of his blushing ribbon !

\* The Earl has won the *Royal smile*, and is made a Lord of the Bedchamber ; but as capricious inconstancy is a prominent feature in the Brunswick family, a *royal frown* may be at no great distance.

The Fishermen ! the Fishermen behold !  
 A shoal of fish ! the men their nets unfold ;  
 Surround the scaly fry—they drag to land :  
 CÆSAR and Co. rush down upon the sand ;  
 The fishes leap about—Gods ! what a clatter !  
 CÆSAR, delighted, jumps into the water—  
 He marvels at the fish with fins and scales—  
 He plunges at them—seizes heads and tails ;  
 Enjoys the draught—he capers—laughs aloud,  
 And shows his captives to the gaping crowd.  
 He orders them to Glo’ster Lodge—they go :  
 But are the Fishermen rewarded ?—NO !!!

CÆSAR spies Lady CATHCART with a book ;  
 He flies to know what ’tis—he longs to look.  
 “ What’s in your hand, my Lady ? let me know.”  
 “ A book, an’t please your M——y.” “ Oho !  
 “ Book’s a good thing—good thing—I like a book.  
 “ Very good thing, my Lady, let me look—  
 “ War of America ! my Lady, hæ ?  
 “ Bad thing, my Lady !—fling, fling *that* away.”

A SAILOR pops upon the ROYAL PAIR,  
 On crutches borne—an object of Despair :

His squalid beard, pale cheek, and haggard eye,  
Though *silent*, pour for help a piercing cry.

“ Who, who are *you* ? what, what ? hæ, what are you ? ”

“ A *man*, my Liege, whom KINDNESS never knew.

“ A failor ! failor, hæ ? you’ve lost a leg.”

“ I know it, Sir—which forces me to beg.

“ I’ve nine poor children, Sir, besides a wife—

“ God blefs them ! the sole comforts of my life.”

“ Wife and nine children, hæ ?—all, all alive ?

“ No, no, no wonder that you cannot thrive.

“ Shame, shame, to fill your hut with such a train !

“ Shame to get brats for *others* to maintain ! \*

“ Get, get a wooden leg, or one of cork :

“ Wood’s *cheapest*—yes, get wood, and go to work.

“ But mind, mind Sailor—hæ, hæ, hæ—hear, hear—

“ Don’t go to Windsor, mind, and cut one there :

“ That’s dangerous, dangerous—there I place my  
“ traps—

“ Fine things, fine things, for legs of thieving chaps :

\* Is not this sarcasm as applicable to *thrones* as *hovels* ?

“ Best traps, *my* traps--take care--they bite, they bite,  
 “ And sometimes catch a dozen legs a night.”

“ Oh ! had I money, Sir, to *buy* a leg !”

“ No money, hæ ? nor I---go beg---go beg.”---

How sweetly kind to bid the cripple *mump*,  
 And cut from *other people's* trees a stump !  
 How vastly like our kind ARCHBISHOP M---RE,\*  
 Who loves not beggar tribes at Lambeth door ;  
 Of meaner Parsons bids them ask relief---  
 There, carry their coarse jugs for broth and beef !

“ Mine Gote ! your Mashesty !---don't hear fush  
 “ stuff ;

“ De Workhouse always geefs de poor enough.

“ Why make bout dirty leg fush wond'rous fufs ?---

“ And den, what impudence for beg of Us !

\* Our tender Metropolitan, as well as the delicate sensibility of Mrs. M---E, are really tired with the number of poor creatures who, three times a week, have, from time immemorial, claimed the charitable donation of broth and meat from Lambeth Palace. It is pretty well known that a strong application has been made for the removal of this *nuisance*, but hitherto without success.

“ In

" In Strelitz, O mine Gote ! de beggars skip :

" Dere, for a sharity, we geefs a *whip*.

" Money make subjects impudent, I'm sure---

" Respect be always where de peepel's *poor*."

" How, Sailor, did you lose your leg ?---hæ, hæ ?"

" I lost it, please your Majesty, at sea,

" Hard fighting for my country and my King."

" Hæ, what ?---that's common, very common thing.

" Hæ ! lucky fellow, that you were not *drill'd* :

" Some lose their heads, and many men are kill'd.

" Your parish ? where's your parish ? hæ---where,

" where ?"

" I serv'd my 'prenticeship in Manchester."

" Fine town, fine town---full, full of trade and

" riches---

" Hæ, Sailor, hæ, can you make leather breeches ?

" These come from Manchester---there, there I got

" 'em !"

On which GREAT CÆSAR claps his buckskin bottom.

" Must not encourage vagrants---no, no, no---

" Must not make laws, my lad, and break 'em too.

" Where,

“ Where, where’s your parish, hæ? and where’s  
 “ your pass? ”

“ Well, make haste home---I’ve got, I’ve got no  
 “ brass.”

Now to the ESPLANADE a seat is borne,  
 To ease the Q---n’s sweet bottom and her corn ;  
 For corns are apt e’en *Majesty* to bite,  
 As well as on *poor* toes to vent their spite.

Around the gracious Q---- of England, lo,  
 DAMES of the BEDCHAMBER, a goodly row !  
 Mob passing by, of MAJESTY so fond,  
 Dipping, like ducks, their noddles in a pond.  
 How would this sight of STRELITZ charm the foul ?  
 A *lofty* land, although a *spider* hole !  
 Avaunt, all FRAIL-ONES, from the Q---’s chaste  
 view

POLLUTION taints the air with such a crew !  
 Dare ye approach ? full soon ye meet resistance ;  
 IMHOFF’s *pure* wife shall shove you at a distance :  
 The EAST’s proud EMPRESS, who, with di’mond  
 wand,  
 Can visit the first LADY of the LAND ;

Nay,

Nay, *more*, the chronicles of truth aver,  
Can make the LAND'S FIRST LADY visit *her* !

She comes ! the MAJESTY of this fair Isle  
Greets MISTRESS IMHOFF with an ell-wide smile ;  
Bids her partake the radiance of a Crown,  
And, on the *seat of Innocence*, sit down.  
Lo ! down she sits ! the mob, all envying, views,  
As MISTRESS IMHOFF whispers Indian news.

The STADTHOLDER ! he joins Queen Charlotte—*bump*  
Falls on the seat of Royalty, his rump !  
Peace to his spirit ! he begins to doze !  
He snores ! heav'n's bless the trumpet of his nose !  
So great is folly, that the world *mayhap*  
Shall, grinning, point at HOOGEN MOOGEN's nap.  
PRINCES of Europe, pray exclaim not " shame !"  
Go, for Mankind's repose, and do the same.

My LADY H——E appears ! how large !  
Deep laden, like a camel, or a barge.  
What's all beneath her petticoats ?—Shawls, chintz—  
Why should the Muse, indeed, the matter mince ?  
Mullins the richest, of the fertile East.  
Lo, back she moves again, to be undrest !

At Glo'ster-Lodge, upon the bed she squats,  
 To drop the lumber, shawls, and broider'd brats;  
 Where England's happy —— her steps pursues,  
 Attends the labour, and turns *accoucheuse*.  
 Hark! CÆSAR and the little children talk;  
 Together laugh, together too they walk:  
 The mob around admire their pleasant things,  
 And *marle* that *children* talk as *well* as *Kings*.

And now to DELAMOT's the M——H speeds:  
 He catches up a score of books, and reads—  
 Learns nothing—sudden quits the book-abode—  
 Orders his horse, and scours the Dorset road.  
 He's in again! he boards the barge—sets sail—  
 Jokes with the failors, and enjoys the gale:  
 Descants on winds and waves—the land regains,  
 And gives the Tars just *nothing* for their *pains*!  
 For, what a *bore* that Kings their *slaves* should *pay*!  
 Sufficient is the *honour* of the day!  
 Now springs the SOV'REIGN wildly to the seas—  
 Rushes intrepid in—*along to knees*!—  
 Old NEPTUNE, jealous of his world, looks big—  
 And blust'ring BOREAS blows away his wig.



O PYE ! amidst such doings canst thou *sleep* ?  
 Such wonders *whelping* on the land and deep !  
 So nobly form'd to deck th' historic page,  
 Astonish man, and swell the MUSE's rage !

Thus, thus I sing of Royalty, *unpaid* ;  
 In Courts observe, and follow to the shade ;  
 And mean, God willing, since *thou* wilt not write,  
 To give each word and action to the light ;  
 With daily deeds my voice sublimely raise,  
 And sound wise speeches into distant days.

In spite of low DEMOCRACY, the Brute,  
 Kings shall at length regain their *lost repute*.  
 The poor sunk FALCON, robb'd of ev'ry plume,  
 That snaps the ground, and mourns his humble doom,  
 With pow'rful pinion soon from earth shall rise,  
 Mix with the solar blaze, and sweep the skies.

Such shall be done, if pow'r the BARD can boast,  
 Who deems the breed *too precious* to be lost.  
 And since AUGUSTUS deign'd with Bards to dine,  
 And, blest with Bards, MECÆNAS drank his wine ;  
 O let us hope that mighty *modern* Kings  
 May cease to class the *Bards* with *vulgar things*,

And

And of the TUNEFUL TRIBE think *somewhat* higher,  
 Than *Newgate's Bellman*, or a *Country Cryer* !\*  
 Should this rare æra rise, and BRUNSWICK'S GRACE  
 Revive the drooping glory of his race ;  
 How happy at SAINT JAMES's, my friend PYE,  
 At BUCKINGHAM and WINDSOR, *Then* and *I*,  
 To see fair GENIUS re-assume her reign ;  
 DULLNESS and AVARICE expell'd the scene ;  
 The sat'ning BARDS their laurell'd fronts display,  
 And proudly triumph over *Hogs* and *Hay* !

Once more, then, let me beg thee, lazy PYE,  
 To follow MONARCHS wheresoe'er they fly :  
 When from the lofty pinnacle of thrones,  
 They sink to tread, with vulgar folks, the stones ;  
 To *Weymouth* waves, and sands, and shops repair ;  
 Dash country JOANS with dread, and BUMPKINS scare :

\* Never were the *Andæ*, *alias* POETS, in more disesteem than at the Court of the BRUNSWICKS. Homer, singing of such as were the greatest favourites of ancient Monarchs, mentions *Ἰντρον Κερκερ*, *Τικτορα Δεσπο*, and *Μαγισ*, *i. e.* a DOCTOR, a HOUSE-CARPENTER, and a CONJUROR. These our beloved S——N, following this classical example of antiquity, has *noticed* and *recommended* : DOCTOR WILLIS, to Parliament ; SIR WILLIAM CHAMBERS, to the Comptrollership of the Board of Works ; and SIGNOR PINETTI, to the Patronage of all the *wife* of the Metropolis.

For

For ever trifling, and for ever blest,  
In laugh, and hop, and skip, and jump, and jest—  
How like the rustic boy, the simple THING,  
Who only wish'd to be a mighty King;  
(So meanly modest was his pray'r to Fate)  
*To eat fat pork, and ride upon a gate !*

Mr. PITT's

## FLIGHT TO WIMBLEDON.

JUST as I prophesy'd!—the storm begins!

And thou art off—for WIMBLEDON, I ween,  
To hide thee there for all thy *courtly* sins,  
So complaisant indeed to KING and QUEEN!

Loud was thy window's crash—a show'r of stones  
Pour'd in thick vollics from the angry MOB.

How the rude pebbles fought thy vanish'd bones!  
And cry'd aloud, "Where is the fellow's *knob*?  
But disappointed, on the carpet spread,  
They griev'd they could not rattle round thy head.

DUNDAS's hay-loft, soon, I guess,  
In secrecy wilt thou possess;  
Or else another secret nameless place—

A *sweet* asylum from the rage  
 Of such as desp'rate battle wage  
 With men who plunge the Nation in disgrace.

This was a terrible affair !  
 Undoubtedly it made thee flare !  
 Indeed I think that thou wert right,  
 To ask the friendship of a flight.  
 Alas ! when DANGER his fiern form reveals,  
 There's really wisdom in a pair of heels !

Since not a soul dares ope his jaws  
 To plead, O PITT, thy awkward cause,  
 I'll be thy COUNSEL, Man, to bring thee off :  
 Not save thy reputation—no—  
 That's an Herculean work, I trow ;  
 Thy name must bear, indeed, th' eternal scoff.

Come from thy hay-loft, then, or thy retreat,  
 Where CLOACINA keeps her silent seat,  
 And let me lead thee to the PEOPLE's eye.  
 Kneel down before them—own thy heavy guilt,  
 For meanness and King-flatt'ry—treasure spilt,  
 And other sins too glaring to deny.

'This then be thy confession, PITT :—

“ Alas ! by mad Ambition bit,

“ And grinding hunger, too, I needs must say ;

“ Where fickle FORTUNE loves to sport,

“ I fought the region of the COURT ;

“ But Conscience damns, alas ! the idle day.

“ I bawl'd Reform with RICHMOND's Lord,

“ But never meant to keep my word.

“ Our bawlings frighten'd the GREAT MAN and Wo-

“ MAN ;

“ With patriot threats we forc'd our way ;

“ And, while 'twas sunshine, made our hay,

“ A trick with Statesmen by no means uncommon.

“ Ye gave me credit for my cries,

“ And, gull'd, with pleasure saw me rise ;

“ Tho' soon, too soon, ye mock'd the royal choice ;

“ Too soon I read in ev'ry face

“ The hist'ry of a sad disgrace,

“ Heard execration load the gen'ral voice.

“

“ The breeze of popularity soon dy'd—

“ Soon ebb'd of Fame, alas ! th' inconstant tide :

" Yet held I places in the people's spite ;  
 " Agreed, amongst my other fins,  
 " For cursed Hanoverian skins ;  
 " Agreed for Gallic Despotism to fight ;  
 " Agreed to pay th'Apothecary's bill,  
 " And load, with your good gift, the Royal mill.

" Whisper'd the Nation's purse was all their own ;  
 " That subjects were rank rascals to complain ;  
 " Who, silent, ought to bear their galling chain ;  
 " And swore rebellion lurk'd in ev'ry groan.

" I own the Royal barns are full of corn ;  
 " The finest, fattest beeves the land adorn ;  
 " The fairest sheep in Windsor fields are seen :  
 " Increase on ev'ry acre smiles,  
 " The richest 'mid the Queen of Isles :—  
 " All these belonging to our K. and Q.

" But what can I ?—I dare not speak—  
 " I dare not say the People squeak,  
 " And fullen look, and threat, and swear, and cry ;  
 " 'Tis a vile shame the realm should starve :  
 " Why should not they have fowls to carve ?  
 " Although he is, forsooth, so wond'rous high.

" We

“ We put him there—we give him all his money—

“ 'Tis hard the bees should want a little honey.

“ R——D shall out, the man of leathern guns,

“ Whom BRAV'RY scorns, and beauteous SCIENCE

“ *shuns* ;

“ Whom seeming idiotism and madness rules ;

“ The veriest laughing-stock of veriest fools.

“ H——Y no more shall drain the hœtic State,

“ And suck, the leach, the Empire to her fate.

“ Lo, from the seat of JUSTICE will I sweep

“ THE FUR-CLAD ROGUE, renown'd for stealing

“ sheep.\*

“ I blush to think I help'd the wars of Kings,

“ And, meanly crouching, made a royal pother.

“ I now think Princes very *so-so* things ;

“ The one half cheats, and arrant fools the other.

\* Whether this *notorious* and lofty Limb of the LAW will be hanged or not, even the prophetic powers of the *Muse* cannot fore-tell ; but that a score of stolen sheep, which the owners swore to, were in this fellow's pens, exhibited for sale lately at a country fair, is a fact that admits of no contradiction. Many bets are pending ; and the odds, as well as the *hopes* of the country, are on the *rope*.



“ E'en to the tune she chooses, let her dance ;  
 “ I'll cram no despots down the throat of FRANCE.

“ I own myself, alas ! an arrant fool,  
 “ Not to suspect and look *that Prussian* through :  
 “ Yet to HYPOCRISY I went to school ;  
 “ But, hang the fellow, ‘ he was Yorkshire  
 “ too.’

When *out* of place, then “ right is *State reform*—  
 “ Oh ! venal Parliaments are curst things :”  
 But, when *in* place—“ Don't, don't provoke tho.  
 “ storm ;

“ Why alter, why displease the *best* of Kings ?”  
 Such is the creed of all the Courtier train ;  
 Rocks of our hopes—the Imps that we maintain.

“ As sharks and whales pick daily a good dish  
 “ From all the dainty under-world of fish,  
 “ So Tyrants, at a most ungodly rate,  
 “ For human dishes, daily, hourly, prowl ;  
 “ And, as the weazel sucks the eggs of fowl,  
 “ *They*, greedy, suck that larger egg, the STATE.

“ But

“ But no such master will I serve,  
 “ Nor Mistress, christen'd K— and Q—;  
 “ Who, whilst their plunder'd subjects starve,  
 “ Are, 'midst their hoarded millions, seen.

“ The PEOPLE's *Servant*, till by Fate o'erpower'd ;  
 “ By G— that PEOPLE shall not be devour'd !”

*Thus* if thou swearest—hear me—by our skins,  
 Which yet our basinado'd backs retain ;  
 Gen'rous, we'll wipe out thy *old score* of sins,  
 And yield thee suff'rance to *begin again*.

Thus if thou swearest, and wilt sin no more,  
 A pardon shall be thine—our anger o'er.

Heed not the wrath of Kings—the Nation *made* 'em--  
 The PEOPLE put on board their backs their honors ;  
 And should Kings forfeit their esteem, the DONORS  
 Can (if I err not) in a trice *unlade* 'em.

Such, PITT, is my advice—but thou art proud,  
 Although, so lately one of us poor crowd,

Crawling, by mean degrees, to thine high station :

Thou canst not well remember thy old rags,  
 Or thou hadst been more sparing of thy brags;  
 Insulting thus a much too generous Nation.

Lo, thus the LAD in base Saint Giles's born,  
 Blest with a barrow, first begins to bawl:  
 Where PLENTY, ah! exalteth not her horn—  
 Potatoes the poor barrow's *little all*.

At length, succeeding by a *lucky cry*,  
 And FORTUNE's fav'ring smile, the Lad can buy  
 A basket!—nay, *two* baskets for his barrow;  
 To which he hangs the baskets with much pride,  
 With endive, celery, and greens beside—  
 Yes, with *much* pride, that warms his inmost mar-  
 row—

With all the gaping energy of song,  
 Proudly he rolls his WHOLE ESTATE along!

AMBITION still inspires his panting heart;  
 And now sublime he rises to a *cart*,  
 But not without a JACKASS, let me say:

A JACK is harness'd—on the cart he mounts—  
 Looks round—elate, his cabbages he counts,  
 And triumphs in his PARTNER'S Brudenell-bray.

He stops not here—AMBITION goads his soul  
 To bid his orb in loftier regions roll.

In COVENT-GARDEN, lo, a shop he gains;  
 Pines, nest'rines, plums, and apricots, and peaches,  
 Behold! his laudable ambition reaches;  
 And now the *Jack-afs* and the *cart* disdains.

An *Afs's ditty* wounds his *nicer ear*,  
 Bringing to mind his late and humble sphere:  
 Archbishop-like, he *tow'rs* within his stall—  
 Looks on the barrow, cart, and basket crew,  
 With all the consequence of man, askew,  
 And, for a pack of beggars, damns them *all*.



# O D E

TO

## THE FRENCH.

---

OH! with what freedom have ye treated KINGS!

Say, did not ye equip their backs with wings,

Yet cruelly cut off their heads for *flying*?

Alas! so lately did ye KINGS adore!

Now 'tis a wolf, a lion, a wild boar—

A hypocrite, a thing of theft and lying.

What folly to create the hungry Kite,

Yet quarrel with his appetite and claws;

Or grumble at the Tiger's ravenous bite,

Yet give the savage such a pair of jaws!

For ever are ye plung'd in mad extremes!

Let COMMON SENSE, then, rouse you from your dreams.

GRANDEUR,\* I own, seems much increas'd in size;

Much gaudier too her dress to mortal eyes.

The

The lofty Lords and Ladies of our Isle,  
Enough to make a grave old TOM CAT smile.

Must ev'ry thing, forsooth, in *style* enjoy ;  
And if to Margate Doctors bid them go,  
By *sea*, to purify from head to toe,  
Turn up their dainty noses at a *Hoy*.



“ Foh ! in a *Hoy*, the filthy thing, embark !  
“ Loaded with beasts of all kind—Noah's Ark !”

So nice ! that, had they by *good* chance been born  
When CAPTAIN NOAH put his wife on board,  
With all his other *live stock*, they had sworn  
To go together boldly to the LORD ;  
That is to say, be drown'd !—bid life adieu,  
Sooner than sail with such a stinking crew.

Yet let me add—not all the GREAT are *nice* ;  
Not all by PRIDE are tainted, the vile vice—  
No ! witness our good K— and our good Q—,  
Lord love 'em !—our most humble Q— and K—  
Can, gracious, stoop to any little thing,  
However humble, *not* however mean.

Heav'ns bless their pretty, goodly, greasy Graces !  
 I've seen them bolt fat bacon at the races ;  
 On Ascot course, devour such loads of ham,  
 And wash it down, so dainty, with a *dram* !

How simple ! like to many an ancient King,  
 That roasted royal dinners by a firing,  
 And turn'd the royal rapier to a spit :  
 Though full of magnanimity, could sloop  
 To boil, in their grand helmets, beef and soup,  
 And eat from thence, so great their saving wit !

When good Prince —\* *deign'd visit* our small Isle,  
 Grand soul ! he came in *very bumble* style—  
 Cut no huge figure—made no mighty flash ;  
 Two shirts belong'd unto the princely lad ;  
 'Twas all the linen treasure that he *had*,  
 Which poor old MOTHER DAVIES us'd to wash ;

GOODY of RICHMOND ! Mother to the MAN†  
 Who strikes with rev'rent awe the ETON CLAN.

\* The name of this young Strelitz man, or *Prince*, is absolutely forgotten ; but he is, or was, full brother to our most *gracious* QUEEN.

† Dr. Davies, the present Provost of Eton College.



“ Dear Prince,” quoth MOTHER DAVIES, “ many a  
“ time

“ The lad in linen was so wond’rous short,  
“ I’ve made ’n wait until I clean’d the grime,  
“ To make ’n, like a *Christian*, go to Court.

“ Yes, on my thorn there, many and many an eye  
“ Hath seen his HONOR’s linen put to dry ;  
“ But soon, indeed, t’ increafe his little store,  
“ His SISTER, MADAM, made a couple more.”

But to return—folks thought strange things of yore,  
When no absurdity BELIEF could shock ;  
When GOSSIP PREJUDICE put in her oar,  
To scull the simple mind on ERROR’s rock.

What thousands thought that KINGS and QUEENS *eat*  
*gold !*

That beef and mutton was too *coarse a fare* ;  
And that their bodies were so finely *soul’d*,  
They breath’d a fluid *beyond vulgar air*.

Could not conceive that air so *gross and common*,  
Entering a dog’s, and cat’s, and monkey’s nose,

Inflated

Inflated a *Queen's* lungs, *so great a woman*;  
Or *King's*, whom such *rare particles* compose.

Yes! 'tis confess'd that FOLLY rul'd Mankind—  
'Twas once the same with *me*, the BARD, I find.

I grant that I, in life's more early day,  
Deem'd KINGS *young God-almighties*—form'd for SWAY;  
The UNIVERSE, *fee simple*—all their own:  
Tho' now I think the PEOPLE claim a right  
To *somewhat* rather larger than a mite;  
Nay, that we should e'en *halve* it with the THRONE.

I cry'd, " Nought's little which GREAT KINGS ap-  
" prove:  
" Kings turn, like MIDAS, all they touch to *gold*—  
" Witness LORD HAWK'SB'RY, *turn'd*, by ROYAL LOVE,  
" From *Jenkinson*, a clod of meanest mould."

What is there in a *fog*? " Lord! nought!" ye cry.  
To *me* a fog was *once important*—why?  
CÆSAR with glory cloth'd the fog, I trow—  
Ah! how?—Read, read the story, and ye'll know.

## CÆSAR AND THE FOG.

CÆSAR, upon a summer's golden day,  
 Got early from his bed to smell his hay,  
     And see if all his fowls were safe and found;  
 And likewise see what traps had legs and feet  
 Belonging unto men who wish'd to treat  
     Their chaps with chicken on forbidden ground.

Enter a General (CARPENTER) low bowing,  
 Scraping, and, mandarin-like, nodding, ploughing,  
     With nose of rev'rence sweet, the humble grass.—  
 “Hæ, General, hæ? what news, what news in  
     “town?”  
 “None, Sire.” — “None, Gen’ral?—Gen’ral, hæ,  
     “none, none?”  
 “Nothing, indeed, O King, is come to pass.”  
 “Strange! strange!—what, what—see nothing on  
     “the way?”  
 “Hæ, hæ?” cry’d CÆSAR, all for news agog.  
 “Nothing, my LIEGE—no nothing, I may say,  
     “Excepting upon Hounslow, Sir, a *fog*.”

“Fog

- “ Fog upon Hounslow, Gen’ral ?—*large fog, hæ,*  
 “ Or *small fog*, Gen’ral ?” — “ *Large*, an’t please  
 “ you, Sire.”  
 “ Strange, vastly strange !—what; *large fog, large fog*,  
 “ pray ?  
 “ Yes, yes, yes—*large fog*, that I much admire.”

CÆSAR and CARPENTER now talk’d of wars,  
 Of cannon, bullets, swords, and wounds, and scars :  
 When, in the middle of the fight, the KING  
 Sudden exclaim’d—“ Fog upon Hounslow, hæ ?  
 “ *Large fog too*, Gen’ral ?—well, go on, on, pray—  
 “ Strange ! very strange !—extr’ordinary thing !”

Now dwelt the Gen’ral on the battle’s rage,  
 Where muskets, muskets—guns, great guns, engage,  
 Red’ning with blood the field, and stream, and  
 bog ;  
 When, rushing from the murd’rous scene of glory,  
 The Monarch sudden marr’d the Gen’ral’s story—  
 “ Fog upon Hounslow, Gen’ral — *large, large*  
 “ *fog ?*”  
 “ Yes, Sir,” said CARPENTER unto the KING.—  
 “ Strange, very strange ! extr’ordinary thing !”

At length the Gen'ral *finish'd*—lucky elf!—

With much politeness, and much sweat and pain.

“ Thank God !” the Gen'ral whisper'd to himself —

“ Curse me, if ever I find *fogs* again !”

Thus, then, I rev'renc'd *fogs* in former days,

Because I worshipp'd KINGS ; and though I cease  
King-adoration, KINGS shall share my praise,

Although the gape of WONDER may decrease.

I star'd on Kings as Comets with *amaze* :

But now a deal diminish'd is the blaze :

Kings are mere tallow-candles, nine in ten,

Wanting a little *snuffing* now and then :

Harb'ring a THIEF that plays a dangerous game ;

Which if we did not watch, and strait pursue,

The fat is in the fire ! and then adieu,

That grease so rich, the parent of the flame.

Nay, worse event from this same THIEF appears !

The *house*, at times, is burnt about our ears.

Yet

Yet pray, Sirs, take a KING from MISTER PITT,  
And calmly to the SOV'REIGN's will submit ;

And not, as ye have done, on *madness* border :  
Nay, list to me, for oracles I tell—

KINGS for the PEOPLE will do very well,

Like *candles* and their *thieves*, when *kept in order*.



# O D E

TO

## *T H E M I L L,*

*Erected in WINDSOR PARK, for grinding Corn at a  
cheap Rate, for the POOR.*

**I** SAID, his M——y was *very good* !

Ready to sacrifice his royal blood—

Yes, for the POOR, each precious drop to spill :

And now behold the Corn is grinding down ;

Such is the glorious bounty of the CROWN !

And, lo, in Windsor Park a stately Mill !

Blow, blow, ye breezes—faster, gentle gales !

Oh, for the Poor of Windsor, fill the sails !

EGHAM and STAINES—not *Brentford*, that vile place,



Whose wicked imps in ROYALTY'S despite,  
 Rush'd to the Royal gardens at deep night,  
 And foully murder'd half the Dryad race.

Blow, gentle gales; ye breezes, harder blow:  
 Or soon the charity will cease to flow:

Ships to OLD THAMES are pouring in with corn,  
 While MADAM CERES whets her scythe and hook;  
 I hear the clanking sound in every nook;  
 The reaper's song already cheers the morn.

I *said* his Majesty was good and great;  
 And that the famish'd POOR would have a treat:  
 And now, behold, they fatten on the flour!  
 Vile CHRONICLE, I know what thou wilt say—  
 “Why do not Monarchs *give* the flour away?  
 “Why not a part of *boarded millions* pour?”

Grind, gentle MILL, and bring down all the bran;  
 The *blacker* 'tis, the *wholesomer* for man.

I know ~~that~~ saucy Englishmen will say,  
 “Why will not Monarchs *give* their beef away,  
 “While FAMINE's face stares forth from ev'ry door?  
 “How

“ How, with an easy heart, can Monarchs keep  
 “ Such droves of cattle, and such flocks of sheep,  
 “ While HUNGER gnaws the vitals of the Poor ?”

Grind, gentle MILL, with speed, the corn away ;  
 Nor heed what envious, jealous, people say.

“ Why,” cries the Mob, “ bejewell’d shines the Q---,  
 “ While POVERTY appears with fallow mien ?  
 “ All know the millions—’twas from *us* they came ;  
 “ To shine, while thus *we* suffer, is a shame.”

Worms ! know ye not that HANOVER is *poor*,  
 The fav’rite spot of our most gracious K--- ?  
 And shall *no* guineas, O ye fools, go o’er,  
 Where all our PRINCES drank at WISDOM’S spring ?

Grind, gentle MILL—nor let one grain be lost :  
 Well knows the MONARCH what a bushel cost.

Is not poor STRELITZ *very poor* indeed,  
 That gave this Nation a most gracious Q--- ?  
 And, O ye ROGUES, in Hist’ry shall we read,  
 That guineas never were in *Strelitz* seen ?

Inform me, fools, what jewels can go *there*,  
To match the *goodly* JEWEL sent us *here* ?

Fools ! was not HESSE as poor as a church mouse,  
Till good AMELIA sent her thousands o'er ?  
At once lank POVERTY forsook the house,  
And, 'stead of *straw*, a *carpet* grac'd the floor.

In thee what semblance unto K---s I find,  
Not *British*, but to *Foreign* K---s, I trust ;  
Who of the simple POOR the faces grind,  
Just as thou grindest ev'ry grain to *dust*.

Grind, gentle MILL, with all thy kind endeavour !  
O grind away !—for better *late* than *never*.\*

\* This *most astonishing* Charity soon expired. The children of  
Famine poured in too plentifully upon the Royal munificence ; which  
very soon must have reduced Majesty to the same most pitiable situa-  
tion !

# A H I N T

TO A

P O O R D E M O C R A T.

---

SAY not unto a K---, "Thou fool!"—For why?  
'Tis unpolite—though *possibly* no lie:

The speech, too, blights PREFERMENT's opening  
bud.

Make Monarchs and Dame WISDOM near relations,  
And all the VIRTUES too—such *kin-creations*

May work thy temporalities *much good*.

Laud, to each word, however weak, be giv'n,  
And let each *earthly* action scent of *heav'n*.

To cry "Thou fool!" were foolish, let me say;  
Because Kings have so much to *give away*—

Steps to PREFERMENT are compos'd of *flatt'ries* :  
 So easily ye scale her lofty walls,  
 Just as ye mount the summit of St. Paul's—  
 But *truths* ! — aye, what are truths ! — oh ! fatal  
 batt'ries !

Or if we change the figure, *fatal ropes*,  
 That of AMBITION hang the lofty hopes.  
 Truths should be only spoken of the Devil ;  
 Tho' that's *ungrateful* too, and *eke* uncivil.

“ But hast not *Thou* (exclaims the man of spleen)  
 “ Taken strange liberties with K--- and Q--- ?  
 “ Laugh'd at IDOLATRY who hugs a throne ?”  
 Well ! grant my want of rev'rence for a Crown :  
 Equal to *him* is FORTUNE's finite and frown,  
 Whose modest teeth can deign to pick a *bone*.

*My passions* are the children (easy creatures)  
 Of MODERATION ! boast the MOTHER's features,  
 And MOTHER's chaste simplicity, the dove ;  
 Can sleep upon the humble sod, and swill,  
 With great good glee, the valley's lucid rill,  
 \*And batten on the berries of the grove.

Look at yon grouse of fucking pigs—how blest !  
What makes them so ?—clean straw to form a nest !

So *slight* a thing their happiness composes !  
What dialogue ! how arch they squint *about* !  
Now bury their sweet heads—now pull them *out*,  
And toss the wisps so white upon their noses.

These pigs are just my passions, that can draw  
Mirth and contentment from a simple straw.

*Thy* passions are of lofty wing *perchance*,  
Pant for the *ortolan* and wines of France ;  
Unblest, if *ven'son* turn not on thy spit ;  
Unblest, if *turtle* smoke not on thy board.  
Go then, and flatter BRITAIN'S MIGHTY LORD,  
Kneel to DUNDAS, and prostrate fall to PITT.



O D · E

TO THE

E L E P H A N T,

*Just arrived from BENGAL, as a Present from the NABOB  
of ARCOT to HER MAJESTY.*

**P**OOOR fellow ! thou art come, but come in vain ;  
And mayst as well, methinks, go back again !

Thy meat and passage give our COURT the spleen :  
Dear, very dear, is now all sort of meat ;  
And all such luckless presents as can *eat*

Have found no favour yet with K--- or Q---,

Now hadst thou been a diamond (no bad fize,)  
Or pearl, or ruby, how the royal eyes

Had



Had idoliz'd thee ! *gloried* to behold !  
Rather *too bulky* for a *broche*, I fear,  
Or *pin*, or *pretty pendant* for the ear---  
But then thou wouldst have been cut up and *fold*.

Yes ! thou hadst then been welcome--but, alas !  
Since nought but *flesh* and *blood* ! then munching grass,  
And what is most insufferable, *corn* ;  
Such sad expences never can be borne.

Of WINDSOR, RICHMOND, KEW, the helpless POOR,  
Whose plaints have made the Royal eyes run o'er,  
    *Live* on their gracious bounty ev'ry day :  
For *them* their GRACES open their golden bags ;  
To good warm broad cloth change their dirty rags,  
    And round their hovel cast a royal ray.  
Seek then thy glooms again, and dusky loves---  
The GREAT MOGUL perhaps of Eastern groves,

A crying sin, O ELEPHANT, is thine---  
    Thy *stomach* form'd on such a monstrous scale !  
E'en STRELITZ *people*, who in eating shine,  
    Not quite like *thee* with heavy loads regale.  
Yet not to STRELITZ be deny'd applause :  
Wide are their mouths, and sack-like are their maws.

Yet

Yet if resolv'd to live with QUEENS and KINGS ;  
While meat and drink are such expensive things ;  
Pull out thy stomach, cut away thy snout,  
And try, poor fellow, try to live *without*.



THE  
SORROWS OF SUNDAY;  
AN ELEGY.

*The intended Annihilation of Sunday's harmless Amusements, by three or four most outrageously-zealous Members of Parliament, gave birth to the following Elegy. The Hint is borrowed from a small Composition, entitled, "The TEARS of OLD MAY-DAY."*

MILD was the breath of Morn : the blushing sky  
Receiv'd the lusty YOUTH with golden hair,  
Rejoicing in his race, to run, to fly ;  
AS SCRIPTURE says, " a Bridegroom débonnaire;"

When, full of fears, the decent SUNDAY rose,  
 And wander'd sad on Kensington's fair green :  
 Down in a chair she sunk with all her woes,  
 And touch'd, with tender sympathy, the scene.

" O hard SIR RICHARD HILL !" exclaim'd the DAME ;  
 " SIR WILLIAM DOBBS, cruel man !" quoth she ;  
 " And MISTER WILBERFORCE, for shame ! for  
 " shame !

" To spoil my little weekly jubilee.

" Ah ! pleas'd am I the humble FOLK to view ;  
 " Enjoying harmless talk, and sport, and jest ;  
 " Amid these walks their footsteps to pursue,  
 " To see them smiling, and so trimly dress'd.

" Since the LORD rested on the *seventh day*,  
 " Which sheweth that OMNIPOTENCE was *tir'd* ;  
 " As MOSES, in old times, was pleas'd to say,  
 " (And MOSES was most certainly *inspir'd* ;)

" Why should not Man, too, rest ?" " No !" cries SIR  
 DRICK :

" At BROTHER ROWLAND'S let him knock his  
 " knees,

Pray,

“ Pray, sweat, and groan; of this damn'd world be  
“ fick;

“ Of mangy morals crack the lice and fleas;

“ Break SIN's vile bones---pull SATAN by the nose;

“ Scrub, with the soap and sand of Grace, the soul;

“ Give UNBELIEF, the wretch, a rats-bane dose;

“ And stop, with malkins of rich Faith, each hole:

“ Spit in foul DRUNKENNESS's beastly mug;

“ Kill, with sharp prayers, each offspring of the

“ DEVIL;

“ Give, to black BLASPHEMY, a Cornish hug;

“ And box, with bats of Grace, the ears of EVIL.”

SUSAN, the constant slave to mop and broom;

And MARIAN, to the spit's and kettle's art;

Ah! shall not *they* desert the house's gloom,

Breathe the fresh air one moment, and look smart?

Meet, in some rural scene, a COLIN's smile;

With love's soft stories wing the happy hour;

Drop in his dear embraces from the style,

And share his kisses in the shady bow'r?

" No !" roars the HUNTINGDONIAN PRIEST—" No,

" no !

" *Lovers* are liars—Love's a damned trade ;

" Kissing is damnable—to hell they go—

" The DEVIL's claws await the ROGUE and JADE.

" *My chapel* is the purifying place :

" *There* let them go to wash their fins away :

" *There*, from my hand, to pick the crumbs of

" Grace,

" Smite their poor sinful craws, and howl, and

" pray."—

How hard, the lab'ring *hands* no rest should know,

But toil *six days* beneath the galling load,

Poor souls ! and then, the *seventh* be forc'd to go

And box the Devil, in Blackfriars Road !\*

HEAV'N glorieth not in phizzes of dismay ;

HEAV'N takes no pleasure in perpetual sobbing

Consenting freely, that my fav'rite day

May have her tea and rolls, and hob and nob-  
bing.

\* The place of Mr. Rowland Hill's Chapel.

In sooth, the LORD is pleas'd, when Man is blest ;  
 And wisheth not his blisses to blockade :  
 'Gainst tea and coffee ne'er did he protest,  
 Enjoy'd, in gardens, by the men of trade.

Sweet is WHITE-CONDUIT HOUSE, and BAGNIGGE-  
 WELLS,  
 CHALK FARM, where PRIMROSE HILL puts forth  
 her smile ;  
 And DON SALTERO's, where much wonder dwells,  
 Expelling WORK-DAY's matrimonial bile.

LIFE with the down of cygnets may be clad !  
 Ah ! why not make her path a pleasant track ?  
 " No ! " cries the PULPIT TERRORIST, (how mad !)  
 " No ! let the world be one huge hedgehog's  
 " back."

VICE (did his rigid mummary succeed)  
*Too soon* would smile amid the *sacred walls* ;  
 VENUS, intabernacles make her bed ;  
 And PAPHOS find herself amid SAINT PAUL's.

Avaunt HYPOCRISY, the solemn jade,  
 Who, wilful, into ditches leads the blind :



Makes, of her canting art, a thriving trade,  
And fattens on the follies of mankind !

Look at ARCHBISHOPS, BISHOPS, on a Fast,  
Denying hackney-coachmen e'en their beer ;  
Yet, lo ! their BUTCHERS knock, with *flesh repast* ;  
With *turbots*, lo ! the FISHMONGERS appear !

The POTBOYS howl with porter for their bellies ;  
The BAKERS knock, with custards, tarts and pies ;  
CONFECTIONERS, with rare ice creams and jellies ;  
The FRUITERER, lo ! with richest pine supplies !

In *secret*, thus, they eat, and booze, and nod ;  
In *public*, call indulgence a *d-m'n's evil* ,  
Order their simple flocks to *walk* with *God* ,  
And *ride themselves* an airing with the *Devil* !

# PINDARIANA;

OR

## PETER'S PORTFOLIO.

CONTAINING

TALE,	ODE,	SONG,
FABLE,	ELEGY,	PASTORAL,
TRANSLATION,	EPIGRAM,	LETTERS.

WITH EXTRACTS FROM

TRAGEDY, COMEDY, OPERA, &c.

---

*“ Non satis est pulchra esse poemata—— ”* HOK

To me, a *sungful* line is dear ;

And yet it only wins the ear :

Verbes should win the *heart* too—*dulera sentio* :

*Such* verbes sure success command :

The game is in the Poet's hand—

SEADILLIO, and MANILLIO, BASTO, PUNTO.



TO

# THE PUBLIC.

---

READER,

**P**LEASANT and numerous are the volumes in *ana*; viz. *Scaligeriana*, *Tbuana*, *Huetiana*, *Menagiana*, *Chœvrena*, *Carpenteriana*, &c. to which I have added, for thine amusement, *Pindariana*. May the spirits of Chaucer, of Shakespeare, of Cervantes, of Rabelais, of Sterne, of Fontaine, of Tibullus, of Horace, of Martial, of Theocritus, and my great old Cousin of Thebes, have entered my Portfolio, and animated my leaves!

Ah! may no eye wax dim upon my page;

The lid, all heavy-laden, dully closing;

The drooping head, as though from palsied age,

Reclining lumpish on the breast, and dozing;

While

While from th' ungrasping hand, tremendous sound,  
The poor forgotten volume greets the ground !

May no fastidious Critic be able to say of my lucubrations what the blaspheming Dr. Johnson, with his oracular and growling pomposity, asserted of the sublime Ossian—" that as good a thing might be written " by many men, many women, and many children !"

Griev'd should I be, could my poetic spawn  
Produce one melancholy, damning yawn.

O let me feel the Muse's warmth divine !  
Perdition seize a soporific line !

Ne'er may the leaden lumber load my brain !  
Avaunt the sleepy verse ! confound the song  
That dragging, heavy, snail-like, crawls along !  
Oblivion, bid thy mud o'erwhelm the strain !

I hate it, as old SNUFFLE I abhor ;

The Parson who, with one unvarying tone,  
Sets all the jaded audience in a snore—  
Such the strong opiate of his drowsy drone.

Nor, O ye Pow'rs of POESY, be mine—  
 The roaring, bluff'ring, mad, and bullying line,  
 As though the Muses all were lying in  
 Of some wild *Calibanish*, mountain form;  
 An earthquake, or volcano, or a storm,  
 So huge the found, so horrible the din.

Nor let me prove so pompously obscure—  
 A mode of writing I detest, abjure;  
 With stiff inversions the poor sense to screen  
 From ev'ry aching brain, and poring eye,  
 And in a rage to make the reader cry,  
 “ Why, what the devil can the booby mean?  
 “ Thus, too, with epithets to cannonade us,  
 “ As if the beast were vomiting a *Gradus*!”

Let me not act the goose, screaming and waddling,  
 Poking his silly head, in mudpools paddling;  
 No!—with a lofty pinion let me rise;  
 Face with an eagle wing the solar beam,  
 Drink with undazzled gaze th' effulgent stream,  
 And with the rush of whirlwinds sweep the skies;  
 Thence, in an instant be the humble Wren,  
 Twitt'ring his love-notes sweet to Mistress Hen.

O VERSATILITY, I hold thee dear !

The Proteus power be mine, to take each shape ;  
Skip like a Will-o'-whisp—be here, be there—  
Now the grave moralist, and now an ape.

Now roar the savage of the Lybian shade,  
Where HORROR listens to the shrieking ghost ;  
Now Pompey in BELINDA'S bosom laid,  
Or whining, pawing for a piece of toast.

Now roll the MONARCH of the stormy Deep,  
The floundering terror of the finny race ;  
Now the slim eel, of ponds so lucid, creep ;  
Now leap a salmon, and now glide a plaice.

Thrice happy change of soul-delighting song !  
*This* were my talent, blest would PETER be !  
But who, alas ! is thus divinely strong ?  
SHAKESPEARE, that envied pow'r I mark in TREE.

Let me inform thee, Reader, that no order will be observed with respect to the various pieces. Thou wilt receive them as they leap from the Portfolio ; so that there will subsist as little connection between one and

and another, as between LADY MARY and the GRACES, LORD TH---W and the LORD'S PRAYER, SIGNOR MARCHESI and CREATION, SIR JOSEPH BANKS and PHILOSOPHY, SIR WILLIAM HAMILTON and the SECRETS of MOUNT VESUVIUS, JUDGE K. and a *whole* BOTTLE OF PORT, JUDGE B. and REPRIEVE.

Various will be the subjects of the MUSE. Ode, Elegy, Fable, Tale, Ballad, Epigram, &c. a Version, at times, of parts of the venerable Classics, whose spirit has been but feebly transfused through our modern languages, will be given;

Whose *oaks* so lofty (what abomination!)  
Are chang'd to paltry *broomsticks*, by TRANSLATION:

Their pyramids, a little village spire;  
Their skies, blue paper; their ear-rending thunder,  
With lightnings darting danger, blazing wonder,  
A poor coal coffin bouncing from the fire;  
Their cities, emmets' nests—a spider's hole!  
Their mountains, what?—the mansion of the mole.

Too oft the roses of th' Athenian vale  
Reign their blushes for a deadly pale;



An Attic sun converted in a trice  
 To a dull torpid cake of shiv'ring ice !  
 A rill their oceans that no longer roar ;  
 Their storms, a wind's small whistle through a door ;  
 The sun-clad eagle, a weak flick'ring bat ;  
 And Afric's royal brute, a squeaking rat.

The TENDER PASSION will make a prominent figure on the canvas ; and why not, as it is one of the most prominent features of NATURE ? Who is there that has not sacrificed to the AMOROUS GODDESS ?

When dew-clad EVENING's modest blushes fade,  
 And NATURE sinks amid the deep'ning shade,  
 And LABOUR pauses on the fainting light ;  
 When beetles hum, and bats in circles skim,  
 When hills and hamlets, trees and tow'rs, grow dim,  
 And SILENCE steals upon the gloom of night ;  
     With joy I tread the secret grove,  
     To meet the idol of my love.

What a monster, who never felt the SOFT EMOTION !

Ah ! whence art THOU, of wealth the slave ?

Go, seek the haunted gloom, the grave ;

Whose eye, on Money taught to roll,  
Admits not BEAUTY to the soul:  
Fly thou the day, who scorn'st the FAIR,  
For thou wert born an imp of CARE.

But who art THOU, with anxious eye,  
With panting hope, and melting sigh,  
Who biddest tempting gold depart,  
And only woo'st the Virgin's heart?  
Go THOU where BEAUTY holds her throne;  
For bliss was form'd for *thee alone*.

NEXT to the Contemner of the charming SEX, is  
the Savage who abuses it. Poor MARIAN! sweet is  
thy song of sorrow!

### MARIAN'S COMPLAINT.

Since truth has left the shepherd's tongue,  
Adieu the cheerful pipe and song;  
Adieu the dance at closing day,  
And, ah! the happy morn of May.

How oft he told me I was fair,  
 And wove the garland for my hair !  
 How oft for MARIAN cull'd the bow'r,  
 And fill'd my lap with ev'ry flow'r !

No more his gifts of guile I'll wear,  
 But from my brow the chaplet tear ;  
 The crook he gave in pieces break,  
 And rend his ribbons from my neck.

How oft he vow'd a constant flame,  
 And carv'd on ev'ry oak my name !  
 Blush, COLIN, that the *wounded tree*  
 Is all that will remember *me*.

Rich fragments of the TRAGIC and COMIC MUSE, not forgetting the MUSE of BALLAD, *yclept* OPERA, will occasionally pour their coruscations through the work.—Moreover will I present thee with delicious scraps of Criticism : thou shalt likewise have Apophthegms—so that a part of my labours may with propriety be baptiz'd The WISDOM of PETER. The Wisdom of Solomon is well known. Plato and Xenophon, the two famous disciples of Socrates, gathered

thered the good things of their sublime master, fancying every sentence that dropt from his mouth, a gem of ineffimable value. Pythagoras uttered sage maxims for the benefit of posterity. Nor did the good Marcus Aurelius think it beneath his dignity to turn collector. The Eastern hemisphere glitters with apophthegmatic constellations; and now behold a BARD resolved to add a star to that of the West.

Reader, thou shalt have *more* than all this. Thou shalt be presented with some of the *Travels* of the BARD, who, like the HERO of the Odyfsey, *mores hominum multorum vidit et urbes*. But expect no wonders, as I am neither a MANDEVILLE, a PSALMANAZAR, nor an ABYSSINIAN BRUCE. Unfortunately I have met with no “*Anthropophagi*, and men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders.”

How many Numbers I shall offer thee, is a mystery even to *myself*.—Should we not be eaten up by the threatening and hungry *Sans-culottes*; by the blessing of APOLLO and the NINE LADIES, a handsome volume or two may be produced; and to give thee my sentiment on the *Sans culottes* subject, I really think we shall *not* be devoured.

Howl thyself hoarse, wild WAR—of this fair ISLE  
The happy natives shall for ever smile,  
While by thy rage the kingdoms bleed around ;  
Safe as the chirping birds amid the OAK,  
That bids defiance to the tempest's stroke,  
And keeps with stern sublimity his ground.

ADIEU.

PINDA-

# PINDARIANA;

## PROLOGUE.

### TO THE CRITICS.

NOW WINTER gathers all his glooms,  
And faintly SOL the world illumcs ;  
    Weak wand'rer, skirting pale the southern sky,  
Yet squinting on the old blue road,  
In summer with such splendor trod,  
    Now far, alas ! above his wat'ry eye.

Well ! just as WINTER comes, so drear,  
Behold the MAN of RHYMES appear !  
    Much like the woodcock—bird too often bit ;  
When out are dogs, and sportsmen dire,  
To try to fit him for the fire ;

    Doom'd soon to turn, poor fellow, on the spit !

Lo, from his shelt'ring shade he vainly springs !  
 With bleeding breast, crush'd legs, and broken wings,  
 And scatter'd plumes a cloud, and hanging head,  
 Down falls the *emigrant*, a lump of lead ;  
 Soon seiz'd by TRAY, expecting much applause,  
 Who, wriggling, brings the pris'ner in his jaws.

Thus may it most unfortunately be,  
 Most venerable GREYBEARDS, with poor ME !  
 Condemn'd, for want of poetry and wit,  
 To turn, *perchance*, upon your piercing spit !

Yet, Sirs, I thank you for all favours *past* ;  
 Hoping, moreover, they won't be the *last* :  
 And, Sirs, whatever fate you may allot me,  
 Thanks, thanks, that *hitherto* you have not shot me.

So much to the *liberal* CRITICS ;—what shall I say  
 to the *illiberal* ?

Rake, if you please, the kennel of your brains,  
 And pour forth all the loaded head contains ;  
 I shall not suffer by it, I am sure ;—

Nay,

Nay, my poetic plants will better thrive ;  
Exalt their heads and smile—be all alive ;  
As *mud* is very excellent manure.

Brother Authors, attend unto the wisdom of PETER. Are the cries of the malevolent and envious against you ? Be silent, and let your works fight their own battle.—Are they good for nothing ? Let them die.—Possess they merit ? They need not be afraid. — Bid your minds then sit calmly on their thrones, amidst the hurlyburly of critical attacks.

Go, take a lesson from the glorious SUN,  
Who, when the elements together run  
In wild confusion—earth and wind and water,  
Looks on the tumult down without dismay,  
Nay, bright and smiling—seeming thus to say,  
“ Lord ! bustling Gentlefolk, pray what’s the  
“ matter ? ”



## H Y M N

TO THE

## G U I L L O T I N E.

DAUGHTER of LIBERTY, whose knife  
So busy chops the threads of life,  
And frees from cumb'rous clay the spirit ;  
Ah ! why alone shall GALLIA feel  
The beauties of thy pond'rous steel ?  
Why must not BRITAIN mark thy merit ?

Hark ! 'tis the Dungeon's groan I hear ;  
And lo, a squalid band appear,  
With fallow cheek and hollow eye !  
Unwilling, lo, the neck they bend ;  
But, through thy pow'r, their terrors end,  
And with their *heads* the SORROWS fly !

O let

O let us view thy lofty grace ;—  
 To BRITONS shew thy blushing face,  
 And bleſs REBELLION's life-tir'd train !—  
 Joy to my ſoul ! ſhe's on her way,  
 Led by her *deareſt* friends, DISMAY,  
 DEATH, and the DEVIL, and TOM PAINE !

Be deaf, O Man, to the inſinuations of Pride. It is the poiſonous weed of the heart, that ſuffers not a flower of beauty or fragrance to bloom near it.

Boaſt not the antiquity of thy line ; for, to thy mortification, be it known, that the FAMILY of HOGS was created before thee.

What can the *wiſeſt* boaſt ? alas, how little !  
 Then, PRIDE, be ſparing of thy ſaucy ſpittle ;  
 Nay, do not ſquirt it in the *humbleſt* face :  
 The wheel of FORTUNE is for ever turning ;  
 Joy's birthday-ſuit may ſoon be chang'd to *mourning* ;  
 NIMRODS become the *victims* of the chace.

Yes, PRIDE, I hate thee—canker of our nature !  
 Why look contemptuous on a fellow-creature,  
 Becauſe it is a monkey or a pig ?

*They too have qualities, or I'm mistaken :*

What man excels a hog in making bacon ?

What mortals, like a monkey, dance a jig ?

What man, from bough to bough, like JACKO springs ?

Ingenious rogue ! who twists his tail, and fwings ?

Dare we despise, because they cannot *preach*,

Forsooth, ungifted with the pow'rs of speech ?

That were a joke indeed to make a *song* :

Ah me ! what numbers of the human race

Most fortunately had escap'd disgrace,

Had HEAV'N forgot to give their mouths a *tongue* !

In vain I preach—PRIDE laughs at all I say ;

Resolv'd, the fool, to keep her *distant way*.

## THE PROUD OLD MAID.

A winking, hobbling, crabbed, proud Old Maid,

Whose charms had felt a heavy cannonade

From TIME's strong batt'ry,—to whose lofty nose

A rotten reputation was a rose,

Liv'd

Liv'd in a country town—there spit her spite,  
And dwelt on SCANDAL'S stories with delight.

Proud of her name (though poor) indeed was SHE ;  
In genealogies, an epicure ;  
Knew, to a hair, each person's pedigree,  
From that of splendour, to the most obscure.

Madam GEORGINA HOWARD was her name ;  
An appellation always carrying fame,  
As ev'ry HOWARD *kins* with NORFOLK'S DUKE ;  
Moreover, ev'ry CAMPBELL of our Isle,  
Cobbler, or chimney-sweeper, claims ARGYLE ;  
And *eke* to QUEENSB'RY doth a DOUGLAS look ;

Boasting a certain portion of that blood,  
Not to be wash'd away by Noah's flood.

COUSIN of NORFOLK, would she often name,  
When CONVERSATION ask'd for no such kin ;  
COUSIN of NORFOLK then *untimely* came ;  
Nay, by the *head and shoulders* was lugg'd in.

This LADY, on a certain darksome night,  
 From cards returning by a lantern's light ;  
     The lantern by her servant BETTY held,  
 Who walk'd before this DAME, to shew the way ;  
 When thus it happen'd, *sadly* let me say,  
     Such is th' unhappiness of blinking *Eld*—

As her two eyes so dim could only *stare*,  
 And therefore wanted cleaning and repair ;  
 Against *some* head, *her* poking head she popp'd—  
 Dash'd with confusion, suddenly she stopp'd,  
 Drew back, and bent for *once* her rusty knee—  
 “ I beg your pardon, Sir,” said she.

Then follow'd Mistress BETTY.—“ Bless us, BET,  
 “ Tell me, who was the Gentleman I met ;  
     “ Whose face I bounc'd so hard against with  
     “ mine ?”

BET could not for her soul the laugh resist—  
 “ A Gentleman !—a *Jack-afs*, Ma'am, you kiss'd ;  
     “ I hope you found JACK's kisses very fine.”

“ An *Afs* !” with anger swelling, screech'd the DAME—  
 “ An *Afs* !—Lord ! BETTY, I shall die with *shame* !  
     “ Give

“ Give me a knife—I’ll spoil the rascal’s note ;

“ Give me a knife—I’ll run and cut his throat.

“ BERRY, don’t say a word on’t—that, alas !

“ I curtsied, and ask’d pardon of an *Ass* !”

## EARLY PROPENSITIES.

---

HOW early GENIUS shews itself at times !  
Thus POPE, the pride of Poets, *lisp'd* in rhymes ;  
And *thus* the GREAT SIR JOSEPH\* (strange to utter !  
To whom each insect-eater is a fool)  
*Did*, when a very little boy at school,  
Munch *spiders* spread upon his bread and butter !

\* Sir Joseph Banks, the President of the Royal Society, who has often declared this rare fact of himself, and who is so improved in power as to be able to devour an *alligator*.

## I N V I T A T I O N

TO

CYNTHIA.

---

COME, CYNTHIA, to thy shepherd's vale,  
Though tyrant WINTER shade the scene ;  
The leafless grove has felt his gale,  
And ev'ry warbler mourns his reign.

Yet, what to *me* the howling wind ?  
Thy voice the linnet's song supplies .  
Or what the cloud to *me*, who find  
Eternal sunshine in thy eyes ?

KISSES.



## K I S S E S.

*Hawser.* **D**EAR SUSAN, one kind kiss before we part.

*Susan.* Not the thousandth part of one, Mr. Lieutenant, I assure you. Keep your distance, pray, *kind* Sir. Kisses indeed ! I wonder what fool first invented the nonsense !

*Hawser.* Nonsense ! — *Sense*, Susan ! rapture, Susan !

## S O N G.

When we dwell on the lips of the lass we adore,  
 Not a pleasure in nature is missing :  
 May his soul be in Heav'n, he deserv'd it, I'm sure,  
 Who was first the inventor of kissing.

Master

Master ADAM, I verily think, was the man,  
Whose discov'ry will ne'er be furpast ;  
Well, since the sweet game with *creation* began,  
To the *end of the world* may it last !

[*Catches SUSAN, and kisses her.*]

I DO

---

I DO not love a Cat—his disposition is mean and suspicious. A friendship of years is cancelled in a moment by an accidental tread on his tail or foot. He instantly spits, raises his rump, twirls his tail of malignity, and shuns you; turning back, as he goes off, a staring vindictive face, full of horrid oaths and unforgiveness; seeming to say, “Perdition catch you! “I hate you for ever.” But the Dog is my delight:—tread on *his* tail or foot, he expresses, for a moment, the uneasiness of his feelings; but in a moment the complaint is ended. He runs around you; jumps up against you; seems to declare his sorrow for complaining, as it was not intentionally done, nay, to make himself the aggressor; and begs, by whinings and lickings, that Master will think of it no more. Many a time, when Ranger, wishing for a little sport, has run to the gun, smelt to it, then wriggling his tail, and, with eyes full of the most expressive fire, leaped up against me, whining and begging, have I, against my inclination, indulged him

with

with a scamper through the woods or in a field : for many a time he has left a warm nest, among the snows of winter, to start pleasure for *me*. Thus is there a moral obligation between a Man and a Dog.

### THE OLD SHEPHERD'S DOG.

The old Shepherd's Dog, like his master, was gray ;  
His teeth all departed, and feeble his tongue ;  
Yet where'er CORIN went, he was follow'd by *Tray* ;  
Thus happy through life did they hobble along.

When, fatigu'd, on the grass the Shepherd would  
lie,

For a nap in the sun—'midst his slumbers so sweet,  
His faithful companion crawl'd constantly nigh,  
Plac'd his head on his lap, or lay down at his  
feet.

When WINTER was heard on the hill and the plain,  
And torrents descended, and cold was the wind,  
If CORIN went forth 'midst the tempests and rain,  
*Tray* scorn'd to be left in the chimney behind.

At length in the straw *Tray* made his last bed ;

For vain, against death, is the stoutest endeavour—  
To lick CORIN'S hand he rear'd up his weak head,  
Then fell back, clos'd his eyes, and, ah ! clos'd  
them for ever.

Not long after *Tray* did the Shepherd remain,

Who oft o'er his grave with true sorrow would  
bend ;

And, when dying, thus feebly was heard the poor  
fwain,

“ O bury me, neighbours, beside my old Friend ! ”

NOTWITHSTANDING the general contempt of poor STERNHOLD and HOPKINS, of *psalm-enditing memory*, I do not deem them beneath the dignity of *some imitation*. I fear that too many a Poet of the present day is affected (if I may coin an expression) with a *Phusi-phobia*, or a dread of nature and simplicity; and, if I may judge from the *difficulty* of comprehending their meaning, they fancy OBSCURITY to be the genuine parent of the SUBLIME. In the following Ballad I have endeavoured to steer between the *two*, assuming a little liberty with historical truth respecting JENNY and the celebrated AULD ROBIN.

### JENNY'S COMPLAINT.

The night was still and full of fear,  
 And all the world seem'd dead;  
 When pond'ring on poor Robin Gray,  
 I went with sighs to bed.

There, while my heart did heave with grief,  
The moon, that wand'rer pale,  
In at my window peep'd and shin'd  
So faint against the wall,

I clos'd my eye in vain to sleep,  
And sigh'd " Ah ! well-a-day !"  
For then I dwelt on my dear love,  
My buried Robin Gray.

As on my arm I lean'd my head,  
All dreary and forlorn,  
My hair did drink the briny tears  
That down my cheek did mourn.

Sudden a cloud, like ink so black,  
The moon's pale face o'ercaft ;  
The window shook, and horror howl'd,  
Amid the hollow blast.

The oaks that proudly look'd on high,  
Their lofty heads bent low,  
And midst their mighty branches roar'd,  
As if they scorn'd to bow.

But, like a giant in his course,  
The storm went rushing on,  
Scattering their limbs and leaves so thick,  
As heedless what was done:

Now thunder from the black cloud broke,  
And terrified the night,  
And lightnings, with a dangerous blaze,  
Made all the darkness bright.

But my poor bleeding heart forlorn  
Did sink with no dismay,  
Since often it had wish'd to *die*  
For dear auld Robin Gray.

Now did a spectre form appear,  
All aged, pale, and wan;  
And, by his visage, I could spy  
He was my lost auld Man.

Now on my bed-side did he sit,  
As harmless as a dove;  
And though he had two hollow eyes,  
They look'd with tend'rest love.



Forth from their sockets then did rush  
Full many a drop of woe :  
So from the cave or rugged rock  
The pearly waters flow.

“ Jesu !” I cry’d, and stretch’d my arms  
To clasp him round the waist ;  
But nought of his poor spectre drear  
My longing arms embrac’d.

“ Oh ! Jenny (then he said) in vain  
“ Thy arms would clasp me in ;  
“ For Spirits, such as thou behold’st,  
“ Have neither bones nor skin.”

Full on his visage did I gaze,  
All hurried with surprise ;  
And, eager to devour each look,  
My soul rush’d through my eyes.

Now did I strive to catch his hand,  
That press’d so often mine ;  
But ’twas in vain—’twas nought but air,  
Which made my heart to pine.

And

And yet his hands so shrivell'd were,  
 As made of flesh and blood :  
 But God knows best what should be done,  
 And God is very good.

“ And art thou happy, then,” I cry'd,  
 “ In this thy present state ?”  
 He smil'd like Angels then, and said,  
 “ God well hath chang'd my fate.

“ Let innocence, O Jane, be thine,  
 “ And peace shall dwell with thee ;  
 “ And when just Heav'n shall call thee hence,  
 “ With Robin thou shalt be.”

With that he look'd a sweet farewell,  
 And rais'd each wetted eye ;  
 Then glided off, and, as he went.  
 I heard the kindest sigh.

“ Adieu !” I cry'd, half choak'd with grief,  
 “ Soul of my soul, adieu !  
 “ My bosom throbs to leave this world,  
 “ And thy dear flight pursue.

“ But Robin, Robin, stay awhile ;

“ Ah ! stay awhile,” I said—

“ As Jemmy is come home from sea,

“ May I with Jemmy wed ?”

But Robin answer'd not a word,

But off his ghost did go ;

Which made me wonder—but perhaps

His ghost had answer'd, “ No.”

Auld Robin's kindneffes to me,

Whilst we in love did live,

Deserve more *streams* from these sad eyes,

Than they have *drops* to give.

The evening that he sought his grave

Did wear a dismal gloom :

And all who did the burying see,

With eyes so red went home.

The honest tribute of their tears,

I thought was sweetest fame ;

And when I die, God grant my bier

Be sprinkled with the same !

The harmless children, too, in bands,  
Did pour their little sighs,  
And on the coffin near the grave  
They strain'd their wat'ry eyes.

And when into the earth below  
His corpse at length was giv'n,  
They look'd towards each other's eyes,  
And sigh'd, " He's gone to Heaven."

Then on his grave they sat them down,  
And lisp'd his name with praise,  
Till all the little wights did wish  
To be auld Robin Grays.

## O D E

FOR

## BOYS AND GIRLS.

· LOVE is a pretty passion, to be sure;  
And long, say I, indeed, may LOVE endure !  
Yet now and then to PRUDENCE should it look—  
Yes, take a little leaf from WISDOM's book.

Our boys, alas ! begin too soon to sigh,  
Mourn the pierc'd heart, and lay them down to die ;  
Just like expiring swans, with tuneful breath,  
Sweet rhyming in the agonies of death.

Too soon the girls abuse of pens the nib,  
And pour their little groaning souls on paper :  
LOVE should not come till TIME removes the bib ;  
Misses should learn to *walk* before they *caper*.

LOVE,

Love, though it deals in *sweets*, has many *sours*;

It does not always furnish happy hours,

Putting us oft in dismal situations:

The novelty sets people's souls a longing—

What thousands to their ruin thus are thronging!

Indeed we see the evil in all nations.

I fear Love does at times a deal of harm:

It keeps the world alive, it is confess'd;

So far, indeed, I like the pleasing charm—

Yet, yet, through Love, what thousands are distressed!

“ Give me,” exclaims the YOUTH, “ but heav’nly  
“ kissing,

“ And lo, I seek nought else—for nought is missing;

“ Let me for ever dwell on CHLOE’s lip;

“ On CHLOE’s bosom let me only lie;

“ There pour in sweetest ecstasy the sigh,

“ And, like the bee, the honey’d treasure sip.

“ I heed not fragrant wines, nor flesh, nor fish;

“ CHLOE is all I want, and all I wish!”

And thus again the raptur’d NYMPH exclaims,

“ Sweet are of Love the sighs, and dear the flames!

“ Love

“ Love smiles away the dark'ning clouds of life :

“ Love feels no rains, nor storms, nor pinching cold :

“ Love wants not fire nor candle, meat, clothes,

“ gold ;

“ All bliss is center'd in that one word—*Wife*.”

THE  
O W L   A N D   P A R R O T.

AN OWL fell desp'rately in love, poor soul !  
Sighing and hooting in his lonely hole—  
A PARROT the dear object of his wishes,  
Who in her cage enjoy'd the loaves and fishes,  
In short, had all she wanted—meat and drink,  
Washing and lodging—full enough, I think.

'Squire OWL most musically tells his tale ;  
His oaths, his squeezes, kisses, sighs, prevail :  
POLL cannot bear, poor heart, to hear him grieve ;  
So opes her cage, without a "*By your leave ;*"  
Are married, go to bed with raptur'd faces,  
Rich-words, and so forth—usual in such cases.

A day



A day or two pats'd amorously sweet ;

Love, kissing, cooing, billing, all their meat :

At length they both felt hungry—"What's for  
" dinner ?

" Pray what have we to eat, my dear ?" quoth POLL.—

" Nothing ! by all my wisdom," answer'd OWL ;

" I never thought of that, as I'm a finner ;

" But, POLL, on something I shall put my pats—

" What say'st thou, DEARY, to a dish of rats ?"

" Rats, MISTER OWL ! d'ye think that I'll eat *rats* ?

" Eat them yourself, or give them to the cats,"

Whines the poor Bride, now bursting into tears.—

" Well, POLLY, would you rather dine on *mouse* ?

" I'll catch a few, if any in the house ;

" Thou shalt not starve, LOVE, so dispel thy fears."

" I won't eat rats—I won't eat mice—I won't :

" Don't tell me of such dirty vermin—don't :

" O that within my cage I had but tarried !"

" POLLY," quoth OWL, "I'm sorry, I declare,

" So delicate, you relish not our fare—

" You should have thought of that before you *mar-*  
" *ried*."

This fable aptly also will apply

To Frenchmen—*Sans-culottes*-men.—Ah! how? why?

The French are changeful fellows, all must grant;

Cameleons—but, ah! changing for the worse:

Poor ignorants, scarce knowing what they want,

Bart'ring too often blessings for a curse.

All good, in one word, NOBILITY, they see!

So strong within them is of change the leaven;

A Frenchman's flutt'ring soul would feel *ennui*

E'en midst the blessed constancy of *Heaven*!

AN

## ANACREONTIC.

---

TO A KISS.

SOFT child of Love—thou balmy bliss,  
Inform me, O delicious Kiss,  
Why thou so suddenly art gone?  
Lost in the moment thou art won?

Yet go—for wherefore should I sigh?  
On DELIA's lip, with raptur'd eye,  
On DELIA's blushing lip I see  
A thousand full as sweet as *thee*.

A PANE-

A

P A N E G Y R I C   O N   T E A .

By K I E N   L O N G .

WRITTEN IN HIS TENT, DURING A HUNTING EXCURSION, NEAR,  
MOUKDEN.

---

*MEI-HOA* ché pou yao  
Fo-cheou biang tse kié,  
Soung-che ouei fang ny;  
San pin tchou tsing kâé.  
Pong y tché kio tang,  
Ou tché tcheng koang hiué,  
Houo heou pien yu bié,  
Ting yen y cheng mié.  
Tâé Ngueou po sien jou,

*Tan lou ty tchan yué,*  
*Ou yun king tai pan*  
*Ko ou, pou ko choué.*  
*Fou fou teou lo ty*  
*Ho bo yun kiang tché*  
*Ou-tsuen y ko tsan*  
*Lin-fou chang ché pié.*  
*Lan ku Tchao-tcheou ngan*  
*Po siao Yu-tchouan kin*  
*Han siao ting sing leou.*  
*Kou yué kan hiuen tsué.*  
*Joan pao tchen ki yu*  
*Tsiao king sing ou kié.*  
*Kien-long ping-yn*  
*Siao tchun yu Ty.*

A

## TRANSLATION

OF THE PRECEDING

## IMPERIAL PANEGRIC ON TEA.

---

THE flow'r *Mebó* is not so bright,  
And yet it gives the eye delight ;  
It likewise has a charming smell :  
The pines, too, are a pretty fruit,  
That much indeed my palate suit,  
And much in flavour, too, excel.

Get an old kettle, if you please,  
For such a thing is found with ease,  
That has three legs —and therefore shows

Its ancient services ;—then fill  
With water, and what's best, the rill,  
The lucid rill, from melted snows.

Heat in this kettle, to your wish,  
The water fit to boil a fish,  
Or turn the blackest lobster red ;  
Pour then the water on the tea,  
Then'drink it, and 'twill drive, d'ye see,  
All the blue devils from your head.

Far from the toil of state affairs  
I steal away, to drown my cares,  
For which I take of tea a cup ;  
And then I snap the rich *Fochu*,  
Fine to the taste, and to the view ;  
And then again the tea I sup.

Now on the rare *Mebó* I gaze ;  
Now of the ancients, with amaze,  
I think—and also with delight ;  
And now upon the great OTSE'N,  
The best and frugalist of men,  
Who liv'd on pine from morn to night.

With

With envy on this mighty man I think !

And then I drink :

Then I crack nuts, and eat the kernels too ;

Then think on that great gard'ner, great LINFOU.

When, lo ! I pass from great LINFOU

To that great Prince, yclept TCHAO-TCHEOU ;—

Then upon YOU-TCHOUAN I ponder :

Thus do I fit, and eat, and drink, and wonder.

The *first*, my fancy plainly sees

Surrounded by all sorts of trees ;

Now tasting *this* rich fruit, now *that* so fine :

I mark the *second* quaffing the rich water ;

But, knowing very little of the matter,

Thank Heav'n *his* vulgar taste was never *mine*.

I hear, I hear the evening drum

Sounding aloud, “ Go to bed, Tom ! ”

Good me ! how pleasant is the starry night !

Lo, on each dish, and silver spoon,

And plate, and porringer, the moon

Peeps through my tent with friendly light.



Now, this is charming, I must own ;  
My stomach, too, so easy grown !  
And now I'll take a nap—thus ends my song,  
Compos'd by *me* (a humble Bard) KIEN LONG,

## O D E     T O     C O F F E E.

IN THE MANNER OF KIEN LONG.

DELICIOUS Berry, but, ah ! best  
When from the Eastern Ind, not West ;  
    Nought richer is, I think, than *thee* :—  
Into a roaster, with my hand,  
I put thee, and then o'er thee stand,  
    And then I catch thy smell with glee.

And now I shake thee round about ;  
And, when turn'd brown, I take thee out  
    And then I put thee in a mill ;  
And, when to powder thou art crush'd,  
Into a tin pot thou art push'd,  
    To feel the boiling smoking rill.

And now from my tin pot's long nose  
 The fragrant fluid sweetly flows ;  
 And now I put the lily cream,  
 And sugar too, the best of brown ;  
 And, happy, now I gulp thee down,  
 Keeping my nose upon the steam.

On HASTINGS now my senses work ;  
 And now on virtuous EDMUND BURKE,  
 Who calmly let SIR THOMAS 'scape :  
 And then unto myself I say,  
 " Is honour dead ? ah, well-a-day !"  
 And then my mouth begins to gape.

Now on SIR JOSEPH BANKS I ponder,  
 And now at his rare merit wonder,  
 In flies and tadpoles deep ;  
 And now to many a drowsy head  
 I hear the drowsy BLAGDON\* read,  
 And then I fall asleep.

\* Sir Joseph's right hand, and Secretary to the Royal Society ;  
 who has very often read the very respectable meetings of the Royal  
 Society to slumber.

## O D E.

WHEN FLATT'RY fings, AGE opes his eyes so clear,  
 And claps so brisk the trumpet to his ear,  
 So *wond'rously* inspir'd he lifts, and fees !  
 When FLATT'RY fings, pale COLIC's pains are off;  
 CONSUMPTION pants not, but forgets his cough ;  
 And ASTHMA's loaded lungs forbear to wheeze.

Stung is the soul with HYP's rope-off'ring evils ?  
 FLATT'RY's a talisman to drive the devils.

Sweet on the list'ning ear of silly NIGHT,  
 As warbling dyeth PHILOMELA's song ;  
 So on the ear of man, with rich delight,  
 The lulling music flows from FLATT'RY's tongue.

Shew me the man, and I will thank thee for it,  
 Who says, with truth, " Poh ! Flatt'ry ! I abhor it."—  
'Tis

'Tis a *non-descript*—by SIR JOSEPH bred—  
A Soho monster, born without a head.

FLATT'RY's a perfect mistress of her art ;  
With picklock keys to open ev'ry heart.

What mortal can withstand the fire of FLATT'RY ?  
No one ! 'tis such a most successful batt'ry.  
No head, however thick, resists its shot ;  
Yet each pretends to mock it !—what a sot !

#### S U S A N    A N D    T H E    S P I D E R.

“ COME down, you toad,” cry'd SUSAN to a Spider,  
High on the gilded cornice a proud rider,  
    And, wanton, swinging by his silken rope ;  
“ I'll teach thee to spin cobwebs round the room ;  
“ You're now upon some murder, I presume—  
    “ I'll *bless* thee—if I don't, say I'm no Pope.”

Then SUSAN brandish'd her long brush,  
 Determin'd on a fatal push,  
 To bring the rope dancer to ground,  
     his schemes of death confound.

The Spider, blest with oratory grace,  
 Slipp'd down, and, staring SUSAN in the face,

“ Fie, SUSAN ! lurks there murder in *that* heart ?

“ O barb'rous, lovely SUSAN ! I'm amaz'd !

“ O can that form, on which so oft I've gaz'd,

“ Possess of cruelty the slightest part ?

“ Ah ! can that swelling bosom of delight,

“ On which I've peep'd with wonder many a night,

“ Nay, with these fingers *touch'd* too, let me say,

“ Contain a heart of cruelty ?—no, no !

“ That bosom, which exceeds the new-fall'n snow,

“ All softness, sweetness, one eternal May.”

“ How !” SUSAN screech'd, as with disorder'd brain—

“ How, IMPUDENCE ! repeat those words again :

“ Come, come, confess with honesty—speak, speak,

“ Say, did you *really* crawl upon my neck ?”

“ SUSAN,

“ SUSAN, by all thy heav’nly charms, I did ;

“ I saw thee sleeping by the taper’s light ;

“ Thy cheek, so blushful, and thy breast so  
“ white :

“ I could not stand it, and so down I slid.”

“ You did, sweet Mr. Spider ? so you *saw* !”

“ Yes, SUSAN ! NATURE’S is a pow’rful law.”

“ Arn’t you a murd’rer ?” gravely SUSAN cries ;

“ Arn’t you for ever busy with that claw,

“ Killing poor unoffending little flies,

“ Merely to satisfy your nasty maw ?”

“ But, SUSAN, don’t you feed on gentle *lamb* ?

“ Don’t you on pretty little *pigeons* cram ?

“ Don’t you on harmless *fishes* often dine ?”

“ That’s very true,” quoth SUSAN, “ true indeed ;

“ Lord ! with what eloquence these Spiders plead !

“ This little rascal beats a grave DIVINE.

“ It was no snake, I verily believe,

“ But a fly *spider* that seduc’d poor EVE.

“ But

“ But then you are so *ugly*.”—“ Ah ! sweet SUE,

“ I did not make myself, you know too well :

“ Could I have made *myself*, I had been *you*,

“ And kill'd with envy ev'ry beauteous BELLE.”

“ Heav'ns ! to this Spider !—what a 'witching tongue !

“ Well ! go about thy bus'ness—go along ;

“ All animals indeed their food must get :

“ And hear me—shouldst thou look, with longing  
“ eyes,

“ At any time on young, fat, luscious flies,

“ I'll drive the little rascals to thy net.

“ Lord ! then how blind I've been to form and fea-  
“ ture !

“ I think a Spider, *now*, a comely creature !”



## V E R S E S

TO A

## WHITE SATIN PETTICOAT,

*Belonging to Miss MOLLY M——, but spoil'd by the Author's inadvertent Stupidity, in throwing on it a Cup of Coffee.*

O FAIR protectress of the fairest MAID,  
 How shall the POET for his crime atone?  
 So lately blest as thou, I'm fore afraid  
 I have no recompence to offer!—*none!*

But MOLLY parts with thee with pitying eye!  
 Then from this moment do not *dare complain*:  
 Nay, more—the NYMPH surveys thee with a *figh*-  
 Then *boast!*—the *envy* thou, of ev'ry swain.

THE  
TINKER,  
AND  
MILLER'S DAUGHTER.  
A TALE.

THE meanest creature *somewhat* may contain,  
As PROVIDENCE ne'er makes a thing *in vain*.

Upon a day, a poor and trav'ling Tinker,  
On FORTUNE's various tricks a constant thinker,  
    Pass'd in some village near a Miller's door ;  
Where, lo ! his eye did most astonish'd catch  
The Miller's daughter peeping o'er the hatch,  
    Deform'd, and monstrous ugly, to be sure.

Struck with th' uncommon form, the Tinker *started*,  
Just like a frighten'd horse, or murd'rer carted,

Up gazing at the gibbet and the rope :  
Turning his brain about, in a brown study,  
(For, as I've said, his brain was not so muddy)

" 'Sbud ! (quoth the Tinker) I have now some  
" hope ;

" FORTUNE, the jade, is not far off, perchance"—  
And then began to rub his hands, and dance.

Now all so full of love, o'erjoy'd he ran,  
Embrac'd and squeez'd Miss GRIST, and thus began :

" My dear, my soul, my angel, sweet Miss GRIST,  
" Now may I never mend a kettle more,  
" If ever I saw one like *you* before !"

Then, " nothing loth," like Eve, the nymph he  
kiss'd.

Now, very sensibly indeed, Miss GRIST  
Thought opportunity should not be miss'd ;  
Knowing that PRUDERY oft lets slip a joy :  
Thus was Miss GRIST too *prudent to be coy*.  
For really 'tis with girls a dangerous farce,  
To flout a swain, when offers are but scarce.

*She*

*She* did not *scream*, and cry, "I'll not be woo'd ;

" Keep off, you sinutty fellow—don't be rude ;

" I'm meat for your superiors, Tinker."—*No*,

Indeed she treated not the Tinker so.

But lo, the damsel, with her usual squint,

Suffer'd her Tinker lover to imprint

Sweet kisses on her lip, and squeeze her hand,

Hug her, and say the softest things unto her,

And in Love's plain and pretty language woo her,

Without a frown, or e'en a reprimand.

Soon won, the NYMPH agreed to join his bed,

And, when the Tinker chose, to church be led.

Now to the FATHER the brisk LOVER hied,

Who at his noisy mill so busy plied,

Grinding, and taking *handsome* toll of corn,

Sometimes, indeed, *too handsome* to be borne.

" Ho ! Master Miller !" did the Tinker say—

Forth from his cloud of flour the Miller came :

" Nice weather, Master Miller—charming day—

" God's very kind"—the Miller said the *same*.

“ Now, Miller, possibly you may not guess

“ At this same business I am come about :

“ ’Tis this then—know, I love your daughter Bess :—

“ There, Master Miller !—now the riddle’s *out*.

“ I’m not for mincing matters, Lord ! d’ye see—

“ I *likes* your daughter Bess, and she likes *me*.”

“ Poh !” quoth the Miller, grinning at the Tinker,

“ Thou dost not mean to marriage to persuade her ;

“ Ugly as is the Dev’l I needs must think her,

“ Though, to be sure, ’tis said, ’twas *me* that *made*

“ her.

“ No, no, though she’s my daughter, I’m not *blind* :

“ But, Tinker, what hath now possess’d thy mind ?

“ Thou’rt the first offer she has met, by *Gad*—

“ But tell *me*, Tinker, art thou drunk, or mad ?”

“ No—I’m not drunk, nor mad,” the Tinker cry’d,

“ But BET’s the maid I wish to make my bride ;

“ No girl in these two eyes doth BET excel.”

“ Why, fool, (the Miller said) BET hath a *bump* !

“ And then her *nose* !—the nose of my old pump.”

“ I know it (quoth the Tinker,) know it well.”

“ Her

“ Her *face* (quoth GRIST) is freckled, wrinkled, flat ;

“ Her mouth as wide as that of my TOM CAT ;

“ And then she squints a thousand ways at once—

“ Her waist, a corkscrew ; and her hair, how red !

“ A downright bunch of carrots on her head—

“ Why what the dev'l is got into thy sconce ?”

“ No dev'l is in *my* sconce,” rejoin'd the Tinker ;

“ But, Lord ! what's that to *you*, if *fine*, I think her ?

“ Why, man (quoth GRIST) she's fit to make a

“ SHOW,

“ And therefore sure I am that thou must banter !”

“ Miller ! (reply'd the Tinker) right ! for know,

“ 'Tis for that *very thing*, a SHOW, I want her.”

## MELANCHOLY

HERMIONE.

A SIGHING solitary form I roam ;  
A tear on NATURE's universal smile !  
Thou GENIUS of my natal hour, whose hand  
Pierces my moments with the thorns of woe,  
When will the measure of my grief be full ?  
When will the silent asp of hopeless love  
Withdraw his fang of torment from my heart ?  
How lately joy was mine !—but where is joy,  
That cheerful pour'd a sunshine o'er my soul ?  
Gone ! like the last, last sun, to sink in night,  
NATURE's last night, and gild a morn no more !

*Enter CAMILLA.*

My lov d *Hermione*, I heard thy sigh,  
And left my sleep to soften thy affliction.

Why killest thou that gentle frame with weeping?  
Sorrowing, thou seemest to *delight* in woe,  
And feed existence upon sighs and tears.

## HERMIONE.

*Camilla*, the dread silence of the hour  
Suits but too well the colour of my soul.  
NIGHT, who to *others* brings the balm of sleep,  
And happy dreams to soothe the peaceful breast,  
Pours on *my* wakeful eye, far different guests;  
The foulest, darkest demons of despair.  
Lorn, at the midnight hour, when all is hush'd,  
I wander restless; sadly now I sit,  
My brimfull eyes for hours both motionless,  
Swimming with woe, towards the passing Moon,  
Who on me, as she lonely glides along,  
Casts a pale beam of melancholy light,  
That seems a ray of pity on my fate.



THE  
D R U I D    H Y M N.  
TO  
T H E    S U N.

O SACRED fount of life to ALL !  
Before thy glorious beam we fall,  
    And strike with raptur'd hand the lyre ;  
To thee we lift our wond'ring eyes ;  
To thee the hymn of morn shall rise,  
    And blest thy mounting orb of fire.

*Chorus.*

Hail to that ORB, from whose rich fountain flow  
Beams that illume and glad the world below.

Unseen by thee had NATURE mourn'd ;  
No smile her Æthiop cheek adorn'd ;  
Pale NIGHT had spread her spectre'd reign,  
And death-like HORROR rul'd the scene.

*Chorus.*

All hail the beams that NIGHT destroy,  
And wake an opening world to joy !  
Bright spreading o'er the VAST of gloom,  
That chase the spectres to their tomb.

16

## C H L O E,

CHLOE, no more must we be billing—  
 There goes my last, my poor last shilling :  
     Vile FORTUNE bids us part !  
 Yet, CHLOE, this my bosom charms,  
 That, when thou'rt in another's arms,  
     I still possess thy *heart*.

FORTUNE's a whimsical old Dame,  
 And possibly may blush with shame  
     At this her freak with *me* :  
 But should she smile *again*, and offer,  
 Well fill'd with gold, an ample coffer,  
     I'll send the key to *Thee*.

## THE

## BLIND BEGGAR.

WELCOME, thou Man of Sorrows, to my door!

A willing balm thy wounded heart shall find;  
And lo, thy guiding Dog my cares implore!  
O haste. and shelter from th' unfeeling wind.

Alas! shall MIS'RY seek my cot with sighs,  
And humbly sue for piteous alms my ear;  
Yet disappointed go with lifted eyes,  
And on my threshold leave th' upbraiding tear?

Thou bowest for the pity I bestow:  
Bend not to me, because I mourn distress;  
I am *thy* debtor—much to *thee* I owe;  
For learn—the greatest blessing is to *blefs*.

Thy hoary locks, and wan and pallid cheek,  
And quiv'ring lip, to fancy seem to say,  
"A more than *common* BEGGAR we bespeak ;  
"A form that once has known a happier day."

Thy fightless orbs, and venerable beard,  
And press'd, by weight of years, thy palsi'd head,  
Though silent, speak with tongues that *must* be heard,  
Nay, must *command*, if VIRTUE be not dead.

Thy shatter'd, yet thine awe-inspiring form,  
Shall give the village-lads the soften'd soul,  
To aid the victims of LIFE's frequent storm,  
And smoothe the surges that around them roll ;

Teach them that POVERTY may MERIT shroud ;  
And teach, that VIRTUE may from MISERY spring ;  
Flame like the lightning from the frowning cloud,  
That spreads on NATURE's smile its raven wing.

O let *me* own the heart which pants to *blefs* ;  
That nobly scorns to hide the useless store ;  
But looks around for objects of distress,  
And triumphs in a sorrow for the poor !

When

When Heav'n on man is pleas'd its wealth to show'r,  
Ah, what an envied bliss doth Heaven bestow !  
To raise pale MERIT in her hopeless hour,  
And lead DESPONDENCE from the tomb of WOE !\*

Lo, not the *little birds* shall chirp in vain,  
And, hovering round me, vainly court my care ;  
While I possess the life-preserving grain,  
Welcome, ye chirping tribe, to peck your share.

How can I hear your songs at SPRING's return,  
And hear while SUMMER spreads her golden store ;  
Yet, when the gloom of WINTER bids ye mourn,  
Heed not the plaintive voice that *charm'd* before !

Since FORTUNE, to my cottage not unkind,  
Strews with *some* flow'rs the road of life for *me*,  
Ah ! can humanity desert my mind ?  
Shall I not soften the rude flint for thee ?

Then welcome, BEGGAR, from the rains and snow,  
And warring elements, to warmth and peace ;  
Nay, thy companion, too, shall comfort know,  
Who shiv'ring shakes away the icy fleece.

And

And lo, he lays him by the fire, elate ;

Now on his Master turns his gladden'd eyes ;  
Leaps up to greet him on their change of fate, .  
\* Licks his lov'd hand, and then beneath him lies.

A hut is mine, amidst a shelt'ring grove :

A Hermit there, exalt to Heav'n thy praise ;  
There shall the village children shew their love,  
And hear from thee the tales of other days.

There shall our feather'd friend, the bird of morn,  
Charm thee with orisons to opening day ;  
And there the red-breast, on the leafless thorn,  
At eve shall sooth thee with a simple lay.

When FATE shall call thee from a world of woe,  
Thy friends around shall watch thy closing eyes ;  
With tears, behold thy gentle spirit go,  
And wish to join its passage to the skies.

## ANACREONTIC SONG.

## TO MY LUTE.

WHAT shade and what stillness around !

Let us seek the lov'd cot of the FAIR ;

There soften her sleep with thy sound,

And banish each phantom of care.

The VIRGIN may wake to thy strain,

And be sooth'd, nay, be *pleas'd* with thy song :

Alas ! she may *pity* the swain,

And fancy his sorrows too long.

Could thy voice give a smile to her cheek,

What a joy, what a rapture were mine !

Then for ever thy fame would I speak—

O my lute, what a triumph were thine !

Ah !



Ah ! whisper kind love in her ear,  
And sweetly my wishes impart ;  
Say, the swain who adores her is near ;  
Say, thy founts are the founts of his heart.

A

PASTORAL SONG.

---

FAREWELL, O farewell to the day,  
 That smiling with happiness flew !  
 Ye verdures and blushes of MAY,  
 Ye songs of the linnet, adieu !

In tears from the vale I depart ;  
 In anguish I move from the FAIR :  
 For what are those scenes to the heart  
 Which FORTUNE has doom'd to despair ?

LOVE frowns, and how dark is the hour !  
 Of RAPTURE, departed the breath !  
 So gloomy the grove and the bow'r,  
 I tread the pale valley of DEATH.

With envy I wander forlorn,  
At the breeze which her beauty has fann'd;  
And I envy the bird on the thorn,  
Who sits watching the crumbs from her hand.

I envy the lark o'er her cot,  
Who calls her from slumber, so blest;  
Nay, I envy the nightingale's note,  
The Syren who sings her to rest.

On her hamlet *once more* let me dwell—  
*One* look! (the *last* comfort!) be mine—  
O PLEASURE, and DELIA, farewell!  
Now, SORROW, I ever am *thine*.

---

TAX not, O Parson, the GREAT AUTHOR OF NATURE with cruelty to his creatures.

Too often dost thou impudently endeavour to put off *thy folly* for *his wisdom*.

*Thy* anathemas are not *his* anathemas; nor is *his* morality *thy* morality.

O think not, that, like the LORD MAYOR of LONDON, he punisheth the sale of every article on the Sabbath-day except *Milk* and *Mackarel*.

### GOOD FRIDAY.

SIR HARRY, a high priest, and deep divine,  
Ambitious much 'mid *modern* Saints to shine,

On a Good Friday evening took an airing:—  
Not far had he proceeded, ere a sound  
Did the two ears of this *good* priest *astound*;

Such as loud laughs, commix'd with some small  
    *fwearing*.

Now in an orchard peep'd the Knight so fly,  
With such a staring, rolling, frenzied eye ;

Where, lo ! a band of rural swains were blest :—  
Too proud to *join* the *crew*, he wav'd his hand,  
Beck'ning to this unholy playful band—

Forth came a *boy*, obedient to the Priest.

“ What wicked things are ye all doing here,

“ On this most solemn day of all the year ? ”—

“ Playing *to skittles*,” said the simple lad.

“ Playing at skittles !—Devils, are ye mad ?

“ For *what* ? ”—“ A Jack-*afs*, Sir,” the boy replies—

“ A *Jack-afs* ! ” roars the Priest, with wolf-like eyes :

“ Run, run, and tell them HEAV'N will not be  
“ shamm'd—

“ Tell them this instant, that they'll all be *damn'd*.”

“ I *wull*, SIR HARRY—*ifs*, I *wull*, SIR HARRY”—

Then off he set th' important news to carry ;

To warn them what dread torments would ensue :

But suddenly the scamp'ring lad turn'd round,

And thus, with much simplicity of sound,

“ SIR HARRY, must the *Jack-afs* be *damn'd* too ? ”

## O D E

TO A

*P R E T T Y   B A R - M A I D.*

SWEET NYMPH, with teeth of pearl, and dimpled  
chin,

And roses that would tempt a faint to sin,

Daily to thee so constant I return ;

Whose smile improves the coffee's ev'ry drop,

Gives tenderness to ev'ry steak and chop,

And bids our pockets at expenses spurn.

What YOUTH, well powder'd, of pomatum smelling,  
Shall on that lovely bosom fix his dwelling ?

Perhaps the WAITER, of himself so full !

With *thee* he means the coffee-house to quit ;  
 Open a tavern, and become a *cit*,  
 And proudly keep the head of the *Black Bull*.

'Twas *here* the WITS of ANNA'S Attic age  
 Together mingled their poetic rage ;  
 Here PRIOR, POPE, and ADDISON, and STEELE ;  
 Here PARNELL, SWIFT, and BOLINGBROKE, and  
     GAY,  
 Pour'd their keen prose, and tun'd the merry lay,  
 Gave the fair toast, and made a hearty meal.

'Twas *here*, o'er fragrant coffee to unbend,  
 The WITS their epigrams so happy, penn'd,  
     And bade in madrigals a CHLOE shine ;  
 A MIRA, a BELINDA, and a PHILLIS,  
 Who boasted roses possibly, and lilies,  
     Such as now deck that cheek and breast of thine.

NYMPH of the roguish smile, which thousands seek,  
 Give me another, and *another* steak ;  
 A *kingdom* for another steak, but giv'n  
 By *thy* fair hand, that flames the snow of heaven.

Give me a glass of punch, O smiling lass,  
And let thy luscious lip embalm the glass—

Touch it and spread a charm around the brim :  
Health to thy beauties, NANCY, and may TIME  
Ne'er meddle with thy present healthful prime,  
Thy ringlets spoil, and eyes of di'monds dim.

Lo, from each box thy lute-tun'd voice to hear,  
YOUTH nimbly turns him round, with wanton leer :

Nay, wrinkled AGE himself, with locks so white,  
Findeth *within* a kind of bastard fire,  
Whose, mouth, poor cripple, watering with desire,  
Opes toothless on thy beauties in delight.

How for thy lamb-like flesh he seems to hunger !  
He feels himself a pair of ages younger !

Tell me again, O NYMPH, *whose* happy arms  
Are doom'd, for life, to circle those bright charms,

And to that bosom give brave girls and boys ?  
That lucky lot, alas ! will ne'er be *mine*—  
A gaze, a squeeze, perchance a kiss divine,  
Must form the bounds, O NANCY, of my joys.



Yet if rich favours, far beyond a smile .  
So kind, thy Poet's moments to beguile,  
Thou wishest to bestow !—in LOVE's name *give 'em* ;  
And, thankful, on my *knees* will I *receive 'em*,

## ANACREONTIC.

## S O N G.

WHO dares talk of hours? Seize the bell of that  
clock;

Seize his hammer, and cut off his hands:  
To the bottle, dear bottle, I'll stick like a rock,  
And obey only PLEASURE's commands.

Let him strike the short hours, and hint at a bed—  
Waiter, bring us more wine—what a whim!  
Say that TIME, his old master, for *Topers* was made,  
And not jolly *Topers* for *him*.

O MAN, be not puffed up with the pride of offspring, as the triumphs of PAPA are too often smiled at in secret by *wiser* MAMA.

ODE TO A HEDGE-SPARROW,  
NURSING A YOUNG CUCKOO.

AH, whining, anxious, restless bird!

Thou art a fool, upon my word:

Now on the bush, now upon the ground;

Now hov'ring o'er my head, and saying

Such bitter things—now begging, praying,

Poor wretch, surveying me so sharp all round.

Imploring me to leave the nest,

Where all thy dearest wishes rest.

How busy thou in catching grub and fly,

As soon as dewy morning paints the sky;

Now twitt'ring near the nest such strains of joy,

Proclaiming to the world a hopeful boy!

Great

Great is thy triumph in thy fancied child !  
Immense thy pride—thy ecstasy how wild !

Yet not one trait of thee doth he display :  
Indeed thou never didst *beget* the youth ;  
And more—to tell thee an unpleasant truth,  
His *father* will be here the First of May.

Nor *singular* art thou—for, lo !  
A little gamefome Knight *we* know,  
Who fosters children—loves them to distraction ;  
Shews them about from morn to night,  
Drinking such draughts of rich delight  
From ev'ry feature—so much satisfaction !

Sees his *own* eyes, *own* mouth, *own* lip, *own* ear,  
*Own* nose, *own* dimple, in each pretty DEAR !—  
But who's the *real* parent ?—Am'rous JOHN,  
Good-natur'd fellow, made them *ev'ry one*.

TO

## ANACREON.

GHOST of ANACREON, quit the shades,  
And with thee bring thy sweet old lyre;  
To praise the first of British Maids,  
Whose charms will set thy soul on fire.

But hold—'twere better keep away—  
Of justice must thy harp despair;  
Which suited very well *thy* day,  
That saw no Damsel half so fair.

THE

## CAPTIVE QUEEN.

*The Lines are supposed to be spoken by a Friend of the unfortunate*

ANTOINETTE.

WITH radiance rose thy morning fun,  
Fair promise of a happy day;  
But, luckless, ere it reach'd its noon,  
The fiend of darkness dimm'd the ray.

What though the brightest gifts are thine,  
And distant nations pour thy praise;  
While, raptur'd, on thy form divine  
The eyes of LOVE and WONDER gaze?

The

The voice of JOY, for ever mute,  
Must yield to sighs that mourn in vain;  
And PITY, come with sweetest lute,  
To sooth thy sorrows with her strain.

The Syren HOPE, who won thy ear,  
Must charm no more the dang'rous hour;  
The warning voice of ravens, hear,  
That croak thy doom on yonder tow'r.

Yet what is life, 'mid HORROR's reign,  
Where MURDER's triumph cleaves the sky;  
Where heaves with death the groaning scene,  
And dungeons loud for vengeance cry?

Yet what is life to spotless fame?  
And *thine* to latest time shall bloom—  
The blow that sinks that beauteous frame  
Gives all the VIRTUES to the tomb.

## ANACREONTIC.

---

FIE, SYLVIA! why so gravely look,  
Because a kiss or two I took?  
Those luscious lips might thousands grant—  
Rich rogues that never feel the want.  
So little in a kiss I see,  
A hundred thou may'st take from *me*.

But, since, like misers o'er their store,  
Thou hat'st to give, though running o'er;  
I scorn to cause the slightest pain,  
So prythee take them back again;  
Nay, with good int'rest be it done—  
Thou'rt welcome to take ten for one.



TO

T I M E.

---

O TIME, 'tis childish, let me say,  
To give, then take a grace away;  
The Damsel from her charms to sever,  
So pleas'd to keep them all *for ever*.

When CYNTHIA *tires* with conq'ring hearts,  
And says, "O TIME, *receive* my darts;"  
Her beauties are a lawful prize—  
Then take the lightnings of her eyes.

Pluck all the roses from her cheek,  
And root the lilies from her neck;  
Her dimples seize, her smile, her air,  
And with them make a thousand *fair*.

## O D E

T O

J E A L O U S Y.

AVAUNT, thou squinting HAG, whose list'ning  
car

Seizes on every *whisper*—whose owl's eye,  
When NIGHT's dark mantle wraps the silent sphere,  
Stares watchful of each form that passeth by!

Thou Fiend, what business hast thou here on earth,  
Dissention-breeder from thy very birth?

How much more of the *serpent* than the *dove*!  
*I* cannot guess thine errand to this world—  
By *thee* is NATURE *topsy-turvy* hurl'd!  
And nearly ruin'd the soft land of LOVE!

Speak

Speak I but to my neighbour's *WIFE* so kind,

And say, "Pray how d'ye do, my *dearest* Ma'am?"

Behold, a tempest swells the *husband's* mind,

Who gives my sweet civility a d-mn :

For, lo, thy wickedness at once *adorns*

His trembling temples with a brace of horns.

The instant thou behold'st a married *PAIR*,

Adieu, alas ! the pleasures of the *FAIR* !

Farewell, of *BENEDICK*, the wedded bliss !

Scarce canst thou let the *honey-moon* go by,

When, hark ! the keen reproach !—the lady's sigh !

Dead the fond squeeze, and mute the chirping kiss !

"Watch him,"—thou whisper'st in the woman's  
ear,

"Open his letters—pick his pockets, Ma'am—

"Somewhat will be discover'd, never fear ;

"Something to dash the monster's cheek with  
"shame.

"Ken him amid the harlots at the play ;

"Nor let your eyes a single moment stray :

"He catches a lewd squint if *your's* are blinkers :

"Make

- “ Make him look strait on, forward to the *stage*;  
“ And on refusal, tell him in a rage,  
“ You’ll give him, coach-horse like, a pair of  
“ *winkers*.”

## ANACREONTIC.

---

O FAR from me those lightnings dart !  
On others bid thy beauty shine :  
Beyond the hopes of this sad heart,  
I view that peerless form, to pine.

Whilst ev'ry shepherd sings her praise,  
'Tis mine of Sylvia to *complain* ;  
Made a poor pris'ner while I gaze,  
I feel in ev'ry smile a chain.

ODE

## O D E

TO THE

## LADIES OF ENGLAND.

PETER more than *suspecteth*, that a few Passages of his Works have given offence to his fair Country-women — PETER's contrition thereat, and *violent* resolution.

LADIES, I should be forry—*griev'd* indeed,  
 Could I once write what you would blush to read;  
     But that same Poet *clepp'd* JEAN FONTAINE  
 Was verily the taste and admiration  
 Of all the Ladies of the Gallic nation,  
     Quoted and toasted o'er and o'er again.

What ! wound of *British Maids* the tender ear,  
 Who, when to Nymphs of other realms compar'd,  
 (And lo, on numbers have these eye-balls star'd)  
 Are, as rich Burgundy to dead Small Beer !

Our Poet POPE, against a *naughty word*  
 Protested—*seeming* too to shut his door :  
 Pronouncing all obscenity, absurd—  
 That ribaldry was folly—nothing more :  
 Yet Master POPE, who DECENCY so flatters,  
 Plumps boldly into certain wicked matters.

Now this I do dislike in Master POPE—  
 At gluttony a man should never bark,  
 On dainties, who is pleas'd his mouth to ope,  
 And guttling swallow plates-full like a shark.

Miss HELOISE, that warm young lass, I ween,  
 Says things that cover MODESTY with shame :  
 I must confess I never saw *Nineteen*  
 Pour such an *Ætna* forth of am'rous flame.

And lo again—the *Lock*, the ravish'd *Lock* !  
 Too oft the line gives MODESTY a shock :

Warm

Warm inuendos bid her blushes rise ;  
 Yes, often I've heard MODESTY declare,  
 " That many a line indeed has made her *flare* ;  
 " She knew not where to look—where fix her  
 " eyes."

The *Wife of Bath*, and eke the lovely *May*,  
 Held language horrid for *our chaster day*.

Were PETER now to sing in such a style,  
 What Lady-mouth would yield the Bard a smile ?  
 No !—frowns would fill their faces in its stead.  
 And yet, ye Dames so chaste, those tales are read—  
 I see no lips with blushing anger ope,  
 And cry, " I loath the nasty leaves of POPE."

Nay more, my dear young Misses, and grave Dames,  
 Who read with fear my songs of darts and flames ;  
 Speak—is not POPE an *idol* 'mid your books ?  
 Does not *Saint Patrick's Dean*, so void of grace,  
 Among your leathern fav'rites shew his face,  
 Whose many a leaf should only lodge with  
*cooks ?*



Since then the lightnings of the Ladies eyes  
 Knock not the mem'ries of *those* Poets down,  
 It striketh me indeed with huge surprise,  
 That PETER's purer line should feel a frown.

They *wounded* MODESTY with verse unchaste;  
*I* with a twig of Pindus scarcely *struck* her;  
 They stripp'd her naked—I just clasp'd her waist,  
 And delicately only touch'd her *tucker*.

Yet *is* there, *is* there *one* sweet British Prude,  
 Who will not read my rhymes—mistrusting harm?  
 Let not my volumes on the NYMPH intrude,  
 And ring to CHASTITY the wild alarm:  
 Make in her pretty panting heart a riot,  
 Demanding months to bring it back its quiet.

Tales of a Daniel kind, and fighting Lover,  
 Holding of Love's choice spice a little,  
 Might be indulg'd to warm Dame NATURE'S KET-  
     TLE,  
 But not to bid it boil tempestuous over.

Ev'n AGE delighteth in an am'rous tale;  
 LOVE warms his inside like a pot of ale;

Thaws

Thaws his cold heart, and makes it beat so cheery !  
 His eyes, that, owl-like, wink'd upon the day,  
 Bursts open with a keen and twinkling ray,  
 And, lo ! he hugs and kisses his old Deary.

Why then forbid them ?—such we must approve :  
 And woe to mortals who are foes to Love !  
 As long as this our system holds together,  
 Love will stand brush, against all wind and weather.

Yet *should* my fav'rite British Maids and Dames  
 Refuse to read my rhymes on darts and flames,  
 And other pretty little trifling things,  
 The fount from which such nat'ral rapture springs ;

Ladies of FRANCE, I think my song  
 To *you* in future must belong :

Yes, yes, for *you* the Bard shall form the strain—  
 And then, who knows ? *it may be so, I wot,*  
 The Dames may cry, “ Those Islanders have got,  
 “ Ye Gods ! an *absolute* FONTAINE.

“ Refuse to *read* him !—no, Heav'n bless him !—no :  
 “ Lord ! let his wild imagination flow—

“ Banish the Loves !—O what a Gothic sweep !

“ The World at once, so dull, would fall asleep !”

So help me, GRACE ! I ever meant to *please*—

E'en *now* would I ask pardon on my *knees* :

If aught I've sinn'd, the stanza must not *live*—

Bring me the knife—I'll cut the wanton page,

Which puts my lovely readers in a rage :

But, hark ! they cry, “ Barbarian, we forgive.”

A thousand thanks t'ye all, my charming creatures ;

What goodness, kindness, reigns in female natures !

TO

C Y N T H I A.

WHAT danger lurks in those bright eyes !

Lo, by their fire thy Poet dies :

Yet bravely let me meet my doom—

And since to *thee* I owe my death,

I beg thee, with my parting breath,

To let thy bosom be my tomb.

ANA-

## ANACREONTIC.

AH! wherefore did I daring gaze  
Upon the radiance of thy charms?  
And, vent'ring nearer to their rays,  
How dar'd I clasp thee in my arms?

That kiss will give my heart a pain,  
Which thy sweet pity will deplore:  
Then, CYNTHIA, take the kiss again,  
Or let me take ten thousand more.

HAPPY

---

HAPPY art thou, O Man, who wast not born amidst the luxuries of life.

Lucky art thou who canst eat the *simple* fare ; whose nose turneth not up at a boiled leg of mutton and turnips, or bacon and eggs.

Health waketh with thee at morn, and accompanieth the slumbers of night.

Art thou an Alderman, and puttest pounds of turtle into thy paunch ? thou devourest an apoplexy. Swallowest thou hot sauces ? thou gulpest rheumatism and gout.

Say not wickedly, “ I will not repeat the Lord’s Prayer, as it is beneath a Gentleman to pray for bread.”

Curse not sprats and flounders ; peradventure sprats and flounders might blush to enter the doors of thy gullet.

Deem thyself not undone, because thou possessest not more than thou oughtest in reason to use.

Fortunate are thousands in having never been favourites of FORTUNE.

CONTENT figheth not for venifon; ſhe liſteth not her eye to heaven for turbot.

She hateth not the ſight of the ſun at dinner-time; but preferreth his radiance to the greaſy light of a candle.

Read, and learn the inconveniences of luxury, from a Dog.

### THE LADY'S LAP-DOG, AND THE COACHMAN.

CHLOE, a favourite of a rich old Dame,

Was vaſtly delicate in all her frame;

Could put down nought at laſt, but nice *tid-bits*.

Nay oft, with much ſolicitation too,

Her Miſtreſs was oblig'd to kiſs and woo,

For fear poor tender CHLOE might have *fits*.

Fat was our CHLOE—like a ball of greaſe;

So round, a foot-ball quite, and fair her fleece.

Oft on the Turkey carpet as she lay,  
 And sleep o'er CHLOE's eye-lids did prevail;  
 'Twas very, very difficult to say  
 Which was her *head* indeed, and which her *tail*.

At length it came to pass, that CHLOE  
 Did fullness and sickness show;  
 So heavy, leaving off her wanton capers;  
 Gap'd, stretch'd, and lethargy she likewise shew'd,  
 Was sick at stomach, (may I dare say *sp-w'd*?)  
 And seem'd, poor Dog, afflicted with the *vapours*.

My Lady took her pining to her arms,  
 Hugg'd her, and kiss'd her, full of sad alarms,  
 Fearing her poor dear little soul would *die*:  
 CHLOE was all stupidity and lumpish:  
 Scarce lick'd her hand—so fullen and so *mumpish*,  
 Nor scarcely rais'd the white of either eye.

The Coachman's call'd—"O JEHU, CHLOE's ill:  
 " Quite lost her appetite—she has no will  
 " To move, or say, poor soul, a single thing:  
 " JEHU, what can the matter be—d'ye know?"  
 " I think, my Lady, I could *cure* Miss CHLOE."  
 " Dear JEHU, what delicious news you bring!



“ Take her, then—take her, JEHU, to your room,  
“ And from her spirits drive this ugly gloom,  
“ And get her pretty appetite again.”  
“ O good my Lady, never, never fear;  
“ I understand her case—’tis very clear;  
“ By heav’n’s assistance, I sha’n’t work in vain.”

Now to his room the Coachman bore Miss Bitch,  
Who, looking back all wistful, felt no itch  
To go with JEHU—still he bears her on:—  
Arriv’d, kind JEHU offers her a bone.

Miss CHLOE in a passion seeks the door:  
In vain—’tis shut—she lays her on the floor,  
And whines—gets up, all restless—looks about;  
Watches the door so sly, and cocks her ears;  
So pleas’d and nimble at each sound she hears,  
In hopes (vain hopes, alas!) of getting out.

CHLOE, like lightning, now resolves to pass,  
Bounce from her gaoler, through a pane of glass,  
And, by a leap, no more in prison groan:  
But, fearing she might spoil her pretty chops,  
Nay, break her neck, by chamber-window hops,  
CHLOE most wisely lets the leap alone.

JEHU

JEHU now offer'd her a piece of liver :

“ CHLOE, do you love liver ?” JEHU said—

“ The devil take,” she seem'd to say, “ the giver :”

So hurt the dog appear'd—then turn'd her head.

“ Well, CHLOE, well—heav'n mend your proud digestion ;

“ To-morrow I shall ask you the same question.”

The morrow (ah ! a sulky morrow) came :

CHLOE scarce slept a single wink all night ;

Whining and groaning, longing much to *bite* !

Calling in vain upon my Lady's name.

“ Well, CHLOE, can you taste your liver ?”—“ No,

“ No, thank ye, JEHU.”—“ Leave it, pretty CHLO.”

The day pass'd on—no eating ? not a crumb.

Miss CHLOE crawl'd about the room, so sad,

Sulky, and disappointed, angry, mad ;

Now moaning, now upon her rump so dumb.

At times, around on barb'rous JEHU squinting ;

*Such* looks ! not much *good will* to JEHU, hinting.

*Another* morning came—a liver meal—

“ CHLOE, how stands your stomach ? how d'ye feel ?”

“ JEHU, I will *not* eat.”—JEHU goes out—

What

What does Miss CHLOE?—With a nimble pace,  
Runs to the liver, without saying grace,  
Gobbling away, with appetite *so stout*;

For now the liver seem'd to meet her wish,  
And, not half satisfy'd, she *lick'd the dish*!

JEHU returns, and smiles—CHLOE grows good;  
Takes civilly a slice of musty bread;  
Rejects from JEHU's hand no kind of food;  
Glad on a *rind of Cheshire* to be fed.

JEHU with CHLOE to my Lady goes,  
And, triumphing, his little patient shows;  
Not once discovering the coarse mode of cure—  
JEHU had lost his place then to be sure.

My Lady presses CHLOE to her breast,  
Half crazy, hugging, kissing her—so blest  
To see her fav'rite CHLOE's chang'd condition:  
“Thank ye, good JEHU—Heav'ns, what skill is in  
“ye!”  
Then into JEHU's hand she slips a guinea,  
And JEHU's thought a very fine physician.

## O D E

TO THE

POET DELILLE.

PETER kindly congratulateth his Brother Poet on his lucky deliverance from a dungeon, and asketh him questions concerning his poetical feelings—Whether he meaneth to *exalt* CONVENTION, and *debase* poor BRITAIN?—PETER adviseth the contrary, and telleth the Poet unpleasant truths, with a witty comparison.—PETER painteth, with the pencil of a GREAT MASTER, the portrait of a Frenchman, in which, impudence, insolence, ignorance, and savage cruelty, form the predominant features.

THRICE welcome from thy dungeon, poor DELILLE !

Imprison'd, much (I guess) against thy will,

By that unfeeling tyrant ROBERSPIERRE :

Set free from this same death-encircled vault  
 By *one* (I fear me!) not *without a fault* ;  
 In short—I mean as *great a rogue*, BARRERE.

Dead is all dalliance with the Muse, I wonder :  
 The *guillotine's* high flood must damp thy fire :  
 The ax, which falls upon its prey in thunder,  
 Must bid thee touch with trembling hand the lyre.

But Bards, like birds, can seldom cease from singing :  
 Yes, on the Muse's bells thou *must* be ringing ;  
 'Thou *wilt* indulge the fascinating chime,  
 Deaf to the oracle that cries “ Don't rhyme.”

Speak—wilt thou praise Convention for its *pow'r*,  
 Swear BRITAIN soon beneath its might must cow'r,  
 Just like the wren beneath the eagle's wing ?  
 Say, no such thing.

However grating to a Frenchman's ears,  
 We Britons, I protest, have no such fears :  
 FRANCE, to be sure, is huge—our Island little—  
 Yet spare upon our heads th' insulting spittle.

The colony of Teeth, though small,  
 Are little folks of *resolution* ;  
 And when upon their prey they fall,  
 Do a vast deal of execution.

I do assure thee, my inquiring eyes  
 Have found the *lubbers* of the *largest* size.

'Tis pleasant to behold a Frenchman gape  
 On the world's map :  
 Astonish'd on his view to see advance  
 Regions like *France* !

Thus I presume the solitary Mole  
 Deems the wide universe within his *bole*.

Yet let Monsieur, so happy, prate away ;  
 'Tis pity undeceive the popinjay.

Let the pert tripping prig pronounce with pride,  
 Barbarian, savage, all the world beside ;

It is his narrow nature—cease then blame :  
 In Afric I have seen on trees the apes  
 Mocking at man, with grins and antic shapes,  
 Who of *our species* thought the very same.

But *thou* shouldst shew more sense, my friend DE-

WILLE :

Then pr'ythee take from me a little pill ;  
Perhaps 'tis somewhat *bitter*—never mind it .  
It cureth puppyisin—I hope thou'lt find it . \*

Pride not thyself because a *Frenchman* born ;  
Thy fame is then upon the *hope* forlorn ;  
Doom'd not far *distant* ages to explore :  
Learn to *despise* thy COUNTRY—'tis a fool,  
Cruel, and of HYPOCRISY's dark school,  
Tyrannic, savage, rotten at the core .

So much for France—forgive me, lucky Bard—  
But VICE should ever meet his fair reward :  
Yes, let me drag the monster from his den—  
This trifling Ode perchance may rouse thy gall ;  
If *angry*, bid thy rage on *Justice* fall,  
The goodly GODDESS who now guides my pen.

TRANS-

## T R A N S L A T I O N

FROM

G A L L U S.

AT morn, if CYNTHIA meet my sight,  
'Tis sweet AURORA's blushing light;  
And if at eve she cross my way,  
The star of VENUS darts its ray.



## A SECOND ODE

TO THE

POET DELILLE.

PETER proposeth very important questions, and suspecteth MONSIEUR DELILLE of an inclination to whitewash the black faces of Devils—PETER giveth a sublime description of French Liberty—PETER putteth DELILLE in mind of NATURE's niggard allowance to every man of *one bead* only, and of an inconvenience arising from the loss of it, on account of the difficulty of procuring *another*—PETER sagely adviseth him to beware of BARRERE, and think of a return to his dungeon—PETER picturesquely describeth the supports of French Liberty—foretelleteth the humbled state of the *mighty* REFORMERS—PETER objecteth not to a general intellectual illumination, but seemeth to think that a *Frenchman's* attempt must produce only a *national conflagration*; PETER thus fancying every Frenchman a mad QUIXOTE—PETER again kindly inviteth his brother Bard to England, and concludeth with a *flaming trait* of BARRERE.

**W**HO that could save his ship would suffer wreck ?

*Who* warble with a rope about his neck ?

*Who* in the Tiger's mouth would keep his head,

With pow'r to draw it from a place so dread ?

*Who,*

*Who*, 'midst the Charnel's melancholy glooms,  
 Would mingle with the refuse of the tombs,  
 With legs to bear him to the fragrant day,  
 From reeking bones, and HORROR'S haunt, away?

And yet thy song may stay perhaps to bless  
 A dark divan of Devils—yes,  
 Full of their deeds may flow the flatt'ring rhyme;  
 Which song may stoutly swear that "ATHENS, ROME,  
 " Ne'er rais'd to LIBERTY an *equal* dome,  
 " So sacred, so stupendous, so divine!"

Yet what is it to REASON'S sober eye?  
 A monstrous *slaughter-house* that taints the sky:  
 Within a day—perchance one LITTLE HOUR,  
 Thy *courteous* song, which soothes the sweetest sound,  
 Turn'd by the people's thunder, will be found,  
 All of a sudden, vinegar so four!

What is the madding MILLION'S shouting breath?  
 Black MURDER'S orgies—the wild howl of DEATH!  
 Then quit thy Country—yes, *disclaim* thy mother:  
 Mind!—on thy shoulders stands *one* simple head;  
 Mind me, but *one*—and when that one is fled,  
 'Twill puzzle thee, I think, to get *another*.

Since, then, this head is *not yet* gone,  
Take PETER's counsel, man, and keep it on.  
BARRERE's red paws are ready now to start ;  
Perhaps to plunge in thy devoted heart.

Lo, at his voice (to SATAN's near akin)  
The dungeon gapes perhaps to let *thee* in ;  
Opes his dark jaws, amid the spectred gloom,  
For thee, a *second* time to raise thy moan ;  
Breathe the vain wish, and heave the helpless  
groan—  
'Thou'lt be well furnish'd both with *time* and *room*.

The columns of your Liberty, DEATH knows,  
Are cannon, swords, and bayonets, and spears ;  
The *Angels* who this glorious pile compose,  
Hyænas, Tigers, Jackalls, Wolves and Bears ;  
Instead of adamant for a foundation,  
The groaning carcases of half the nation.

Dread, of ADVERSITY the humbling pow'r—  
Sharp are her whips of wire, and hard her bats :  
What sad humility awaits the hour,  
When LORDLY LIONS grind poor mice with *cats* !

When

When Jove's own EAGLE leaves his sky for bogs,  
Cracks snails with crows, and casts with croaking  
frogs!

Yet this, you *wond'rous men* must do ere long,  
If TRUTH (who seldom fails) awaits my song.

Yes, be illumin'd, rev'rend AGE and YOUTH;  
With *you* I'd tear up SUPERSTITION's root,  
Dark Fiend! who from the sacred hand of TRUTH  
Dares snatch her torch, and crush it under foot.  
This were DAME WISDOM's act; but, let me add,  
WISDOM and FRANCE are foes—for FRANCE is *mad*.

What voice to reason can a *Frenchman* bring?  
Go, bid with lullaby the tiger sleep;  
Bind with a spider's web, the whirlwind's wing;  
And with the wren's small plume, keep down the  
Deep.

Wrap the black furge within thy hand, *so wise*,  
And smother its wild thunder on the skies.

Pr'ythee take counsel, man, and haste away:  
'Tis vastly safer, I assure thee, here,

Since

Since Murder is the order of the day,

And venom feeds the heart of black BARRERE

BARRERE! who, when in h-ll he shews his face,

Each frighten'd Dev'l at once will fly the place

FROM

A N A C R E O N.

UPON HIMSELF.

ON fragrant myrtles let me lie,  
 And LOVE, my slave, the wine supply.  
 Too soon we seek the Stygian gloom :  
 TIME flies and, since to-day we go,  
 Why idly bid the incense flow,  
 And spill the juice upon the tomb ?

Ah ! rather let me quaff the *wine*,  
 And bid the rose my brows entwine,  
 While youth, while health the bosom warms—  
 Then prythee, LOVE, delight my heart,  
 Ere DEATH dispatch his certain dart,  
 And bring a CHLOE to my arms.

## M A Y D A Y.

THE daisies peep from ev'ry field,  
 And vi'lets sweet their odour yield;  
 The purple blossom paints the thorn,  
 And streams reflect the blush of morn.

Then lads and lasses all, be gay,  
 For this is NATURE'S holiday.

Let lusty LABOUR drop his flail,  
 Nor woolman's hook a tree assail;  
 The ox shall cease his neck to bow,  
 And Clodden yield to rest, the plough.  
 Then lads, &c.

Behold the lark in ether float,  
 While rapture swells the liquid note!

What warbles he, with merry cheer ?

“ Let LOVE and PLEASURE rule the year.”

Then lads, &c.

Lo, SOL looks down, with radiant eye,

And throws a smile around his sky ;

Embracing hill and vale and stream,

And warming NATURE with his beam.

Then lads, &c.

The insect tribes in myriads pour,

And kiss with Zephyr ev’ry flow’r ;

Shall *these* our icy hearts reprove,

And tell us we are foes to LOVE ?

Then lads, &c.



# PHILLIDA'S COMPLAINT.

WHAT has estranged thy affections from me?  
 What have I done, that I should lose thee? But thou  
 art *tired* with the object that loves thee; possibly, be-  
 cause *her* sole happiness is founded on *thine*.

## S O N G.

When NIGHT spreads her shadows around,  
 I will watch with delight on thy rest;  
 I will soften thy bed on the ground,  
 And thy cheek shall recline on my breast.

LOVE heeds not the storm, and the rain;  
 On *me*, let their fury descend:  
 'This bosom shall scorn to complain,  
 While it shelters the life of a friend.

What

What tempts thee to wander away ?

To *another*, ah ! dost thou depart ?

Believe me, in time thou wilt say,

None e'er lov'd thee like PHILLIDA's heart.

\*

Though resolv'd from a MOURNER to fly ;

To mem'ry thou still shalt be dear :

The winds shall oft waft thee a sigh,

And the ocean convey thee a tear.

A THIRD

## A T H I R D O D E

TO THE

POET DELILLE.

The LYRIC BARD proclaimeth the folly of the present French—Advise them not to harbour passions degrading to humanity—PETER, with *wonderful* fancy, portrayeth PRUDENCE, and PASSION—PLUTUS taketh the part of the late unfortunate Monarch and his Queen, and endeth his Ode with a beautiful and apt comparison—The Poet then illustrateth the actions of the French by a most apposite Tale.

DELILLE, the world from laugh can scarce refrain—

Most Sampson-like, ye've ruin'd a rare pile :

To see you building thus, all hands, again,

On an owl's face so grave must plant a smile.

SORROW,

SORROW, discard thy weeds, and dry thy tears—

PITY, disdain t'embalm them with thy breath:

They're sinking!—lo, if aught like life appears,

'Tis HEALTH'S *stol'n* rose upon the cheek of  
DEATH.

Once happiness was yours, my friend, indeed—

“ We'll have no more o'nt,” mad ye cry'd, away!

“ Change! change! we'll cut off the Great Nation's  
head,

“ And try what the huge Trunk will say.”

Off goes the head—

The Nation's dead!

Well, now 'tis done—the head is off—what then?

Ye seem to stare, like *disappointed* men.

Where was DAME FORESIGHT? Ah, ye silly folk!

And yet it is too *serious* for a *joke*.

Since, then, the head is off; for FREEDOM pant  
ing,

What is't ye look for?—“ Lord, Dame FREEDOM'S

“ *wanting*;

“ Into a terrible mistake we fall—

“ For TYRANNY's hard irons load us all !”

Indeed ! ye just have found the secret out !

Ye're *wiser* than ye were, good folks, no doubt !

Alter not things when rul'd by Passion—Why ?

Because good MADAM PRUDENCE is not nigh :

PRUDENCE keeps company that's vastly *fober* ;

PRUDENCE is mildly-breathing, smiling May,

So full of balmy blossoms, all so gay ;

PASSION, the mad, wide-wasting, wild OCTOBER.

PRUDENCE, a pretty, pleasing, stealing rill,

Winning with easy lapse its winding course ;

PASSION, a torrent rough, from hill to hill,

Tumbling and tearing, drowning man and horse.

PRUDENCE is also a fresh-water eel,

So calmly gliding through the liquid glass :

PASSION, a porpus—tempests at his heel,

Flound'ring amid old OCEAN's thund'ring mass

PRUDENCE is that small pleasing worm of light,

The mild hedge-regent of the dewy night ;

A little moon to many an insect race,

Who by her silv'ry radiance find their way,  
 Nibble the fairest flow'rs, and sip and play,  
 Gaze on their loves, dance, ogle, and embrace.

PASSION's a meteor, skipping here and there ;  
 Hopping o'er hedge and ditch, and fen, and pool,  
 Amidst his wild, and fierce, and mad career,  
 Making himself indeed a downright fool :  
 And after all, what is this *thing* of *caper* ?  
 A simple child of flinking mud and vapour !

Why so enrag'd against poor Louis *Seize*,  
 Who, pliable, did every thing to *please* ?  
 And why in league against his charming Queen,  
 REVENGE, and MADNESS, MALICE, ENVY, SPLEEN ?

REVENGE's company for ever shun :  
 Too much of danger frequently appears :  
 A kind of weak and overloaded gun,  
 Burbling with horrid crash about our ears.

Ridiculous the triumph will be found,  
 When, for a penny's worth we lose a pound.  
 The MONARCH eat a *little* of the State—  
 But should ye therefore madly give him *fate* ?

We should not rage for trifling matters,  
 And blust'ring kick the world about ;  
 It shews the folly of our natures,  
 For a pin's head to make a rout.

Lord ! grant a little *fungus* on the *vine*  
 And *olive*, yielding oil and juice and gladness ;  
 Who'd root up the whole tree for't ? nought but  
 swine—  
 'Twere idiotism, stupidity, and madness.

The following simple well-known story shows,  
 What sad misfortune from such folly flows.

### THE KNIGHT AND THE RATS.

A KNIGHT liv'd in the West not long ago,  
 Like Knights in general, not *o'erwise*, I trow—  
 This Knight's great barn was visited by rats,  
 In spite of poison, gins, and owls and cats:

Like millers taking toll of the sweet corn,  
 Carous'd they happily from night to morn.

Lo, waxing wrath, that neither gins nor cats,  
 Nor owls, nor poison, could destroy the rats ;  
 “ I’ll nab them by a scheme, by heav’ns,” quoth he:  
 So of his neighbourhood he rous’d the mob,  
 Farmers and farmers boys, to do this job ;  
 His servants too of high and low degree ;  
 And eke the tribes of Dog, by sound of horn,  
 To kill the rats that dar’d to taste the corn.

This done, the Knight, resolv’d with god-like ire,  
 Ran to his kitchen for a flick of fire,  
 From whence intrepid to the barn he ran ;  
 Much like the MACEDONIAN and fair Punk,  
 Who, at Persepolis so very drunk,  
 Did with their links the mighty ruin plan.

Now, ’midst the dwelling flew the blazing stick :  
 Soon from the flames rush’d forth the rats so thick ;  
 Men, dogs, and bats, in furious war unite—  
 The conquer’d rats lie sprawling on the ground ;  
 The Knight, with eyes triumphant, stares around,  
 Surveys the carnage, and enjoys the fight.

Not e’en ACHILLES saw, so blest, his blade  
 Dismiss whole legions to th’ infernal shade !



But, lo ! at length by this rat-driving flame,  
Burnt was the corn—the walls down thund'ring came ;  
The meaning of it was not far to learn—  
When turning up those billiard-balls his eyes,  
That held a pretty portion of surprise,  
“ Zounds ! what a blockhead ! I have *burnt the*  
“ *barn !*”

AZID,

A Z I D,  
OR THE SONG OF THE  
CAPTIVE NEGRO.

---

POOR MORA eye be wet wid tear,  
And heart like lead sink down wid woe;  
She seem her mournful friends to hear,  
And see der eye like fountain flow.

No more she give me song so gay,  
But sigh, " Adieu, dear DOMAHAY."

No more for deck her head and hair,  
Me look in stream, bright gold to find ;  
Nor seek de field for flow'r so fair,  
Wid garland MORA hair to bind.

“ Far off de stream !” I weeping say,

“ Far off de fields of DOMAHAY.”

But why do AZID live a slave,

And see a slave his MORA dear ?

Come, let we seek at once de grave—

No chain, no tyrant den we fear.

Ah, me ! I hear a spirit say,

“ Come, AZID, come to DOMAHAY.”

Den gold I find for thee once more,

For thee to fields for flow'r depart ;

To please de idol I adore,

And give wid gold and flow'r my heart.

Den let we die and haste away,

And live in groves of DOMAHAY.

TO

C Y N T H I A,



AH, what an envious rogue is TIME,  
Who means one day to crop thy prime!

This were a barb'rous deed, I vow—  
If thus the Tyrant can behave,  
Lord, let us disappoint the knave,  
And let me take those beauties *now*.

THE  
CRUELTY OF ÆNEAS  
TO  
QUEEN DIDO.

I FORGIVE Man almost any crime sooner than barbarous ingratitude towards charming Woman. What a brute was the *pious* Æneas to his MISTRESS, the beautiful and unfortunate QUEEN of CARTHAGE ! How easily a Poet of VIRGIL'S imagination could have given a tear to the eye, and a compassionate sigh to the soul of his HERO, at parting with a Princess who had so hospitably entertained him, and so completely made him happy ; and thus, by adding a shining, amiable, and consistent *trait* to his character, have rendered him an object of esteem instead of eternal condemnation ! But let the base action be re-  
corded

corded on the pyramid of *English* poetry, as well as of the *Roman*.

When good *Æneas* left the widow *Dido*,  
Most *infamous* towards her was his carriage ;  
“ Madam,” quoth he, “ all men would act as *I do*—  
“ You will not swear I ever *offer’d marriage*.”

“ ’Tis very true,” cry’d *Dido*, with a sigh ;  
Then from her eyes the tears began to roll ;  
And then she mov’d from him, resolv’d to die,  
And make a bonfire of herself, poor soul !

What did the *pious Hero* ?—march’d on board ;  
Fell fast asleep, and like a bull-frog inor’d.

THE  
W O R L D.

THIS world's a charming world, I do declare—

The man who *understands* it, I suppose,  
May, with a *modicum* of sense and care,  
Convert with ease each *thorn* into a *rose*.

But folks *become* such *ideots*, or are *born*;  
They change life's fragrant *rose* into a *thorn*;  
On ev'ry smile of sunshine, fling a cloud,  
And then on *cruel* FORTUNE cry aloud.

ON

## G E N I U S.

---

DEARLY I like to see a GENIUS spring,  
Mark his rich plumes, and eye his soaring wing ;  
But DEATH too soon arrests his eagle flight !  
Not long upon the meteor can we gaze—  
From the dark element, the lightning's blaze,  
That breaks, and sudden shuts in pitchy Night.



TO A

Y O U N G L A D Y,

WITH

*COLLINS'S POEMS.*

---

AMID these leaves, where COLLINS shines;  
Love boasts, alas ! no golden lines ;  
From Love the Bard was free :  
What loss ! what pity, that his eye  
(To give his heart the sweetest sigh)  
Beheld no Nymph like *thee* !

SONG.

S O N G.

---

FAREWELL to the fragrance of morn ;

Farewell to the song of the grove—

I go from my DELIA forlorn ;

I go from the Daughter of Love !

I was told that I ought not to gaze

On the Beauty by which I'm undone ;

But how could I hide from their rays ?

What mortal can fly from the *Sun* ?

FROM

## FROM ANACREON.

## ON WOMAN.

---

DAME NATURE, from her store, so kind,  
To bulls, the guarding horns assign'd,  
And arm'd with hoofs the bounding steed;  
Teeth to the lion's jaw she gave;  
Fins to the tenant of the wave;  
And cloath'd the little hare with speed.

But what should NATURE grant the FAIR &  
Grant!—BEAUTY's fascinating air:  
With this the CHARMER takes the field,  
And bids the world to WOMAN yield.

TO

## NANCY OF THE ROSE.

O NANCY ! wilt thou go with me,  
And all the Poet's treasure see,  
    My garden-house, my temple-rooms?  
There shall I dwell on those black eyes,  
And pour my tuneful soul in sighs,  
    And catch thy panting breath's perfumes.

Will Nancy quit the noisy bar,  
And sounds that thus with music war,  
    Of vulgar Coachman, Drayman, Porter ;  
That I may press thy purple lip,  
And Love's delicious nectar sip,  
    And in his prettiest language court her ?

Ah! NANCY, now I hear thee say,

“ Lord blefs us ! I’m the youthful MAY,

“ And you are Autumn, Sir—SEPTEMBER ;

“ And therefore we by no means fuit.”

Dear NANCY, that’s the time for *fruit*,

Thou surely oughtest to remember.

Then blest together let us wing—

Love only *blossoms* in the *Spring*. ❀

## FROM ANACREON.

**HASTE**, let the roses bind our hair,  
And merry jest and laugh prepare ;  
Behold a blooming MAID advance !  
She waves the spear, with ivy bound,  
And to the lute's enchanting sound,  
With tempting foot, begins the dance.

And, breathing balmy odours, lo,  
A youth, whose locks luxuriant flow ;  
The lyre he sweeps, and sweetly sings,  
Accordant to the tuneful strings.

And see, to mingle in our joy,  
With golden locks, the Paphian Boy ;  
And BACCHUS too, with beauteous mien ;  
And HER, of all the Loves the Queen :—  
They come in pleasures to engage,  
That gild with smiles the gloom of Age.

## O D E.

A NEW, AND MORAL, AND SERIOUS THOUGHT.

---

HOW diff'rently, at diff'rent times,

The self same objects strike our senses !

Thus says Sir ORACLE, the man of rhymes ;

And thus, to prove it, he commences.

Sweet are the blushes and the smiles of morn,

The song of birds, and dew-bespangled thorn,

To swains whose hearts are perfectly at ease :

Sweet are the splendors of the golden ray,

To swains prepar'd to take their early way

To hill and vale, and wander where they please.

But not to swains the morning finite is sweet,

Dress'd out in irons—doom'd, ere noon, to greet

The rope and tree, that much their spirits flurry ;

They see, with very, very diff'rent eyes,  
The fun in all his golden robes arise,  
And wish him not to travel in a hurry.

Sweet is the Parson's note to swains at church,  
Who, lull'd to slumber, leave him in the lurch;  
Whom neither manners nor religion check :  
Yet, ah ! most terrible would be, I wot,  
That Parson's solemn admonition note  
To those same swains with ropes about the neck.



## S O N G.

---

**W**HEN bleeding NATURE droops to die,  
And begs from Heav'n th' eternal sleep,  
Hard is the heart that cannot sigh,  
And curs'd the eye that scorns to weep.

How rich the tear by PITY shed !  
How sweet her sighs for human woes !  
They pierce the mansions of the dead,  
And soothe the spectre's pale repose.

## S O N G.

---

O CRUEL Maid, adieu ! adieu !

Thy loss I ever shall deplore ;  
A thousand griefs my path pursue,  
And joy shall gild thy path no more.

Lost to the world—of hope bereft—  
I view my fate with streaming eyes—  
By LOVE forgot, by FRIENDSHIP left,  
By all deserted but my sighs.

## MODES OF COURTSHIP.

O Love, thy temple is a crowded Inn—  
And, ah! how various are thy ways to *win*!

---

### *DEVONSHIRE-HOB'S LOVE.*

JOANNY, my dear, wut ha poor HOB?  
Vor I'm upon a coortin job—

Gadswunds! Ifs leek thee, Joan;  
I'd fert vor thee—Ifs, that Ifs wud;  
Ifs love thee well, as pigs love mud,  
Or dogs to gna a bone.

What thoff Ifs ban't so hugeous smurt,  
Forsooth leek voaks that go to curt;

Voakes zay I'm perty vitty:

Lord,

Lord, Joan, a man may be *alive*,  
Ha a long pufs, and kep a wive,  
That ne'er zeed Lundun zitty.

A man may ha the beft o' hearts,  
Although no chitterlins to's fharts;  
And lace that gentry uze ;  
Theed'ft vend me honeft—I's, rert down,  
Altho' thee hadn't got a gown,  
Ner stockings vath ner shooze.

Now, JOANNY, pr'ythee dant now blifh ;  
Vor zich, I's wudd'n gee a rifh ;  
Dant copy voakes o' town :  
No, JOAN, dant gee thy zel an air,  
And ren and quat, juft leek a hare,  
And think I'll hunt thee down.

No, that's dam voalifh, let me zay ;  
No—dant ren off, and heed away,  
Leek paltriges in stubble :  
No, no, the eafieft means be beft ;  
I's can't turmoil, an looze one's reft ;  
I's can't avoard the trouble.

Now,

Now, JOAN, beleek, thee waantst to know  
 About my houze-keppin and zo,  
     Bevore thee tak'st the nooze—  
 Why vleesh an dumplin ev'ry day;  
 But az vor *Zunday*, let me zay,  
     We'll ha a gud vat gooze.

Zumtimes we'll ha a choicc squab-pic;  
 And zum days we wull broil and vry,  
     And zum days *roast*, ye flut;  
 An az vor Zyder, thee shat guzzle,  
 Zo much, JOAN, as will tire thy muzzle,  
     Enow to splet thy gut.

Now break thy meend, zay "dun, an dun;"  
 I'll make thee a good husband, mun;  
     And JOAN, I'll love thee dearly;  
 Ifs waant do leek our neighbour FLAIL,  
 That huffth his wive, and kickth her tail,  
     And drashth her just leek barely.

JOANNY, Ifs now have broke *my* meend;  
 Zo speak, and let the bisness eend,

And

And dant stand shilly shally ;  
But if thee wutt'n—Lord, lay't alone ;  
Go hang thy zel vor me, mun, JOAN,  
I'll curt thy zester *Mally*.

TOM

## T O M     A N D     D O L L Y.

*STABLE CANTATA.*

## RECITATIVE.

AMIDST his straw, as Tom, a stable-swain,  
 Did sweep and sigh, but swept and sigh'd in vain ;  
 DOLLY, the Cook, peep'd in upon her 'squire,  
 And begg'd a wisp of straw to light her fire ;  
 Tom gave the wisp, and, leaning on his broom,  
 Thus woo'd the squabby Nymph of Bacon-bloom.

## A I R.

O DOLLY, not a horse nor nag,  
 Of which my stable loud may brag,  
     Can boast a head like thine ;  
 Nor has a saddle got a skin  
 ' So sleek as thy sweet cheek and chin,  
     Or doth so nobly shine.

But

But thou art off, 'tis plainly seen—  
Yes, DOLLY, I have lost the rein,  
Thou mischievous contriver :  
To gall, alack ! my panting heart,  
I'm sure thou art resolv'd to part,  
And marry DICK the Driver.

Well, DOLL, I cannot bear it long,  
Love sticks into me like a prong,  
And sets my sides a bleeding :  
I tell thee, DOLLY, without fibs,  
Thou hast so curricomb'd my ribs,  
That I am off my feeling.

QUEEN of the dripping-pan, O say,  
How canst thou hear thy THOMAS bray,  
Nor one kind answer utter ?  
How canst thou see thy Stable-'Squire  
Roast at thine eyes, like beef at fire,  
Nor melt away like butter ?

But thou art grown so proud of late ;  
Thou cutt'st upon me like a plate ;  
As short too as a crust ;

And



And then, with *such* a scornful eye,  
Thy shoulders rais'd by pride so high,  
All like a turkey truss'd.

SUE, drive the Driving-dog away ;  
Give my starv'd Love a lock of hay,  
For I'm in woeful danger ;  
But if thou wilt not with me dwell,  
Horses, and saddles, all farewell,  
Brooms, hay-loft, bin, and manger !

## RECITATIVE.

TOM having finish'd in a dismal tone,  
Wip'd his two dropping eyes, and gave a groan ;  
Then, sighing, said it was a cruel thing,  
Thus like a disclout his poor heart to wring.  
The NYMPH, as careless of the hole (how shocking !)  
In TOM's poor bleeding *heart* as in her *stocking*,  
Low curtsying to her solemn, sighing swain,  
Return'd, with *equal sweetness* fraught, the strain.

## A I R.

Dear THOMAS, I pity thy love ;  
But, THOMAS, thou wilt not *expire* :  
Like a ladle of dripping 'twill prove,  
That I frequently fling on the fire.

It makes a most wonderful blaze,  
And frightens the chimney, no doubt ;  
Sets the family all in amaze ;  
But, THOMAS, it quickly goes out.

Before we were married a year,  
*Mighty Love*, he would lose all his forces ;  
And the musical tongue of thy *Dear*,  
Would yield to the neigh of thy horses.

I believe that thou thinkest sincere,  
This *sweet passion* would last all thy life ;  
But too many can tell with a tear,  
They have thought the same thing of a *wife*.

Too often we find, to our cost,  
That the PASSIONS are easily cloy'd ;  
That the object, which pleases us *most*,  
Is the *object* that ne'er was enjoy'd.

*Love-matches* may do very well,  
In worlds where folks never want meat ;  
But in this, 'tis with sorrow I tell,  
We are looking for somewhat *to eat*.

Dear

Dear THOMAS, then let me alone

To my roasting, and boiling, and carving;  
I don't like to live on a *bone*—

Lord! nothing's more dismal than *starving*.

To thy stable then stick all thy life;

*That* will bring thee thy meat ev'ry day:  
A houseful of brats and a wife!

What would they?—*why take it away*.

SONG.

## S O N G.

---

O NYMPH! of FORTUNE's smiles, beware,  
Nor heed the Syren's flatt'ring tongue;  
She lures thee to the haunts of CARE,  
Where SORROW pours a ceaseless song.

Ah! what are all her piles of gold?  
Can those the hoſts of CARL controul?  
The ſplendor which thine eyes behold,  
Is not the ſunſhine of the ſoul.

To love alone thy homage pay,  
The Queen of ev'ry true delight:  
Her ſmiles with joy ſhall gild thy day,  
And bleſs the viſions of the night,

## S E A   C O U R T S H I P.

SUSAN.

MADAM! Madam! I have just received a poetical BILLET-DOUX from my furious Sea-Caliban; impudence and humility, resolution and weakness, hope and despair, forming the sum total. Permit me to read it.

H A W S E R   t o   S U S A N.

Miss SUSAN, I think it in vain

To groan any more for that face;

Your behaviour hath prov'd it so plain,

That to others I give up the chace.

*Very wisely resolv'd, Mr. Lieutenant.*

About Love, I shall make no more pother—

You know that I'm not very rich;

Yet I'd man you as well as another,

And stick to your timbers like pitch.

*Nice sticking-plaster indeed!*

I am out in my reck'ning, 'tis clear,  
 As your frowns and your cruelties prove—  
 Since I thought to have anchor'd, my dear,  
 In your arms, that sweet harbour of love.

*Very elegant, tender, and metaphorical!*

And though you so scornful are grown,  
 Let justice be done, by the Lord!  
 You're a smart little frigate, I own,  
 As a seaman would wish for to board.

*Thank ye, Mr. Lieutenant (curtsies.)*

Yet, SUSAN, before we depart,  
 And I beg thou'lt not take it unkind,  
 Since your sncers have restor'd me my heart,  
 If I give thee a picce of my mind.

*By all means, Mr. HAWSER.*

Instead of my *tears* and my *sighs*,  
 Which you, laughing, call'd *Love's water-gruel*,  
 Could *guineas* have rain'd from my eyes,  
 By G— thou hadst never been cruel.

*Impudent rogue!*

And yet, should the wind chop about,  
And thy mouth cease this d-mn'd squally weather,

Let us fend for old THUMP-CUSHION\* out,

And swing in a hammock together.

*Never, never, indeed, poor swain.*

\* The Priest.

DAPIINE,

## D A P H N E,

OR THE

SONG OF THE SHEPHERDESS.

---

FAREWELL the beam of early day !  
Cold on the eye the valley fades ;  
The riv'let mourns upon its way,  
And spectres seem to haunt the shades.  
These eyes, alas ! no pleasure see,  
Since COLIN's love is chang'd from *me*.

Adieu the crook he gave my hand !  
Adieu the flow'rs that deck my hair !  
Go, doves, and leave your filken band,  
Since DAPHNE is no longer fair.  
These eyes, &c.



Let nought by DAPHNE be possest—  
The myrtle-wreath that binds my brow ;  
The knot of love he gave my breast,  
Deep blushing for his broken vow.  
These eyes, &c.

Let all his tokens meet his eye—  
From DAPHNE all his gifts depart ;  
And let me send with these a *sigh*,  
To tell him of a broken heart.  
These eyes, &c.

MADRIGAL.

## M A D R I G A L.

---

AH! say not that the BARD grows old—  
For what to me are passing years?  
I feel not AGE's palsied cold—  
To-day like yesterday appears.

When Beauty beams, the world is gay!  
What mortal is not *then* alive?  
Thus kindling at its magic ray,  
*Fourscore* leaps back to *twenty-five*.

## O D E

*TWO MICE IN A TRAP.*

SO, SIR, and MADAM, you at length are taken,  
After your dances over cheese and bacon,  
And tasting ev'ry dainty in your way ;  
Now to my question answer, if you please—  
Speak, did ye *make* the bacon or the cheese ?  
What sort of a defence d'ye set up, pray ?

Thus at free cost to breakfast, dine, and sup !  
E'en *mild* JUDGE BULLER ought to hang you up,  
So full of the sweet milk of human nature !  
What sort of fate, young people should ye choose ?  
In purling streams your pretty mouths amuse,  
Or feed the cat's fond jaws, that for ye water ?

I see you are two lovers by your eyes ;  
I hear ye are two lovers by your sighs :

But what avail your looks, or what avail  
Your sighs so soft, or what indeed your tears,  
Or what your parting agonies and fears,  
Since Death must pay a visit to your jail ?

Ay, you may kiss and pant, and pant and kiss,  
And put your pretty noses through the wire ;  
Ay, peep away, sweet Sir, and gentle Miss ;  
No more the Moon shall mark your am'rous fire,  
Around the loaded pantry pour the ray,  
And guide your gambols with her silver day.

Your prison-door now, culprits, let me open—  
Now, now ! you're off ! it is a *lucky* hop.

Ye're in the right on't, nimble nymph and swain ;  
Go, rogues—but if once more I catch you  
here !—

What then ? what *then* !—why then, I strongly  
fear,  
Ye little robbers, you'll escape again.

Thus

Thus let me imitate JUDGE BULLER's deeds,  
Beneath whose sentence scarce a felon bleeds ;  
Who, as the fur of foxes trims his gown,  
The hand of MERCY lines his heart with *Down*.

THE  
M I S E R  
AND  
THE D E R V I S E.

---

THE Miser SHERDI on his sick-bed lying,  
Affrighted, groaning, wheezing, praying, fighting,  
Expecting ev'ry hour to lose his breath—  
Enter a DERVISE—" Holy Father, say,  
" As life seems parting from this sinful clay,  
" What can preserve me from the jaws of DEATH?"

" A sacrifice, dear son—good joints of meat,  
" Of lamb, and mutton, for the PRIEST and POOR;  
" Nay, from the *Koran* shouldst thou lines repeat,  
" *Those lines may possibly thy health restore.*"

" Thank

“ Thank ye, dear Father ! you have said *enough* ;

“ Your counsel has *already* giv’n me ease :

“ Now as my sheep are all a great way off,

“ I’ll quote our holy *Koran*, if you please.”

T •

## D E L I A.

DELIA, thou really dost not know thy worth—

NATURE has made a very idle blunder,  
To give thee roses, lilies, and so forth,  
Eyes, dimples, merely to excite our *wonder*.

See *other* girls, of far inferior charms !  
Behold them spreading through the world alarms,  
With not one quarter of thy ammunition ;  
Dark'ning the dangerous air with dreadful darts ;  
Transfixing Lovers' livers, heads, and hearts,  
Putting the beaux into a sad condition ;

Whilst thou, so idle, mak'st not *Man* thy game,  
As though the *creature* were not worth thy aim.

But,



But, DELIA, come—on *me* thy prowess try;  
Let loose the lightnings of thy coal-black eye;  
Attack, pursue—I like the dangerous strife—  
Sweet Nymph, 'tis ten to one thou lay'st me low;  
Yet do not *kill* me, my dear generous foe,  
But make me *pris'ner to thy arms for life*.

## S O N G.

WHERE FORTUNE reigns in splendid pride,  
What madding thousands crowd her shrine !  
With sweet Simplicity their guide,  
O LOVE, how few resort to *thine* !

Yet when of FORTUNE's smile possess'd,  
The sigh for *other* days they pour ;  
Some secret sorrow stings the breast,  
And languor-loaded crawls each hour.

But LOVE's pure joys unfulfill'd last ;  
*His* vot'ries taste a bliss sublime,  
Sigh to regain the moments past,  
And wish to clip the wings of TIME.

SUSAN.

WHAT a pretty hurricane about our ears ! Well ! thank Heaven, and our good old ship, for his holding his head so long above water, we are not got down into DAVY JONES's locker.

S O N G.

Good Lord ! when I think of the storm,  
And, old NEPTUNE, thy horrible spleen,  
That endeavour'd to make of this form  
A feast for the fish at nineteen !

It had giv'n my poor heart some alarms,  
As well as some grief to my spark,  
To have found, that, instead of *his* arms,  
I had fill'd up the mouth of a *shark*.

Dear NEPTUNE, a Sweetheart is mine—  
Not a handsomer ENGLAND possesses :  
Shouldst thou bury these limbs in thy brine,  
They will lose a whole world of caresses.

Oh,

Oh, afford me one glance of my lover—

Oh, grant but one kiss from my swain ;

Thou shalt drown me a thousand times over,

*If ever I trust thee again.*

## S O N G.

FROM *me*, since HOPE hath wing'd her way,  
To yield to luckier swains delight,  
Ah! will not COMFORT lend a ray,  
To gild my bosom's dreary night?

Yes! yes! to soothe my burning breast,  
As far from DELIA's form I rove,  
I'll boast that *once* this heart was blest,  
And tell the story of my Love.

TO

V E N U S.

O VENUS, wherefore is my sigh  
To DELIA's beauty breath'd in vain ?  
Ah ! why her cold and clouded eye,  
That sun-like shone upon her swain ?

A time there was, when thou wert kind,  
And gav'st success to ev'ry pray'r ;  
When ev'ry sigh was sure to find  
A sigh congenial from the FAIR.

A time there was, when DELIA's breast,  
At all my griefs, with grief would glow  
The NYMPH would lull the storm to rest,  
And soothe with ev'ry charm my woe.

Yet, VENUS, wheresoe'er she flies,

To DELIA all thy blisses give :

In *me* a *single* shepherd dies,

In *her*, behold, a *thousand* live !

EPITAPH.

## E P I T A P H.

---

O THOU, remov'd from this world's strife,  
Whose relicks here below are laid,  
May PEACE, who watch'd thy harmless life,  
In death protect thy gentle Shade !

Yet not *alone* around thy bier,  
Thy CHILDREN's sighs unfeign'd ascend ;  
The mourner PITY drops a tear,  
And VIRTUE weeps a vanish'd friend.



## O D E

T O A

## C O U N T R Y   H O Y D E N.

DEAR DOLLY, stay thy scampering joints one minute,

And let me ask thee, mad-cap Girl, a question—  
Somewhat of consequence there may be in it,  
That, *probably*, may'nt suit thine high digestion.

Pray what's the meaning of the present glee?

To ride a nannygoat, or ass, or pig?  
Or mount an ox, or ride an apple-tree,  
And on the dancing limb enjoy a jig?

Perhaps thou art infected with an itch  
To plague a poor old Crone, baptiz'd a *Witch*,  
To smoke her in her hovel—kill her cats,

Or

Or lock her in, and rob her garden's peas,  
 Kick down the lame old granny's hive of bees,  
 And break her windows in, with stones and bats.

Perchance, to rob an orchard thou may'st long,  
 Or neighbour's hen's-nest of its eggs, or young;  
 Nay, steal the mother-hen to boot :  
 Perchance thou hasten'st, fond of vulgar joys,  
 To tumble on the haycocks with the boys,  
 And let them take, at will, the sweet salute.

Thou makest a long face, and answer'st thus—

“ Lord, then about a *trifle* what a fuss !

“ As though a body might not ride a pig,

“ Or nannygoat indeed, or ox, good me !

“ Or our old Neddy,\* or an apple-tree,

“ Just for one's health to have a little jig !

“ Or where's the mighty harm, upon my word,

“ In taking a few eggs, or chicks, or hen ?

“ The farmers can't be ruin'd by't, good Lord !

“ Papa says that they're all substantial men.

\* A name frequently given to a Jack-ass.

" Or where's the harm to ride upon a gate ?  
 " To *snub* one so, indeed, at *such a rate* !  
 " I've tumbled from the trees upon the stones,  
 " And never broke, in all my life, my bones :  
 " See, Sir, I have not *one* black spot about me !  
 " 'Tis cruel, then, for *nothing*, thus to flout me.

" Or where's the mighty crime, I wonder, pray,  
 " With Cousin Dick to tumble on the hay ?  
 " Just like a Baby with her Doll you treat one !  
 " Marry come up ! why, Cousin Dick won't *eat* one !  
 " And then, forfooth, what mighty harm would come,  
 " In having bits of fun with Cousin Tom ?"

DOLLY, thy artless answers force my smile—  
 I readily believe thee void of guile ;

My lovely girl, I think thou mean'st no harm :  
 But had I daughters just like *thee*, let loose,  
 I verily should think myself a goose,  
 To mark each colt-like lass *without alarm*.

DOLL, get thee home, and tell *Mama*, so mild,  
 So fearful that a *frown* would *kill* her child,  
 That *not ev'n* *birch* to *kill* that child is able ;

And

And tell thy *Father*, a fond fool, from *me*,  
To look a little sharper after *thee*,  
Clip thy wild tongue, and tie thee to the table.

THE  
GRAVE OF EURIPIDES.

AN ELEGY.

*Supposed to be spoken on the Spot.*

O THOU, whose dceply-pictur'd scenes of woe  
From Grecian eyes could force the pitying show'r !  
Permit a STRANGER's sigh unfeign'd to flow—  
Indulge his hand to strew the sweetest flow'r.

I know I shall not by thy SHADE be scorn'd,  
Who boast my birth from ALBION's free domain ;  
Where NATURE's soul, like *thine*, in SHAKESPEARE  
mourn'd,  
Where MILTON's genius pour'd th'immortal strain.

Yet lo, a *race* of this degenerate age,  
Sons of those Sages, Heroes, Bards, whose name  
Gave splendor to the fair historic page,  
*Forgets* the glory of the Grecian name.

I mark you, son of Athens, with a sigh !  
Of Pow'r, of IGNORANCE, the abject slave\*—  
Fear on his cheek, and mis'ry in his eye,  
He wanders near thee, heedless of thy grave !

Where is thy fame ? In GREECE no more divine,  
It pours on ALBION's isle the radiant day ;  
There, with a noon-tide lustre may it shine,  
And gild my country with unclouded ray !

Each night retiring, as I whisper peace,  
With each adieu, ~~the~~ tear will steal away ;  
To think that Thou the song of Gods shouldst cease,  
And, dying, mingle with the meanest clay.

Though GREECE forgets thee, yet on FANCY's wing  
From distant ALBION will I oft return ;  
Crown thy cold sod with all the blooms of SPRING,  
And envy the rich earth that holds thy urn.

\* The present inhabitants of Greece fully answer this description.

## S O N G

T O

C Y N T H I A.

THE YOUTH by LOVE and HOPE betray'd,  
 Who breathes his ardent vows in vain,  
 Learns to forget the scornful MAID,  
 And bravely breaks her galling chain.

“ Farewell (he cries) a fruitless flame;  
 “ A Nymph less cruel let me find;  
 “ The world holds many a blooming Dame;  
 “ An *equal* CHLOE may be kind.”

But, ah ! how hard the LOVER's fate,  
 Who feels the triumph of *thine* eye !  
 What Virgin shall *his* fires abate,  
 And soothe *his* bosom's hopeless sigh ?

For, lo ! the Loves, to make thee fair,  
Agreed with ev'ry charm to part ;  
And all the VIRTUES too declare,  
They robb'd *their own*, to grace *thy heart*,



## H Y M N   T O   L O V E.

SOUL of the world, and essence of delight,  
Of *thee* I think by day, and dream by night,

For I'm a bachelor—a *good old maid* !

Yet *now*, O LOVE, a pretty woman's smiles  
Could make me dance at least a dozen miles,  
Without a stick indeed, or horse's aid.

*Such* rapture from thy bloom, each moment feels !  
Such mercury thou puttest in one's heels !

Did Jove prize *charming woman*, just like *me*,  
Of charming woman, we should find a dearth ;  
In *beauty*, what a desert there would be !  
Scarce one sweet female to delight our earth.

And

And then, O CYNTHIA, whom these eyes adore;  
 Whose form, and face, and mind, no rival know;  
 Yes, *thou* fair MAID, to that untravell'd shore,  
 To charm the THUNDERER, wouldst be doom'd  
 to go;

And leave, alas! thy fighting shepherd here,  
 Who never wants a MUSE when thou art near.

And now to *thee*, O LOVE, again I turn—  
 How canst thou hear an earthly ANGEL mourn?  
 A victim to the vultures of DESPAIR!  
 A witless victim to the villain's snare!

How see vile *Man*, her virtue undermine,  
 And bid the fairest form of NATURE, pine?  
 Why sufferest Thou her bosom's softest sigh?  
 How canst thou, unreveng'd, survey the MAID;  
 Hear her soul's grief, behold her beauty fade;  
 Nay, horror! the poor lamb-like victim *die*?

Lo, poor deserted JULIA! once how fair;  
 With cheek so wan and pale, and scatter'd hair;  
 Her gentle heart by LOVE's mad tempest torn!

She

She runs, she stops, and wildly stares around !

Now nails the eye of thought into the ground !

Now, drown'd in tears, she lifts its beam forlorn ;

Pale as the moon, amidst the midnight storm,

When rains and driving clouds her face deform !

She grasps the earth—the sod, her fingers tear—

Now wearied, disappointed, to the skies

She lifts her lids of woe, and plaintive sighs,  
(Soul-piercing sound !) “ Alas, he is not here ! ”

Rich pearls of sorrow from their fountains stray,  
And drop (too precious for the ground !) away.

“ How could he, cruel, give my heart a blow ? ”

She moans—now sits upon the bank and sings ;  
Oft breaks her dirge with lengthen'd sighs of woe,  
And, pausing, mutters incoherent things.

Now plucking lilies from the sod, she cries,

“ Sweet flow'rs, I once was innocent like *you* ;

“ The tear, alas ! a stranger to these eyes—

“ Nor blush my cheek, nor wound my bosom

“ knew.”

Now

Now with a smile, and now with melting wail,  
She whisp'ring tells of COLIN's Love the tale.

Again her mind is on the wing ! she starts !  
HOPE to her eyes, her eagle beam imparts !

Sudden she springs from earth—"He's there, he's  
" there—

" I see him pass the flood—dear COLIN, dear !  
" Thy JULIA calls thee—'tis thy JULIA, stay—  
" Thy JULIA calls thee—wherefore haste away ?  
" Thy JULIA loves thee—do not, cruel, fly ;  
" Stay, or thy JULIA's heart with grief will die—  
" If danger urge, that danger let *me* share ;  
" Thou must not live unwatch'd by JULIA's care."

Sweet wretch ! in vain her feet the phantom chace !  
Wildly she plunges 'mid the torrent's roar—  
She shrieks ! her arms her fancied LOVE embrace,  
She grasps the gulph—ah ! soon to grasp no  
more.

Lost MAID ! in vain the shepherds try to *save* !  
Breath'd is her spirit in the whelming wave !

No longer doom'd LIFE's bitter cup to taste,  
Behold her hours of woe for ever past !

Deaf to the song of FLATT'RY, now, her ear !  
Deaf to a *Demon's* whispers once so dear !

Cold too the bosom of the once warm maid !  
The heart that swell'd with LOVE's delicious sighs,  
Still, in its silent cell of darkness lies,

And dim her eyes in DEATH's eternal shade.  
Those orbs that sparkling bade a world adore,  
Ah, doom'd to sparkle, and to *stream* no more !

Lo, on the bank her pale limbs stretch'd along,  
Amidst the sorrows of a rural throng !  
A sight to strike the voice of RAPTURE mute,  
And wake the *tendrest* string of PITY's lute !

Thee, thee, her murd'rer, VENGEANCE soon shall  
find,

Sure blood-hound, trace thee in the weeping wind ;  
Pursue thee where the DESERT grins with death :

For not to *man* again shalt thou return—

A shrinking world thy Cain-like form shall spurn,  
And kneeling curse thee with its keenest breath.

Smote and unburied, shall thy carcase lie :

Afar, affrighted shall the vultures fly ;

Of fiends like thee, a *breathless* fiend, afraid ;

And lo, the frowning GENIUS of the gloom

Shall shun the SOLITUDE that hails thy doom,

And bid each savage seek a *distant* shade.

## O D E.

'TIS a *strange* world we live in—but 'twill *mend*—  
 As ev'ry body says, "the world grows wiser ;"  
 Yet *certain* follies ne'er will have an end,  
 Of which I am a wonderful despiser.

Is it not cruel, when, with all his flame,  
 GENIUS performs a work, a man should bawl,  
 " To ask much for this trifle were a shame ;  
 " I know the fellow took *no pains at all* ?

" Poets work *nimbly, nimbly*, now-a-days :  
 " Give a good penny's-worth, good MASTER BAYS.'

I dare say the sad Bookfeller, a L--E,  
 Or L--K-----N, pour'd such unhallow'd sounds  
 On MILTON's shrinking ear, with lips profane,  
 Who bought th' immortal Work for *fifteen pounds* !\*

\* The price actually given for the *Paradise Lost* !

Too many a ragged *Brother of the Lay*,  
 Too many a *fair Historian*, never doubt it,  
 Have heard a Bookfeller so cruel say,  
 “ Pray, Sir,” or “ Ma’am, *how long were you*  
*about it ?*”

Thou Beast ! amid the sons of WISDOM plac’d,  
 Who, times of old, as well as modern, grac’d,  
 Couldst thou not catch a portion of their fire ?  
 Rolls not thine eye upon their works each day ?  
 And canst thou, from them, *nothing* bear away,  
 To lift thy hog-like soul above the mire ?

Sore troubled by the tooth-ach, LUBIN ran  
 To get the murd’rer of his quiet, *drænen* ;  
 An Artist in an instant whips it out—  
 “ Well, MASTER SNAG—hæ ? what *has* I to pay ?”  
 “ A shilling”—“ Zounds ! a shilling do ye zay ?”  
 With a long flaring face replies the LOU.

“ Lord ! why Ize did not *veel it*—’twas *nort in it* ;  
 “ You *knows* ye wern’t about it half a minute :  
 “ To gee so *much* Ize cursedly unwilling—  
 “ Lord ! vor a tooth, but yesterday old SLOP  
 “ Did drag me by the head about his shop  
 “ *Three times*, poor man, and *only ax’d a shilling*.”



## S O N G.

HOW chang'd is my CELADON's heart !

How alter'd each look of the fwain !

Now fullen he wifhes to part,

Who call'd me the *pride of the plain*.

Of late with what ardour he strove

Ev'ry hour that was *mine* to beguile !

How he griev'd if I doubted his love !

And how blest if he gain'd but a fmile !

To *me*, he devoted his days ;

And raptur'd on me was his tongue ;

Thus, MORNING arofe on his praife,

And EVENING went down on his fong.

Let

Let me flee to the desert and die,  
Nor wound with reproaches his ears ;  
My *reproof* shall be only a *figh*—  
My *complaint*, but the *silence of tears*.

## E P I G R A M.

SEE CLODIO, happy in his own dear sense !

And, hark ! the world cries, “ Coxcomb in th’ ex-  
“ cels :”

Now let me undertake the Fop’s defence—

What man could ever be content with *less* ?

ANACRE

## ANACREONTIC.

TO SYLVIA.

HOW canst thou smile at my despair,  
And bid me *other* nymphs adore ?  
Shew me a girl but *half* so fair,  
And I will trouble thee no more.

*Hide* then that neck, and lip, and eye,  
Since thus resolv'd to shun pursuit ;  
For LOVE will follow, like the fly,  
That always seeks the *fairest* fruit.

LISETTA.

## L I S E T T A.

IN the name of the *great God of Love*; how shall I dispose of myself? Which of my swains must wear the willow?

O VIRGINS ! tell me how to choose,  
For I'm a novice on it—  
Poor COLIN at a *distance* woees,  
And sends his soul in *sonnet* ;

While LUBIN to no forms a slave,  
Won't stay to *write* for blisses ;  
But prints upon my mouth, the knave,  
His wishes with his kisses,

If LUBIN seize a rude embrace,  
And I begin to clatter ;  
The rogue stares gravely in my face,  
And asks me what's the matter ?

Of

Of kisses lately he stole *three*—

I shriek'd with might and main:

“ Since ye don't like them,” pert quoth he,

“ Lord ! take them back again.”

“ No, no, I won't,” says I, “ keep off,

“ They please me *much*,” I swore—

“ Oh, is it so ?” cry'd he, “ enough ;

“ Then, Miss, you wish for *more*.”

Poor COLIN turns, if I but frown,

All white as any fleece is !

LUBIN would give me a green gown,

And rummage me to pieces.

*The one*, so meek and complaisant,

All silence, awe, and wonder,

*The other*, impudence and rant,

And boist'rous as the thunder,

*This* begs to press my fingers tip,

So bashful is my lover ;

*That savage* bounces on my lip,

And kisses it all over.

O MODESTY, thou art so sweet !

Not wild, and bold, and teasing ;  
And yet, each Sister Nymph I meet  
Thinks boldness *not unpleasing*.

This is a wicked world!—O dear !

And wickedness is in me—  
Though MODESTY's so sweet, I fear  
That IMPUDENCE will *win me*.

CORIN's

## CORIN'S PROFESSION,

OR THE

## SONG OF CONSTANCY.

NOW, JOAN, we are *married*—and now, let me say,  
Though both are in youth, yet that youth will decay :  
In our journey through life, my dear JOAN, I suppose  
We shall oft meet a bramble, and sometimes a rose.

When a cloud on this forehead shall darken my day,  
Thy sunshine of sweetness must smile it away ;  
And when the dull vapour shall dwell upon thine,  
To chase it, the labour and triumph be mine.

Let us wish not for wealth, to devour and consume ;  
For luxury's but a short road to the tomb :



Let us sigh not for grandeur, for trust me, my JOAN,  
The keenest of cares owes it birth to a *thorn*.

Thou shalt milk our *one* cow : and if fortune pursue,  
In good tune, with her blessing, my JOAN may milk  
*two* :

I will till our small field, whilst thy prattle and song,  
Shall charm as I drive the bright ploughshare along.

When finish'd the day, by the fire we'll regale,  
And treat our good neighbour at eve with our ale ;  
For JOAN, who would wish for *self only* to live ?  
One blessing of life, my dear girl, is to *give*.

E'en the red-breast and wren shall not seek us in vain,  
Whilst thou hast a crumb, or thy CORIN a grain ;  
Not only their songs will they pour from the grove,  
But yield by example, sweet lessons of love.

Though thy beauty must fade, yet thy youth I'll re-  
member ;  
That thy *May* was my own, when thou shewest *De-*  
*cember* ;

And when AGE to my *head* shall his winter impart,  
The summer of *Love* shall reside in my *heart*.

ODE

## O D E

T O

U G L I N E S S.

DAUGHTER of HECATE, thou'rt undone !

Joy to my soul, thine empire falls :  
No more, thou hobbling, envious *Crone*,  
Thy pow'r the female world appalls.

With smiles the QUEEN of LOVE appears ;  
No longer trembling for the Graces :  
No more thy rude attack she fears,  
On faultless forms, and fairest faces.

BEAUTY will never lose her prime,  
Nor mourn her losses, as of *yore* !  
Defeated, too, thy brother TIME,  
The GOD of wrinkle wounds no more.

See

See AGE display her iv'ry rows !

Her lip preserves its purple bloom !

Her bosom heaves with Alpine snows,

And kisses breathe the rich perfume !

The furrow'd cheek, and hoary head,

No longer now, as usual, greet ;

And, what our Grandmothers all dread,

The nose and chin no longer meet.

TIME's pow'r, the good old Grannies *brave*,

And, ogling, dart their am'rous fire ;

Decline with graces to the grave,

And with the blush of health, *expire* !

THE

## TRAVELLER AND JUPITER.

WHAT wicked thousands sooner would affront  
 (Such is of sin the wonderful increase)

The Heav'n's Eternal RULER—sic upon't—

Than one poor brainless JUSTICE of the Peace,

OF COUNTRY 'SQUIRE, who nothing knows but doxies,  
 Hares, Acts of Parliament, hounds, horses, foxes!

Nay, further—which should scarcely be repeated—

(And, oh! that groundless were the POET's fears!)

GOD by *his own* sad servants is *worse* treated,

*Worse* than our Country Gentlemen by *theirs*.

Ask of the Bishops else, whose humble souls  
 Sweet MERCY melts, and CHARITY controuls.

To cheat the Dev'l, at times, I've no objection;  
Not *Heav'n* ! 'tis such a *willainous reflection* !

A certain TRAVELLER, in ancient days,  
When Gods and Goddeffes were thick as hops,  
Wishing, as he was beating the highways,  
For somewhat dainty to amuse his chops ;

Knelt down to JUPITER, and thus began  
“ O JUPITER, as I'm an honest man,  
“ I'll keep my word, if thou wilt grant my pray'r ;  
“ Amidst my travels, let me *something* find—  
“ Little or much, good, bad, of any kind,  
“ I vow to thee, thy Godship *half* shall share.”

Then with grave sanctity he thump'd his craw ;  
Much as to say, “ Great Jove, my word's a law.”

He had not walk'd a mile, before he found  
A handsome bag of filberts on the ground ;  
At sight of which, his lips with rapture smacking,  
Plumb down he squats, and falls at once to crack-  
ing.

To cut my story short, he crack'd and eat,  
From ev'ry nut, each atom of the meat;

When gravely gathering up the shells, he cries,

“ JOVE, sacred have I kept my word—for see,

“ The *better* half indeed I leave to *thee*,

“ The *shells*, O mighty Ruler of the skies !

“ There are they all, great JOVE—survey 'em :

“ Shouldst thou suspect my honour—*weigh 'em* !”

## S O N G.

---

THE wretch, O let me never know,  
Who turns from PITY's fearful eye;  
Who melts not at the dirge of WOE,  
But bids the soul renew its sigh!

O say not with the voice of scorn,  
"The lilies of thy neck are fled,  
"Thine eyes their vanish'd radiance mourn,  
"The roses of thy cheek are dead."

Too cruel YOUTH, with tears I own,  
The rose and lily's sad decay;  
And forrowing wish for *thee alone*,  
Their transient bloom a longer day.

Yet

Yet though thine eyes no longer trace  
The healthful blush of former charms;  
Remember that each luckless grace,  
O COLIN, faded in *thy arms!*



## O D E

TO MY GOOD FRIEND

## THE MOST MERCIFUL JUDGE

O —, whose *fair* heart so full of love,  
Melts, snow-like, on the victim void of hope ;  
Whose conscience stretches like the softest glove,  
To save the sighing culprit from the rope !  
To *thee*, in VIRTUE'S stoutest armour, strong,  
Permit thy *friend* and Bard to pour the song.

O let us drag the *foes of man* to day,  
And hang them like *thy rats*\* upon our lay,  
Murd'ers that strike the cheek of HORROR pale !  
Whose morals give contagion to a *jail*.

\* Hereby hangs a pretty little tale.

Illumin'd,

Illumin'd, ah ! too oft by FORTUNE's rays,

A pigmy wretch is shewn in yon huge House ;\*  
 Just as the solar microscope displays  
 A mite, a flea, a bug, a dirty louse.

A JUDGE *may* rise, despising NATURE's groan ;

A villain, in damnation sunk so deep ;  
 That VICE, black VICE, shall ne'er be *idle* known,  
 But when the fur-clad monster falls asleep !

Just as the hackney-coachmen curse aloud  
 Kind SOL, who dissipates a threatening cloud,  
 Dark-hov'ring, wishing much his power to show,  
 And bid his deluge drown the world below ;

Just as the restless demon of the night  
 Lours on the maiden blush of orient light,  
 And skulks into the charnel's murky shade ;  
 A JUDGE *may* rise, whose scowl shall curse the smile  
 Of JUSTICE, who so long has blest our Isle,  
 And strike with ruffian fist the heav'nly MAID.

\* Westminster Hall.

Where is the JUDGE, in *murder* only brave,  
 Whose soul delights to feed the gaping grave;  
 Who on the convict's pale cheek feasts his eyes;  
 Whose heart-felt sounds are HOPE's expiring sighs?

Where is the happy PATRON of the rope,  
 Whose eyes on *seas* of blood would gladly ope;  
     Fresh hecatombs of carnage, every morn;  
 Whose ear could *live* on VIRTUE's deepest groan;  
 Stretch ev'n to *pain* to catch her last faint moan,  
     Poor writhing wretch, by every torture torn?

There's no such damned JUDGE—but let me say,  
 So foul a spirit *may* disgrace the day.

Where is the JUDGE, who, 'midst his shinking vale,  
 Walks forth, ah! not to hear the turtle's tale;  
 But with a happy, keen, and sparkling eye,  
 To see the kite with fury sweep the sky;  
 Now in his iron talons bear along,  
 The lark which charm'd the season with his song?

To *such* DAME NATURE never yet gave birth—  
 But *such* a miscreant vile, *may* curse the earth.

Where

Where is the JUDGE, who courts the gloom of night;  
Charm'd with the owl's and bat's and beetle's flight,  
And fees with joy the specter'd band pass by;  
With rapture listens to their piteous wail,  
Now follows hard to catch the mournful tale,  
And sorrows when the phantoms 'scape his eye?

A JUDGE, like *this*, to bid poor NATURE mourn,  
Was never *yet*, thank heav'n! but *may* be born.

Where is the JUDGE who walks the foaming shore  
At midnight, 'midst the ruthlets tempest's roar,  
When FATE and HORROR ride the thund'ring  
DEEP;  
Who for the cormorant's broad pinion sighs,  
To mingle with the tumult of the skies,  
And join the whirlwind's wild resistless sweep;

To hover o'er the darken'd scene of death,  
And triumph in the seaman's shrieking breath;  
Charm'd with each mountain surge, for life that  
raves;  
Charm'd as the arm of FATE, with cruel shock,  
Heaves the huge vessel on the groaning rock,  
And rends it piece-meal, 'midst a world of waves?  
“ There's

“ There’s no fuch man, nor ever was,” you cry :  
Sweet JUDGE ! dear dove-like —— ! fo fay I.  
But *may* there not a dev’l like this appear ?  
LIFE deals in monfters much too oft, I fear !

O DEVON, parent of immortal men,  
O fhould thy beauteous bofom prove a den,  
    To hold and fuckle fuch an Imp of fhame ;  
Know, to the POET though thou gav’ft birth,  
With foul-felt ardour will I wifh thy death,  
    Renounce thy blafed foil, and change my name.

SYLVIA.

---

SYLVIA.

DASHWOOD, I dislike your jokes on Matrimony : you possess too much sense to treat with so much levity a state which the first Philosophers hold sacred. But your jest *must* not be spared, though ruin be the consequence. After all your pretty professions, I am not *now* certain that your passion is sincere—how am I to be convinced ?

DASHWOOD.

Fie, fie, thou charming infidel !—listen.

S O N G.

DEAR girl, I'm up to ears in love !  
The fact, a thousand follies prove ;  
Yes, yes, I feel the dart !  
Well ! now I'm wounded, give the cure ;  
Thou'rt not a cruel girl, I'm sure,  
So try to ease the smart.

“ Lord blefs us ! it is all a lie,”  
I hear thee with emotion cry,  
“ I’m fure there’s nothing in’t :”  
Indeed there is, I’m fore afraid,  
Nay, take the fymptoms, fceptic MAID,  
That make it plain as print.

The instant that I fee thee coming,  
My heart againft my ribs keeps drumming,  
As if to caper out ;  
To make his *congé* at thy feet,  
Pronounce himfelf thy flave fo fweet,  
And fight for thee *fo flout*.

From thofe dear lips, delicious blifs,  
If faucy coxcombs fical a kifs,  
My eyes fo jealous roll :  
Afide, I call the puppies names,  
My heart is *Ætna*-like in flames,  
Confuming to a coal.

I cannot bear to be *alone* ;  
I yawn, I figh, I gape, I groan,  
And writhe as if with pain :

Now

Now on a sudden feize a book,  
Just half a minute in it look,  
Then fling it down again.

Now ruminating wild, I walk,  
Nod to myself, and smile, and talk ;  
Now hunt for something lost ;  
Now sit, jump up—now flare, now wink,  
On some deep problem seem to think—  
Now vacant as a post.

Now feize the violin, and scratch  
A half a glee, or half a catch ;  
Now snatch the brush, and paint :  
Now fling it down, and feize the flute,  
Now hum an air divine, now *hoot*,  
To make poor Music faint.

Now full resolv'd to visit thee,  
And take a social cup of tea,  
And give my heart a plaster ;  
I draw my watch, not over cool,  
Call him a little limping fool,  
And bid him travel faster.

Now



Now bufling round the room, here, there,  
I try to find my hat, and fwear,  
    And wifh him damn'd, and dead;  
Now raging from my inmoft foul,  
I roar, "What thief my hat hath ftolè?"  
    Then find it on my head.

Nay, nay, I'd *marry* thee, my dear—  
Love's fymptoms now *too plain* appear;  
    There's nobody can mifs it:  
Yet if thefe fymptoms are not love,  
And *this* the paffion fail to prove,  
    Why, what the devil is it?

O that I did not love thee, girl,  
And that my head, in this wild whirl,  
    Could keep a little fteady!  
But 'tis in vain, alas! to preach;  
Like drowning boys, I've loft my reach:  
    My fenfe is gone already.

Yet, SYLVIA, know, the *fingle elf*  
Has only *one* to ferve—viz. *Self*;

But

But when he takes a *wife*,  
A *hundred masters* then appear ;  
And what is very hard, my dear,  
His slavery lasts *for life*.

## H Y M N

T O

## A D V E R S I T Y.

THUS sung the Bard of old, and deem'd no fool,

“ Sweet are the uses of ADVERSITY ;”

A DAME who kicketh from your rump your fool,

And, savage, sheweth not one grain of mercy t'ye

Bids all your fancied-dearest friends *turn tail* ;

*Greets* with wir'd whips, and *blesſes* with a jail.

O MISTRESS of this wisdom-teaching pain,

With PILL'RY, GIBBET, FAMINE, in thy train,

Go knock, God bleſs thee, knock at *others'* doors

By all my fav'rite Gods of prose and rhyme,

I feel not thy philosophy sublime—

Go, seek the zealot who thy stripes implores.

Go, thunder on *another's* house thy strife ;  
 Snatch from a husband's happy arms a wife ;  
     Blot from his soul each glimm'ring ray of hope ;  
 Rack all his lovely daughters with disease ;  
 Poison his sons, and, more thy rage to please,  
     Present the fainting father with a rope.

But let *me* keep wife, children, peace, and land,  
 And learn thy lessons all at *second hand*.

My taste is dull—yes, vastly dull indeed !

    I hate to see a brother mortal bleed—  
 I hate to hear a gentle Nature groan,  
     And, GODDESS, more especially *my own*.

Yes, yes, Heav'n knows, my taste is more *confiu'd* ;  
 Prefers the *Zephyr* to the *howling wind* ;  
 Prefers too, such my star's unlucky blunder,  
*One hour's* bright calm, to *months* of cloud and thunder.

Thou possibly mayst be a good physician,  
 But *certes* dost not know my *weak condition*.  
 Blisters, and scarifying, and spare diet,  
 Would set my *nervous* system in a riot ;

Rich cordial *drafts* would answer best, I trow,  
Made up by MESSIEURS HAMMERSLY and Co.

Thine iron scourge would really act in vain,  
So apt am I to make wry mouths at pain ;  
At disappointment much inclin'd to moan.  
Whenever then, O GODDESS, things we see,  
That with one's nature so much disagree,  
Methinks 'twere better they were let alone.

To tumble from a house, or from a tow'r,  
And break a luckless brace of legs and arms,  
Would make one look most *miserably* sour ;  
Yet are there men, who deem all these *no harms*.

Then *seek* them, GODDESS—foulc them on the stones,  
And for their goodly comfort, crack their bones.

If in a *well-stuff'd* coach, *well-overfet*,  
A broken leg, and thigh, and arm, I get,  
I am not, I confess, of that pure leaven,  
To crawl out on my hands and knees, and say,  
Grace-like, " For what I have receiv'd this day,  
" I humbly thank thee, O most gracious Heav'n !"  
O Mistress

O Mistress of the terrifying mien,  
 The boatswain's deep-ton'd voice and brawny arm,  
 O be not within *leagues* of PETER seen ;  
 Thy cat-o'-nine-tails cannot, cannot *charm*.

A stupid scholar, GODDESS, I shall be ;  
 Thy conversations are *too deep* for *me*.

Yes, MADAM, you are too sublime a Dame  
 For PETER's company, I speak with shame—  
 A little winning *wench* contenteth *me*,  
 'Clep'd FORTUNE, a good-natur'd smiling lass,  
 Who constant lights my pipe, and fills my glass,  
 And makes my ev'ry day a *jubilee*.

This is the sweet companion for my money ;  
 Such is the little Syren I desire—  
 Thou art all gall, and she all milk and honey ;  
 'Tis *at a distance* I must thee admire.

A hawk-like appetite, and empty platters,  
 The bleak wind whistling through a coat in tatters,  
 The flight of fancied friends, a foe's abuses,  
 Are *things* for which my bowels do not yearn ;  
 For rot me, MADAM, if I can discern  
 One *atom* of their several earthly uses.

MORALITY may wear a ruffle shirt,  
I really think, and not his conscience hurt—

MORALITY may also like nice picking ;  
For since the great ALL-WISE has giv'n us fowls,  
Mankind were certainly a set of owls,  
To dare to place damnation in a chicken.

MORALITY, I ween, may go well drest ;  
Keep a good fire, and live upon the *best* ;  
Throw by his wheel-barrow, and keep a carriage ;  
Visit the Op'ra, Masquerade, and Play ;  
Drink Claret, Burgundy, Champagne, Tokay ;  
Get fifty thousand with a girl in marriage.

To eat from splendid plate, or homely manger,  
Methinks the soul is just in *equal* danger.

Besides, 'tis *late*, O Goddess, in the day—  
I'm not a subject fit for thee to flay ;  
To speak the truth, my nerves *too nicely* feel—  
Go, search the motley mixture of mankind ;  
Some young enthusiast wild, thou soon mayst find,  
Proud of thy whips, and glad to *grace* thy wheel.

So great for my *own person* is my love,  
And *hard* thy lessons, I can't *now begin 'em*—  
Besides, as I have hinted *just above*,  
I'd rather *read* of battles than *be in 'em*.



## SONG TO SAPPHO.

---

AT length, O fairest Nymph, farewell !  
Let sighs alone my passion tell ;  
    With tears I quit thy arms :  
Adieu each eve of pure delight ;  
Adieu each morn with rapture bright ;  
    Adieu thy *brighter* charms !

Where'er by FATE condemn'd to stray,  
Where PHŒBUS pours the golden day,  
    Or sleeps beneath the wave,  
Thine image will my path pursue,  
And ever present on my view,  
    Detain me still a slave.

In vain I roam—I strive in vain  
To break, O beauteous MAID, thy chain !

Yet why my fetters part ?  
Ev'n now thy sighs, my sighs approve ;  
Ev'n now thy love, returns my love,  
And yields me heart for heart !

## I N V O C A T I O N

T O

*ST. CECILIA.*

O N A L A D Y S I N G I N G .

DESCEND, O GODDESS, from thy sphere,  
And listen to a BRITISH MAID;  
A sweeter SAPPHO warbles here,  
Than charm'd of yore the Lesbian shade.

Yet not like SAPPHO's mourns her strain,  
Alas! with Love's desponding sigh;  
To DELIA's beauty bows each swain,  
And owns the triumph of her eye.

ON THE  
D E A T H  
OF A  
M U S I C A L F R I E N D.  
A PASTORAL ELEGY.

---

HOW blest were the NYMPHS and the SWAINS,  
When LYCIDAS join'd in the song;  
The chief, and the pride of the plains,  
Who led all the PLEASURES along!

Of late, not a valley was fair,  
Not a grove gave a musical sound;  
The breeze seem'd a sigh of despair,  
And PITY sat mute on the ground.

But NATURE (how sudden the change !)  
At the presence of LYCIDAS smil'd—  
HEALTH was seen, through the valley to range,  
And an Eden sprung up from the wild !

The throfile was heard in the shade ;  
The linnet enliven'd the grove,  
And Echo, long banish'd, sweet MAID,  
Return'd with her stories of Love.

Yes, each scene at his presence was glad,  
That so lately with sorrow was rent ;  
And the voice of the MOURNER so sad  
Was lost in the songs of CONTENT.

Just able to crawl o'er the stile,  
And doom'd, ah ! to labour no more,  
AGE would crawl from his cot with a smile,  
And a blessing to leave at his door.

But the SHEPHERD for ever is gone—  
Hark ! his knell, how it saddens the gale !  
Joy dies, and our pastimes are flown :  
FATE envies the smiles of our vale.

Now let MIRTH from each hamlet *retire*  
To the region of silence and gloom :  
Sure his death must our sorrow inspire,  
Since the VIRTUES will weep at his tomb.

APOLLO

## A P O L L O

TO THE

ANACREONTIC SOCIETY,

AT THE CROWN AND ANCHOR.

YE sons of ANACREON, listen awhile ;  
 'Tis APOLLO, your friend, that sends greeting—  
 Of your pleasures, we Gods are in love with the *style*,  
 And are mad to be down at your meeting.

Father Jove with your sounds is so wond'rously pleas'd,  
 That he swears at our *flats* and our *sharps* ;  
 With the squawls of each Muse he'll no longer be  
 teaz'd,  
 So commands me to break up their harps.

He has quite put a stop to poor Momus's fun,  
 And forbid his *jeux d'esprit* to flow ;  
 Thus our club is knock'd up, because we're outdone  
 By the mirth of you mortals below.

Then accept my petition—a wish most sincere ;  
 Let me join as the *Laureate* your throng ;  
 Though I cannot, like INCLEDON, ravish your ear,  
 I can give you a pretty good song.

As for example :

### SONG BY APOLLO.

A p-x on all sorrow—on happiness seize—  
 CARE, avaunt ! nor our pleasures alloy :  
 Since JOVE has giv'n passions and objects to please,  
 The meaning is, *Mortals enjoy*.

JOVE's a God of ten thousand—the MONARCH, I  
 know,  
 Loves his bottle, girl, song, and a jest ;  
 Has a monstrous regard for *choice spirits* below,  
 And is charm'd when his creatures are blest.

But



But he's vex'd when a fool takes it into his head,  
That he's *lost*, if he meddles with *pleasure*;  
And thinks, too, the fellow confounded *ill-bred*,  
To *refuse* when he *offers* the treasure.

When a Zealot has turn'd up the whites of his eyes,  
With long phiz, and a puritan strain,  
I have seen the God laugh, and in fun, from the  
skies,  
Make up mouths at the blockhead again.

Then push round the bottle—let each give his song;  
Wit, Humour, and Friendship attend us;  
And whilst for enjoyment our passions are strong,  
Let us ask not his GODSHIP to *mend us*.

Thus we'll revel, till MORNING peeps into our glass,  
Then to scenes of new rapture remove;  
To embrace with devotion a wife or a lass,  
And be blest on the bosom of LOVE.

## O D E

TO A

## H A N D S O M E    W I D O W.

SEE yonder cloud, that mopes with mournful shade,

Black ! black, as though it never would be bright !

SOL, like a bridegroom comes, a jovial blade,

Clasps her with warmth, and lo, her darkness,

Light !

The drefs of CLOUD soon alters ! for, behold,

Her gloomy Sables change to pink and gold !

DAUGHTER of sorrow, thus *perchance* 'twill be,

If I mistake not NATURE, soon with *thee*.

Pale as the pale rain-loaded lily's look,  
And languid as the willow o'er the brook,

Exalt once more that drooping form to *joy* ;  
Too long the lute of *Woe*, with dying sound,  
And melting lullaby thine eye hath drown'd ;  
The *trump* of *Rapture* should his voice employ ;

The sprightly *Fiddle* rouse his sister *Dance*,  
And bid thy cold heart glow with *Love's* romance.

Thy lifted eyes *too eloquently* mourn,  
Deep-swimming in the silent fount of tears !  
And then thy voice so musically lorn,  
Accusing *Fate's too cruel, cruel* sneers,  
Wakes all the soft emotions of my heart,  
That sympathizing fain would *mirth* impart.

But grief for Spouses lasts not Ladies long ;  
Yet *very* poignant !—yes, though *short*, 'tis *strong*,  
When first the best of husband's breathes his last :  
And if his *all* be left them !—what a storm  
Of sighs and tears their beauty to deform !  
GRIEF seems as *ever* he would ride the blast.

Yet

Yet *soon*, 'tis said, the winds of *Woe* are still ;  
And tears, from *torrents*, sink a *prattling rill*.

Think what a pair of sparkling eyes are *thine*,  
And do not drown their Cupids in the brine ;  
And think too on thy pretty dimpled cheek—  
Think of thy flaxen hair, whose beauties flow  
In broad luxuriance o'er thy breast of snow ;  
And think too of that soft and polish'd neck.

Think of thy lips, that kisses can impart,  
So ready from their ruby beds to start !

Thus speak those lips, "*We will be kiss'd again.*"  
And in the same sweet fascinating strain,  
Thy polish'd bosom says, "*I will be press'd ;*"  
And then thy cheek, the loveliest of our Isle,  
Exclaims, "*I will resume the cheerful smile,*  
"*My bloom shall make some future lover blest.*"

O listen to thy locks from fashion hurl'd—  
"*We will look christian-like—we will be curl'd ;*  
"*We will not imitate a cow's strait tail :*"

And then thy all-subduing taper waist,  
So full of rich desires, and then so *chaste*,

While others are so marvellously *frail*—  
“ I *will* be clasp'd by some smart swain, I say,  
“ Not, like a cabbage-stalk, be flung away.”

Thy heart too speaks! “ Though *now*, alas! forlorn,  
“ There seems no reason for *eternal* fighting:  
“ Owl-like, *a little* let me mope and mourn,  
“ But not be *ever* swelling, groaning, dying.”

Hark! from thy hand, which thou dost wretched  
wring—

“ Give me,” (a finger cries) “ *another* ring.”  
Oh! canst thou hear it on such wishes dwell,  
And not indulge it with the *bagatelle*?

Daughter of Grief, then hamper not thy charms,  
Who, really grown rebellious, pant for arms;  
Give way then to the roving mutineers—  
And shouldst thou say, “ Lord! who will *take* 'em in?”  
Trust me, I'll entertain 'em, ev'ry *skin*—  
My bosom's open to the pretty DEARS.

## O D E.

PETER descanteth on the precariousness of Life, wisheth to be at his own disposal, and sheweth no objection to an *emendation* of NATURE.

AH! this our world's a world of sad mishaps!  
Beset with DEATH's uncomfortable traps!

Hard squeez'd we sometimes get away to groan:  
Now half the body's in the spiteful gin,  
And now th' unlucky tail, to make us grin,  
So that we dare not call our souls *our own*.

I do not like *entails*—I hate controul—  
Jove! give me the *fee simple* of my soul;  
Around this system let me range at ease,  
To stay, or quit it, whensoever I please.

Amid the wonders of CREATION's field,  
Strange! that EXISTENCE should to *trifles* yield!

Behold that promising Herculean Boy:

A Zephyr on his infant cradle blows ;  
 Lo ! out at once LIFE's little candle goes,  
 The flame too of a parent's hope and joy.

Thus shall the poor mean solitary worm  
 Kill, in the acorn's kind protecting cell,  
 The small oak-embryo, that had mock'd the storm,\*  
 And smil'd upon the sulphur'd flash of hell ;  
 Had push'd its roots where EARTH's deep centre lies,  
 And with its tow'ring branches brav'd the skies.

'Tis a *strange* world we live in, to be sure ;  
 A world of wounds, I fear, without a cure !  
 DAME NATURE seems a sad unnat'ral Mother :  
 Methinks 'tis hard, *one* animal should die,  
 Groan out his last, and *ever* close his eye,  
 To treat with life and rosy health *another*.

'Tis strange indeed ! yet *true*, though passing strange ;  
 Where'er the foot or eye of man can range,  
 This munching, mad, devouring system reigns !  
 O could our mortal palate feed on *roses*,  
 As on their dainty essence, feed our noses,  
 This world were then a pleasurable scene.

'Tis

'Tis murder, murder, now, from morn to night !

Look at a simple act that yields delight—

The Ploughman toiling through his fallow'd  
ground :

Happy he turns the glebe for vegetation—

Yet in this act how many a harmless nation

\*Of worms, poor reptiles, feel the grinding wound !

Whilst rooks, and crows, and magpies, hop behind,

Alert and greedy, gobbling all they find !

That 'tis a *good* world cannot be contended—

I wish 'twere *mended*.



## O S G A R's P R A Y E R.

ELFRID, the beautiful daughter of OSGAR, was a captive amongst the Druids, and designed as a sacrifice to the Gods.—Amidst a storm of thunder and lightning, he goes to the Druid mountain, in order to procure, by his supplications, and an offer of his own life on the altar, his daughter's liberty.

## O S G A R.

Ye winds, that warring thus, around me rage,  
 Cease your rude thunders on the wretch who dies ;  
 Poor is the triumph o'er desponding AGE,  
 Whose energy is only in his sighs !

Ye forked lightnings that around me flame,  
 Ye mark two languid eyes, that weep and pray ;  
 Once, once like you, high-kindling shone their beam,  
 Till TIME, and dark MISFORTUNE, dimm'd their  
 ray.

Forbear,

Forbear, alas ! to thwart my way forlorn,  
 Wet with the falling tears of fondest love ;  
 For *life*, I hear a captive DAUGHTER mourn,  
 And court compassion from the Druid grove.

My feebly bending form, and scanty hair,  
 Grown white with grief, my tender cause should  
 \* plead ;  
 Wake a small pity on my deep despair,  
 And bid the Druids stay the bloody deed.

If, on their hearts, my sorrows nought avail,  
 What, without ELFRID, life, poor life, endears ?  
 Then kill me—then 'tis MERCY lulls the wail,  
 Of one who counts the moments by his tears.

*To the Druids.*

SEERS of high knowledge, lo, a grief-worn man,  
 Whose only daughter is his soul's delight !  
 For *her* a father woe-begone and wan,  
 With horror darkens e'en the shade of night.

FATHERS of virtue, why this long delay ?  
 O lead your willing victim to the shrine :  
 Quick let me close these eyes upon the day,  
 That, ELFRID, lig'it may beam for years on thine.

Haste with the knife of fate, ye Druid bands ;  
And thus, my daughter's prison-door unbar :  
Forbear to bind with cords my wither'd hands—  
To *struggle*, were with ELFRID's life to *war*.

Her eye will drop a pearl on OSGAR's tomb ;  
Her sighs be balm where'er my urn is laid—  
Those let her give, and I will bless my doom ;  
I ask no happier offering to my Shade,

FATHERS of knowledge, why this long delay ?  
Speak, am I not a *victim* for yon sphere ?  
When from your holy mandates did I stray,  
And drew from VIRTUE's wounded eye the tear ?

When did I cease your temples to adore ?  
Or view'd unaw'd the Druid's ancient fire ;  
These rocks, these Idols, I confess'd their pow'r,  
And rev'rent sung their wonders to my lyre.

When was the faith of OSGAR known to fail ?  
What injur'd spirits of my flights complain ?  
What spectre, 'midst the thunders of the gale,  
On OSGAR mournful call'd, and call'd in vain ?

Have

Have I not walk'd with many a sheeted ghost,  
    'Midst the dread silence of the midnight gloom ;  
On moonlight mountains met the haggard host,  
    How wild ! with all their horrors from the tomb ?

Shrunk PENURY, as crawling from the grave,  
    Ne'er left with forrowing downcast eye my door :  
Thanks to the Gods, who wealth to OSGAR gave,  
    And taught its happy worth, to help the Poor.

A daughter's virtues are my only boast !  
    A sweet simplicity, unspoil'd by art :  
Lo, with my ELFRID's life, a *world* is lost !  
    All, all forfakes me, but a breaking heart.

O spare the terrors of a blameless Maid ;  
    And let *my sufferings* her dear days prolong :  
O ! be *these* limbs along your altar laid ;  
    O'er bleeding OSGAR hymn the victim's song.

The sigh that wafts the parting soul away,  
    Retires from *others* with unwilling flight—  
With *joy*, *my* spirit shall desert its clay,  
    And bless you DRUIDS for the cruel rite.

Let not my ELFRID see my blood-stain'd hair,  
Nor cheek so pale, which saves her precious breath;  
A scene so sad, her gentle nature spare:  
Her wounded heart, so soft, would weep to death.

Yet would my ELFRID see no frown appear,  
As fullen, forrowing for the loss of life:  
I'll teach my languid cheek a *smile* to wear,  
And show its triumph in the tender fire.

Enough of woe, her drooping strength will prove,  
When cold beneath the lonely turf I lie:  
The bleeding hist'ry of a parent's love,  
Will often dim the crystal of her eye.

Ye Gods! when dead, permit my ghost to roam,  
Peace to her turtle bosom to impart;  
To guard from pining thought her tender bloom,  
And snatch from Woe's o'erwhelming floods her heart.

Thus, thus, attendant be my watchful shade,  
Till FATE, commanding, seal her dove-like eye;  
Then let me fondly clasp my darling Maid,  
And add another glory to your sky.

O deal the blow, and ELFRID's form release!—

He said—the melting Druids heard his pray'r ;

Rever'd his virtues, bade him go in peace,

And to a father's fondness gave the FAIR.

DELIA ;

## D E L I A :

## P A S T O R A L   E L E G Y .

LO, the pride of the village is dead !

Lo, the bloom of our vale is no more !  
Now SORROW fits dumb in the shade,  
Where RAPTURE oft carol'd before.

Like the Morn, she enliven'd the groves ;  
Like the Summer, gave life to the swain ;  
For her smile was the seat of the LOVES,  
And her voice the sweet song of the plain !

O DELIA, divine is thy name !  
Thy merits we all shall revere ;  
We shall dwell with delight on thy fame,  
And think of thy loss with a tear.

Ev'n our *children* shall lisp in thy praise !

    Their Instructress shall INNOCENCE be ;  
Who their little ambition shall raise,  
    To resemble a Fair-one like Thee.

Though lodg'd in a Church-yard so drear,

    Which the yew-tree surrounds with its gloom ;  
Thy virtue a *sun* shall appear,  
    And thy graces be *flow'rs* on thy tomb.

MADRIGAL.



## M A D R I G A L.

---

How sweet is every shepherd's song !  
How fair the vows that load his tongue !  
His soul with every sigh expires,  
His bosom flames with furious fires !

This ev'ry day we *seem* to see ;  
But when will LOVE and TRUTH agree ?

When spiders, for the harmless fly,  
In silent ambush cease to lie ;  
When foxes keen with poultry *play*,  
And from the lambkin run away ;  
Then may the world with wonder see,  
That LOVE and TRUTH at last agree.

SONG,

## S O N G,

B Y S Y L V I A.

WHEN first my Shepherd told his tale,  
 He droop'd and languish'd, look'd and sigh'd ;  
 " Good Heav'n," thought I, and then turn'd pale,  
 " How often men for love have *died* !"

\*

Then pond'ring well, thought I again,  
 " 'Tis pity kill so sweet a swain !"

With *such* a warmth my hand he prest,  
 My heart was fill'd with wild alarms,  
 That bouncing, bouncing at my breast,  
 Cry'd, " Take poor COLIN to your arms."  
 And then my *tongue* began its strain,  
 " 'Tis pity kill so sweet a swain !"

Now

Now WISHES rise, his cause to plead,

The mutineers, in faucy hands,

And roar, “ For shame to strike him dead,

And have a *murder* on your hands !”

“ WISHES, you’re right,” quoth I, “ ’tis plain-

“ What then ? *What then !* I sav’d the twain.”

## O D E

TO

T H E S U N.

O THOU, bright Ruler of the day,  
 To whom unnumber'd millions pray,  
     And, kneeling, deem thee all divine;  
 Eternal foe of inky NIGHT,  
 Who puttest all her imps to flight,  
     Receive the POET's grateful line.

I own I love thy early beam,  
 That gilds the hill and vale and stream,  
     And trees and cots and rural spires;  
 And, happy, 'mid the vallies' song,  
 I listen to the minstrel throng,  
     And, thankful, hail thy genial fires.

Yet lo, the Lords of this huge place\*  
 Care not three straws for thy bright face,  
 Nay, thy rich lamp with curses load ;  
 When thou gett'st up, they go to bed ;  
 And when the nightcap's on *thy* head,  
*They* stare, and flit like owls abroad,

Yes, yes, indeed they oft protest  
 That thou'rt a most intruding beast ;  
 And lo, in triumph thus they say,  
 " Behold our Navy, Britain's pride !  
 " From pole to pole our vessels glide,  
 " And sail as safe by night as day.

" Want we a fruit, of flavour fine ?"  
 Exclaim the GREAT—" behold, the pine  
 " Is better warm'd by coal and tan :  
 " Not ev'n to one exotic plant  
 " The sun a perfect taste can grant—  
 " "Deny the stubborn fact, who can ?"

The Footmen too, with winking eyes,  
 Abuse thy journey up the skies ;  
*Messieurs* Postillions, *Mesdames* Cooks—

\* London.

Content

Content to lie a-bed all day,  
 They hate, alas ! thy rising ray,  
 And curse thy all-observing looks.

Vex'd to their houses to be driv'n,  
 The GREAT retire from routs, their heav'n,  
 And break up in a horrid passion,  
 And cry, " In *times of old*, indeed,  
 " The *tasteless world* a fun might need,  
 " But now the fool is out of fashion.

" About his business let him go,  
 " And light on *other* systems throw,  
 " *Vulgars !* that never wax-lights handle !  
 " Nay, while a *mutton* light remains,  
 " A *fun* with us no credit gains,  
 " But yields to ev'ry *farthing* candle."

## THE QUEEN OF FRANCE TO HER CHILDREN,

*Just before her Execution.*

## AN ELEGIAC BALLAD.

FROM my prison with joy could I go,  
And with smiles meet the savage decree,  
Were it only to sleep from my woe,  
Since the grave holds no terrors for *me*.

But from *you*, O my children, to part !  
Oh ! a coward I melt at my doom ;  
*Ye* draw me to earth, and my heart  
Sighs for life, and shrinks back from the tomb.

Lift, lift not to CALUMNY's lie,  
For I know not of guilt and its fears ;  
And when at my fate ye will sigh,  
My ghost shall rejoice in your tears.

In bleffings, ah ! take my laft breath !

Dear babes of my bofom, adieu !

May the cloud be difpers'd by my death,

And open a funfhine for *you* !



## T O A L A D Y,

WHO WISHED NOT TO BE ADMIR'D.  

---

AH, foolish DELIA ! since you hate  
That people of your charms should prate;  
Give *me* that face, that air divine,  
And in exchange accept of *mine*.

Thus shall I gain my heart's desire,  
And set a raptur'd world on fire—  
*You'll* too be pleas'd, (no longer doubt ye)  
As folks won't say one word about ye.

SONG.

## S O N G.

---

DEAR PHILLIDA, do not my passion despise ;  
Ah ! wherefore disclaim all my vows and my sighs ?

Can cruelty dwell with the dove ?

O PHILLIDA, think not I mean to deceive ;  
Whatever I tell thee, with safety believe ;

For TRUTH is the daughter of LOVE.

•  
Of beauty and grace thou hast got such a store ;  
The eye that beholds thee, at once must *adore* ;

Nor wish from thine altar to rove ;

• Distrust not, I beg thee, the pow'r of thy smile ;  
The Swain who now wooes thee, is void of all  
guile ;

And TRUTH is the daughter of LOVE.

Yet, PHILLIDA, let me confess in thine ear,  
I would fly from thy charms, which so much I revere,  
But their magic forbids me to move :  
And yet, as *inconstancy* governs the FAIR,  
Perhaps thou mayst *smile*, and thus end my despair ;  
HOPE too is the daughter of LOVE.

## O D E

ON

## F R E N C H    T A S T E.

'TIS laughable to see a Frenchman swell;  
 Proud of his tragic Idol, PIERRE CORNEILLE,  
     Baptiz'd, *forsooth*, LE GRAND!  
 But our sop neighbours see things with *strange* eyes!  
 Alas! SUBLIMITY ne'er left her skies,  
     'To take a *Frenchman* by the hand.

It is, indeed, a very *diff'rent* DAME—  
     A meretricious, noisy Lass, I ween;  
 A bouncing Giantess, with eyes of flame,  
     And such a daring and Medusa mien!

Trick'd

Trick'd out in flaunting lace, and stiff brocade,

With cabbage-roses loaded, glaring, vast !

*Such* is the Frenchman's foug-inspiring Maid ;

The name of this bold Brobdignag, BOMBAST.

SUBLIMITY's a sweet, majestic FAIR ;

So simple in her form, and speech, and paces ;

So elegant her manners and her air—

A JUNO dress'd by all the easy GRACLS,

TO

TO TIME.

AN ANACREONTIC.

COME hither—pr'ythee haste, old TIME,  
 And see what joys amongst us reign ;  
 The bottle, MUSIC, girls, and rhyme,  
 And FRIENDSHIP's soul, delight the scene.

Then hither pr'ythee, TIME, repair,  
 And taste the pleasures, Gods should *share*.

The Tuscan juice profusely flows ;  
 We sing of LOVE, and DELIA's charms ;  
 When MORNING warns us to repose,  
 We clasp a fav'rite in our arms.  
 Then hither, &c,

Ah,

Ah, could our joys *for ever* last !  
But, TIME, thy minutes fly too fast :  
Yet wouldst thou pass *one* evening here,  
Thou'dst make each *hour* a *thousand* year.  
Then hither, &c.

SONG

## S O N G.

YE GENTIL 'SQUIRES, give over fighs,  
To gain regard in ladies' eyes,  
And make them doat upon ye;  
For Love has long been kick'd to door,  
Because the little God is *poor*—  
Who's welcome without money?

Try, *gentil* Sirs, a *diff'rent* scheme;  
For truly 'tis an idle dream  
To woo with words of honey:  
Change (if ye wish *their hearts* to fix)  
*Your hearts* into a *coach and six*,  
And coin your *fighs* to *money*!



TO THE

NIGHTINGALE.

---

LONE MINSTREL of the moonlight hour,  
Who charm'st the silent lift'ning plain,  
A hapless PILGRIM treads thy bow'r,  
To hear thy solitary strain.

How soothing is the song of woe,  
To *me*, whom Love hath doom'd to pine!  
For, 'mid those sounds that plaintive flow,  
I hear *my* sorrows mix with *thine*!

DINAH,

## D I N A H,

OR

*MY LADY'S HOUSE-KEEPER.*

JUST forty-five was Mistress DINAH's age,  
My LADY's House-keeper—stiff, dry, and sage,  
Quoting old proverbs oft, with much formality :  
A pair of flannel cheeks compos'd her face ;  
Red were her eyes, her nose of snipe-bill race,  
Which took a deal of snuff, of Scottish quality.

Her small prim mouth bore many a hairy sprig,  
Resembling much the bristles on a pig :  
She likewise held a handsome length of chin,  
Tapering away to sharpness like a pin.

Her

Her teeth so yellow much decay bespake,  
As every other tooth her mouth had fled;  
Thus, when she grinn'd, they seem'd a garden-rake,  
Or sheep's bones planted round a flow'ret bed.

Her hair (*clep'd carrots* by the Wits) was red,  
Sleek comb'd upon a roll around her head;  
Moreover comb'd up very close behind—  
No wanton ringlets waving in the wind!

Upon her head a small mob-cap she plac'd,  
Of lawn so stiff, with large flow'r'd ribbon grac'd,  
*Ty'd a knot and bridle*, in a bow,  
Of scarlet flaming, her long chin below.

A goodly formal handkerchief of lawn,  
Around her scraggy neck, with parchment skin,  
Was fair and smooth, with starch precision drawn,  
So that no prying eye might peep within.

Yet *had* it peep'd, it had espied no swell,  
No lovely swell—no more than on a cat;  
For, lo! was DINAH's neck (I grieve to tell)  
As any tombstone, or a flounder, flat,

Now

Now on this handkerchief so starch and white,  
Was pinn'd a Barcelona, black and tight.

A large broad-banded apron, rather short,  
Surrounded her long waist, with formal port.

On week-days were black worsted mittens worn;  
Black silk, on Sundays, did her arms adorn.

Long, very long, was Mistress DINAH's waist;  
The stiff stay high before, for *reasons chaste*;

A scarlet petticoat she gave to view—  
With a broad plaited back she wore a gown,  
Of stuff, of yellow oft, and oft of brown,  
And oft a damask, well beslow'r'd with blue.  
Moreover, this same damask gown, or stuff,  
Had a large sleeve, and a long ruffle cuff.

Black worsted stockings on her legs she wore;  
Black leather shoes too, which small buckles bore,  
Compos'd of shining silver, also square,  
Holding a pretty antiquated air.

Shrill was her voice, that whistled through her beard;  
And tuncs, at times, were most discordant heard,

Harsh grating on poor JOHN the Footman's ear:  
Harsh grating on the ears of House-maids *too*,  
Possillion *eke*, who curs'd her for a shrew,  
And Kitchen-wench, whom MIS'RY taught to *swear*.

All, all but JEHU, felt her pow'ful tongue,  
Whose happier ear was sooth'd by *sweeter* song.

No company but JEHU's did she keep,  
In horse-flesh, and a coach, profoundly deep;  
My Lady's Coachman, stout, and young, and  
ruddy;  
Great friends were they!—full oft indeed together,  
They walk'd, regardless of the wind and weather.  
So pleas'd each other's happiness to study.

For FRIENDSHIP, to a *Zephyr* sinks a *storm*—  
Turns to a *pigny*, DANGER's giant form—  
Nought casts a dread on FRIENDSHIP's steady eye  
Thus did the couple seek the *darkest* grove,  
Where SILENCE, and sweet MEDITATION, rove;  
Where SOL, intrusive, was forbid to *pry*.  
Greatly

Greatly in sentences did she delight,  
 So pious ! putting people in the right ;  
 And often in the pray'r-book would she look—  
 Where *matrimony* was much thumb'd indeed,  
 Because she oft'nest here God's word did read,  
 The sweetest page in all the blessed book.

All on the Bible too did DINAH pore,  
 Where chaste SUSANNA nearly was a wh—,  
 By wicked ELDERS almost overcome :  
 King DAVID's actions too did DINAH read,  
 A Man of God's own heart—but call'd indeed,  
 A wicked fornicating rogue by *some*.

Of SOLOMON, admir'd she much the Song ;  
 Could read the Monarch's wisdom all day long—  
 And where's the wonder ! lo, the gallant JEW,  
 Of mortal hearts, the great queen Passion knew :  
 Thus sung he of the sparrow and the dove,  
 And pour'd instruction through the voice of LOVE.

John Bunyan read she too, and Kempis Tom,  
 Who plainly shew'd the way to kingdom-come.

So modest was she, she got turn'd away  
 SUSAN the kitchen-wench, for harmless play

With DICK the Driver—likewise harmless DICK.  
 Because he took from SUSAN's lips a kiss,  
 Because too, SUSAN gave him up the bliss,  
 Without a scream, a faint-fit, or a kick.

If JOHN the Footman's eye on LUCY leer'd,  
 My Lady's Maid, she watch'd him like a cat.  
 And if the slightest word of Love she heard,  
 Quick in the fire indeed was all the fat—  
 Off were the couple trundled—man and maid—  
 JOHN for a rogue, and LUCY for a jade.

If e'er she heard of some forsaken Lads,  
 Who lost, by dire mishap, her maiden fame,  
 At once she call'd her trollop, minx of brags,  
 Strumpet, and ev'ry coarse opprobrious name.

Small was the mercy DINAH kept in store  
 For sinful flesh—the *smallest* for a wh—.

So modest DINAH! if she saw two cats  
 Ogling and pawing with their pretty pats,  
 Kissing and squinting love, with sninking hops;

Fir'd at the action, what would **DINAH** do ?  
Slip down her hand, and flily take her shoe,  
Then launch in thunder at their am'rous chops

With Pigeons 'twas the same, and other birds—  
All who made love, came in for bitter words ;  
Poor simple souls, amidst the genial ray,  
Whom simple **NATURE** call'd to simple play ;  
But **DINAH** call'd it vile *adulteration*,  
A wicked, impudent abomination.

It happen'd on a day, that grievous cries,  
By **DINAH** pour'd, created great surprise—  
Ill, very ill, in bed, alas ! she lay :  
A dreadful Colic—her good Lady wept,  
Gave her rich cordials—to her bedside crept,  
When **DINAH** begg'd that she would go away.

Down went my Lady to the parlour strait,  
Fearful that **DINAH** soon would yield to fate ;  
And full of sorrow as my Lady went,  
Sighs for her Maid's recov'ry, back she sent.



Lo, Doctor PESTLE comes to yield relief—  
He feels her pulse—is solemn, sage, and brief;  
    Prescribeth for the Colic—nought avails;  
On DINAH, lo, the dire disorder gains;  
Stronger and faster flow the colic pains,  
    Fear, trembling, paleness, ev'ry foul affails.

“ Poor DINAH ! ” sighs each mouth around the room,  
Join'd to a length'ning face of dread and gloom.

At last, poor DINAH pours a death-like groan—  
A ghostly terror seizeth ev'ry one :

My LADY hears the cry, alas ! below—  
She sends for Doctor PESTLE—PESTLE strait  
Runs to my Lady—“ Doctor, what's her fate ?

“ Speak, is it death, dear Doctor, yes, or no ? ”

“ Not *death*, but *life*, (cries PESTLE) forc'd that squawl;

“ A little JEHU's come to light, that's all.”

TO

C H L O E.

---

**LET** SORROW seek her native night,  
For why should mortals court the tear ?  
Joy, Joy should wing each moment's flight,  
And Echo nought but rapture hear.

I'll gather wisdom from the dove,  
And make my life a life of love.

While YOUTH fits sparkling in thine eyes,  
And lips are rich with many a kiss ;  
Aloud the voice of NATURE cries,  
“ I form'd those charms alone for bliss :  
“ Go, NYMPH, learn wisdom from my dove,  
“ And be thy life a life of love.”

THE  
Y O U N G   F L Y,  
AND THE  
O L D   S P I D E R.

A FABLE.

---

**I**N this original and beautiful fable, the POET alludeth to the arts of Men, who, by flattery, &c. are constantly laying snares for INNOCENCE. The BARD, moreover, sheweth that PRUDENCE may smile at the machinations of a great rogue.

Fresh was the breath of morn—the busy breeze,  
As POETS tell us, whisper'd through the trees,  
And swept the dew-clad blooms with wing so light;

PHŒBUS got up, and made a blazing fire,  
 That gilded every country house and spire,  
 And smiling, put on his best looks so bright.

On this fair morn, a SPIDER who had set,  
 To catch a breakfast, his old waving net,  
 With curious art upon a spangl'd thorn ;  
 At length, with gravely-squinting, longing eye,  
 Near him espied a pretty, plump, young fly,  
 Humming her little orisons to morn.

“ Good morrow, dear Miss FLY,” quoth gallant  
 GRIM—

“ Good morrow, Sir,” reply'd Miss FLY to him—  
 “ Walk in, Miss, pray, and see what I'm about :”  
 “ I'm much oblig'd t'ye, Sir,” Miss FLY rejoin'd,  
 “ My eyes are both so very good, I find,       \*  
 “ That I can plainly see the whole, *without*.”

“ Fine weather, Miss”—“ Yes, very, very fine,”  
 Quoth Miss—“ prodigious fine indeed :”  
 “ But why so coy ?” quoth GRIM, “ that you decline  
 “ To put within my bow'r your pretty head ?”  
 “ 'Tis

“ ’Tis simply this,”

Quoth cautious Miss,

“ I fear you’d like my *pretty head* so well,

“ You’d keep it for yourself, Sir—who can tell?”

“ Then let ~~me~~ squeeze your lovely hand, my dear,

“ And prove that all your dread is foolish, vain.”—

“ I’ve a fore finger, Sir, nay more, I fear

“ You really would not let it go again.”

“ Poh, poh, child, pray dismiss your idle dread;

“ I would not hurt a hair of that sweet head—

“ Well, then, with one kind kiss of *friendship* meet  
“ me:”

“ La, Sir,” quoth Miss, with seeming artless tongue,

“ I fear our *salutation* would be long;

“ So *loving*, too, I fear that you would *eat me*.”

So saying, with a smile she left the rogue,

To weave more lines of death, and plan for prog.

## M A D R I G A L.

---

WHEN LOVE and TRUTH together play'd,  
So cheerful was the Shepherd's song !  
How happy, too, the rural Maid !  
How light the minutes wing'd along !  
But LOVE has left the fighting vale,  
And TRUTH no longer tells her tale,

Sly stealing, see, from scene to scene,  
The watchful JEALOUSY appear ;  
And pale DISTRUST with troubl'd mien,  
The rolling eye, and list'ning ear !  
For LOVE has left the fighting vale,  
And TRUTH no longer tells her tale.

Ah !

Ah ! shall we see no more the hour,  
That wasted rapture on its wing ?  
With murmurs shall the riv'let pour,  
That prattl'd from its crystal spring ?  
Yes, yes, while LOVE forfakes the vale,  
And TRUTH no longer tells her tale.

TO

C H L O E.

FIVE thousand years have roll'd away,  
And yet ten thousand blockheads say,

“ O Pleasure, thou'rt the devil :”

While NATURE bids them joy embrace,  
They fling the blessing in her face ;

Now this is most uncivil !

But I'm not one of those, (thank heav'n !)  
Ingratitude was never giv'n

To my good heart I'm sure ;  
Would CHLOE yield a thousand kisses,  
Upon my knees I'd seize the blisses,  
And beg a thousand more.

ODE



## O D E

TO A

## C O U N T R Y ' S Q U I R E

ON THE EVE OF HIS MARRIAGE.

GREAT 'SQUIRE! you are now upon the eve of  
marriage,

And, O *great* 'SQUIRE, I know you are a *hog*;  
Indeed so sad a brute in all your carriage,  
You'll freely give your wife up for a dog.

This day will yield a FAIR-ONE to your arms,  
Whose dow'r are all the Virtues, and her charms.

Forc'd

Forc'd by the frown of POVERTY to wed,  
 With deep regret, I sec th'unwilling FAIR  
 Dragg'd from her LOVER, to thy hated bed—  
 Sold by a cruel Parent to DESPAIR :

Sec her deck'd out by garish, idle ART,  
 To captivate thy vulgar, savage heart,  
 And live a TYRANT'S *slave*—a servile wife !  
 How like the victim lamb, in ribbons dress'd,  
 Led from its vale and sport, so lately bless'd,  
 To lose its sweetly inoffensive life !

Now, 'Squire, I'll tell you how 'twill be ere long—  
 (O could the thunder of the Poet's song,  
 Preventing, dash thine iron check with shame !)  
 Thou'lt quarrel with her virtues, peerless beauty !  
 Bid her, “ like spaniels, understand her duty ;”  
 Upbraid her with the want of *wealth* and *name*.

Wilt say she came a *beggar* to thy house ;  
 That through *mere charity* thou took'st her in ;  
 Tell her she “ crawls about thee like a louse,  
 “ Eternally a torment to thy skin.”

How

How dares thy fancy nurse the lying thought ;  
How durst, alas ! thy villain tongue declare,  
That, when to *thee* the beauteous MAID was brought,  
Thy offer'd hand *with honour* cloath'd the FAIR ?

Know, with the *virtues* of the charming MAID,  
Know, with her *beauties* thou'rt too well repaid ;  
*Ev'n by a smile*, that all our envy draws :  
Ah ! when she yielded to thy lips her kiss,  
And bosom yields thee, (too sublime a bliss !)  
The luckless VIRGIN barter*s gems* for *straws*.

At length thou'lt leave her for a *wench*—thy Cook ;  
*She* will enjoy thy cash, and love-clad look ;  
The turnspit-bastards, to thine eye be dear—  
Thy WIFE, with sweetness bordering on divine,  
Pale wretch ! in secret solitude shall pine,  
Mourn to the wind, and drop the silent tear.

To heav'n, for help, she lifts the brimful eye !  
Kind HEAV'N resumes the gift its bounty gave—  
With happy heart thou hear'st the parting sigh,  
And drunken, madding, dancest o'er her grave.

Thy

Thy Cook-wench soon becomes thy *proper* mate,  
And leaves thee soon for lads who clean thy stables;  
*Noses* thee, pulls thine cars, and pounds thy pate,  
And, with much justice, on thee *turns the tables*.

MA'AM COOK shall oft contrive to see thee *slipping*,  
To hide thee from her rage, from room to room;  
Urg'd by a ladle-full of *broth* or *dripping*,  
Or by the *strong persuasions* of the broom.

To plague a little more thine aching head,  
And keep thee, mournful devil, upon thorns;  
Shall take thy own Postillion to her bed,  
And, threat'ning, dare thee once to mention *horns*.

THE  
COMPLAINT OF MIRZA,  
TO  
*SELIMA, HIS MISTRESS.*

[FROM THE PERSIAN.]

---

WHERE is the Nymph of Sardi's green domain,  
The Nymph, whom every Bard of Persia sing-?  
To find the wand'rer out, and soothe my pain,  
Sweet bird of morn, to MIRZA lend thy wings.

But wherefore seek the Nymph of Sardi's vale,  
Who fullen flies where Horar's waters roll ;  
Scorns all my plaints, that mourn along the gale,  
And scorns the furge of grief, that sinks my soul ?

Ah ! can that cheek where BEAUTY's summer dwells,

Retain a smile, whilst MIRZA's sorrows flow ?

Ah ! can that heart, that every softness swells,

Forbear to heave on MIRZA's songs of woe ?

Come, like the morn, pure virgin of delight,

And, blushing, chase the cloud of MIRZA's fears :

Come, like the sun upon the dews of night,

And with thy radiance, smile away my tears.

## HAWKING,

A B A L L A D,

MADE AT FALCONERS HALL, YORKSHIRE,

COME, sportfins, away—the morning how fair !  
 To the wolds, to the wolds, let us quickly repair ;  
 Bold THUNDER\* and LIGHTNING\* are mad for the  
     game,  
 And DEATH† and the DEVIL† are both in a flame.

See, BACKERS,‡ a Kite!—a mere speck in the sky—  
 Zounds ! out with the owl—lo, he catches his eye—  
 Down he comes with a sweep—be unhooded each  
     Hawk ;

Very soon will they both to the *Gentleman* talk.

\* Names of two Hawks.

† Names of Hawks.

‡ The Head Falconer.

They're at him—he's off—now they're o'er him  
again :

Ah ! that was a stroke—see ! he drops to the plain—  
They rake him—they tear him—he flutters, he cries,  
He struggles, he turns up his talons, and dies.

See, a Magpie ! let fly—how he flutters and sham-  
bles !

How he chatters, poor rogue ! now he darts to the  
brambles :

Out again—overtaken—his spirits now flag—  
Flip ! he gives up the ghost—good night Miser Mag.

Lo, a Heron ! let loose—how he pokes his long neck,  
And darts, with what vengeance, but vainly, his  
beak !

Egad, he shifts well—now he feels a death-wound,  
And, with THUNDER and LIGHTNING, rolls tumbling  
to ground.

Thus we Falconers sport—now homewards we stray,  
To fight o'er the bottle, the wars of the day :  
And in honour, at night, of the chace and its charms,  
Sink sweetly to rest, with a *Dove* in our arms.





They'll tell thee, beauteous NYMPH, ten thousand  
 lies,  
 That they can mend thy bloom, and sparkling eyes—  
 Avoid, avoid, my dear, the dangerous bait.

Like the *first* woodcock of the year,  
 The instant that he dares appear,  
 The country's up to kill him—dog and gun!  
 So when thou showest, NYMPH, thy rosy face,  
 I see at once an Æsculapian chace;  
 And, oh! if caught, thou wilt not find it *fun*.

Lo, *this* proclaims he vendeth at *his* shop  
 Rich immortality in *his* dear drop;  
 Another dire impostor, bawling louder,  
 Swears that it lodges only in *his* powder.

These raggamuffins have the name of *Quack*,  
 Prepar'd to put thy beauties on the rack—  
 But then, the *Regulars*!—ay, what are they?  
 The *Regulars*, my love, are *Gentlemen*,  
 Whom very justly nine in ten,  
 I with an eye of no small dread survey.

The Regulars in phyfic, I'm afraid,  
 And all th' *irregulars* who ply the trade,  
     Are juſt like men that form an army;  
 Whichever at you lifts his gun, alas!  
 Will ſoon convince you what muſt come to paſs—  
     The ſhot will *very comfortably warm ye.*

Indeed, the only diff'rence will be this,  
 Nor Quack nor Regular the mark will *miſs*;  
     The art of killing they are all ſo pat in:  
 On broken Engliſh, fate by *that* you ſeek;  
 By *this*, upon the wings of mongrel Greek,  
     And pye-bald Latin.

Then once more let me bid thee, blooming LASS,  
 To keep, like Babylon's great King, *at graſs*,  
     And thou wilt find it not an idle notion:  
 'Tis fair, that I ſhould try to ſave thy life—  
 And know that DEATH is never half ſo *riſe*,  
     As when the country ſwarms with *pill* and *potion*.

O blooming WAND'ERER of the breezy hills,  
 Beware then of thoſe *potions* and thoſe *pills*—  
     Be kiſſes all thy phyſic, roſe-lipp'd HEALTH;  
Kiſſes,

Kisses, *my easy nostrum*, ne'er are rife,  
For ever pregnant, lovely NYMPH, with *life*,  
And *sweeter* when they are enjoy'd by *stealth*.

I've built a neat snug cottage on the plain—  
Pr'ythee drop in some evening on *thy swain*.

TO

C H L O E.

CHLOE, I live, and live for *thee alone* ;

Trust me, there's nought worth living for, beside :  
Nought for thine absence, CHLOE, can atone,

Though PHŒBUS shines, and NATURE pours her  
pride.

Lo, full of innocence the lambkins bleat ;

The brooks in sweetest murmurs purl along ;  
The lark's, the linnet's voices too, are sweet—  
But what are these to CHLOE's tuneful tongue ?

With ev'ry balm, the breath of ZEPHYR blows ;

But thine can yield a thousand times more blisses :  
I own the fragrance of the blushing rose,  
But, ah ! how faint to balm of CHLOE's kisses !

Ye

Ye Gods ! I mark thy frown, and scornful eye,  
 And now thy bridling chin of scorn I see :  
 And now I hear thee, so contemptuous, cry,  
 “ What are my kisses, faucy SWAIN, to thee ? ”

True, dearest CHLOE—yet each kiss divine,  
 Which dwelleth on thy lips so very teasing,  
 Would quickly change its nature were it *mine*,  
 And *rapt'rous* prove—*superlatively pleasing* !

LOVE is a *generous* God, and 'tis his pleasure  
 To see the *gold* he gives, in *circulation*—  
 Then cease to *hoard* such *quantities* of treasure,  
 And be afraid to put him in a *passion*.

Thy beauties should the angry God *divide*,  
 And throw amongst thy sex, 'twould be alarming ;  
 And not a little mortify thy pride,  
 To meet, dear CHLOE, ev'ry woman *charming*.

O D E.

---

PETER praiseth Constancy.

TH' unsteady mind is my abomination ;  
I curse the whiffling and inconstant passion :  
From me, dear CONSTANCY, don't, don't depart—  
I love the cooing turtle and her mate—  
The Proteus MUTABILITY I hate—  
A *Demon* when he holds the human heart ;

A flutt'ring straw, to wander so inclin'd ;  
Keeping the company of ev'ry wind.

Old customs let us not exchange for new ;  
They fit so easy—just like an old shoe :  
And let us not, as though from WISDOM'S schools,  
Fancy our forefathers were arrant fools.

E'en

E'en in *religious matters*, folks love *change* ;  
 Scheming new roads to heav'n, they wildly range ;  
     Hunting with noses all so keen, about :  
 I like an honest constancy in souls,  
 In spite of *interest*, that our race controuls,  
     Turning, like pudding-bags, men inside out.

In Ireland, not long since, th' unlucky CATTLE,  
 And that sad plague, call'd MURRAIN, had a battle ;  
     When MURRAIN prov'd a most victorious foe—  
 'For RAM and EWE, 'SQUIRE BULL, and MADAM COW,  
 And lusty MISTER BOAR, and MISTRESS SOW,  
     Were by this rogue in multitudes laid low.

Numbers indeed resign'd their breath,  
 To fill the gaping tombs of death.

Now in the Parish, 'midst the MURRAIN's rage,  
 Which all the Farrier's skill could not assuage,  
     Liv'd a good Priest—FATHER M'SHANE ;  
 Famous afar for wonder-working pray'rs ;  
 Minding not sins one pin, though thick as hares,  
     Safe were the souls of the profane !



One Sunday he desir'd to say his masses,  
 Amidst the field—where beasts of various classes,  
     Infected by this MURRAIN, might appear:  
 His congregation follow'd, so be sure;  
 BULL, Cow, PIG, SHEEP, surrounded him *for a* ,  
     Yielding his masses an attentive ear.

What happen'd? Disappointed was the DEVIL,  
 FATHER M'SHANE's good pray'rs destroy'd the evil;  
 BULL, Cow, and SHEEP, so hungry, graz'd the plains,  
 And PIGS, half famish'd, fell upon the grains.

In short, their healths and appetites return'd—  
 FATHER M'SHANE, what? laugh'd, while SATAN  
     mourn'd.

Proud of his deed, the holy Father went  
 To a rich Protestant, with good intent,  
     To make the MURRAIN from *his* cattle fly:  
 “FATHER M'SHANE,” the Farmer cry'd in scorn,  
 “My *cattle* all were *Church-of-England* born,  
     “ And in that holy faith they all shall die.”

## LITTLE SKETCH

OF A CERTAIN

MERCIFUL AND LITTLE JUDGE.

— *Hunc tu, Romane, caveto;*  
*Hic niger est* —

LO, that *be*-periwigg'd black Knave in scarlet,  
 The robes deep-blushing for their Master's soul;  
 With what solemnity he sits, the varlet!  
 With what sublimity his eye-balls roll!  
 With what a grave pomposity he blows  
 What has been often pull'd—his mean pug-nose!

With what a sanctity pronouncing *death*!  
 How pleas'd in secret swells the fatal breath!  
 Religion-cloath'd, each sentence moves along,  
 While thirst for murder prompts the villain's tongue.  
Look

Look at this *Judge*—this fellow, out of court !

The very first in ROGUEY's hawk-ey'd school !

A knave, committing crimes of *ev'ry sort* ;

To whom, HYPOCRISY's an arrant fool.

“ There's no such *Man*,” the world exclaims.—That's  
true ;

But such a *Monster*, ev'ry day we view.

SIR

## SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

---

IS it not astonishing that the life of so great a Man as Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS should not have been written ? A Painter who possessed more of the charming art than almost any single Professor that ever existed.

But FAME proclaimeth Mr. JAMES BOSWELL to be big with the biography of this celebrated Artist, and ready to sink into the straw !

See JOHNSON's angry ghost, ye Gods, arise !  
He drops his nether lip, and rolls his eyes ;  
And roars, " O Bozzy, Bozzy, spare the *dead* !  
" Raise not thy biographic guillotine ;  
" Decapitate no more with that machine,  
" Nor frighten HORROR with a *second* head :

“ From REYNOLDS’ neck, the pond’rous weapon  
keep :

“ Cease, *Anthropophagus*, to murder sleep !”

There is a wonderful energy, as well as sonorous sublimity in this polysyllabic expression of the Ghost of our immortal Moralist and Lexicographer, not obvious to the *minora sidera* of literature. The word *Anthropophagus* is a derivative from the Greek, signifying *Man-eater* ; and Mr. JAMES BOSWELL having regaled most plentifully on the carcase of Dr. JOHNSON, and meaning to make as hearty a meal on the body of Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS, furnisheth the perturbed Spectre with an appellative of fortunate propriety.

JOHNSON and REYNOLDS, lo, for ever lost !

Of no great man has Bozzy now to boast ;

Of no rich table now can Bozzy brag :

Indeed, like faded Beauties, he will say,

“ ENVY must own *I’ve had my shining day.*”—

What wert thou ?—an illuminated rag !

But what’s become of boastful Bozzy now ?

Deep sunk in mournful solitude art thou !

Amidst

Amidst thy small tin-box, so drear and dark,  
No *courted* GENIUS casts a lucky spark !  
Nothing to gild thy solitary tinder,  
Save the rude flint and steel of PETER PINDAR.

AN

## E P I T A P H

ON A

FRIEND.

THOUGH here in *death* thy relicks lie,  
 Thy worth shall live in MEM'RY's eye ;  
 Who oft at NIGHT's pale noon shall stray,  
 To bathe with tears thy lonely clay.

Here PITY too, in weeds forlorn,  
 Shall, mingling sighs, be heard to mourn ;  
 With GENIUS drooping o'er thy tomb,  
 In sorrow for a Brother's doom.

ODE

O D E

ON THE

CHOLERIC CHARACTER.

---

PETER reprehendeth RATIONAL CREATURES, for their violent  
Anger against INANIMATES.

HAPPY the man whose heart of such a fort is,  
As holds more butter-milk than aqua-fortis !

But, lord ! how passionate are *certain folk* !  
How like the sea, reflecting ev'ry form,  
So placid !—the next instant in a storm,  
Dashing against the inoffensive rock ;

Mounting towards the skies with such a thunder,  
As though it with'd (the lev'ler !) to bring under  
Sun, moon, and stars, and tear them into tatters—  
Such passions verily are serious matters.



Men in morality should ne'er be idle,  
But for those passions make a strong curb bridle.

When lofty man doth quarrel with a pin,  
In *man* resides the folly or the sin—

Not in the *brass*, by which his finger's spitted—  
For a small philosophy we find,  
That, as a pin is not endow'd with mind,  
Of malice call'd *prepenſe*, PIN stands acquitted :

Thus then his *awkwardneſs* must bear the blame,  
And thus to persecute the pin's a shame.  
Many inanimates, as well as pins,  
Suffer for others' fooleries and fins.

How oft a drunken blockhead damns a post  
That overturns him, breaks his shins, or head ;  
Whose eyes should certainly have view'd the coast,  
And have avoided this same post so dread ;

Whereas he should have spar'd his idle cries,  
And only damn'd his own two *blinkling* eyes.

A little Welchman, Welchman-like indeed,  
 Hot as Chian, that is to say—  
 A Bachelor—and therefore ev'ry NEED,  
 Was, for subsistence, forc'd to *him* to pray :

This BACHELOR, to satisfy withall  
 His gullet,  
 Put into a small pot—indeed *too small*,  
 A Pullet.

The Pullet's legs were not to be confin'd ;  
 So out they pok'd themselves, so sleek and white :  
 The Welchman curs'd her legs with wicked mind,  
 And push'd them in again, with monstrous spite.

The Pullet liking not the Pot's embrace,  
 So *very warm*—indeed a nat'ral case,  
 Pok'd forth her shrinking legs *again*, so fair ;  
 With seeming much uneasiness, in troth,  
 Objecting to her element of broth,  
 And wishing much to take a little air.

The CAMBRO-BRITON waxing red and hot,  
 And highly *foaming* too, just like the pot,  
 Ran to the legs, and shov'd them in once more ;

But, lo ! his oaths and labour all were vain ;  
Out pok'd the Pullet's boiling legs again ;  
Which put the Welchman's passions in a *roar* !

What will not mortals, urg'd by rage and fin, do ?  
Mad at defeat, and with a dev'lish scowl,  
He seizes with ferocity the fowl,  
And, full of vengeance, whirls her out at window.

TO  
MISS HARRINGTON,  
OF  
*B A T H.*

---

“ALAS, alas, I’ve lost a day !”  
Good TITUS once was heard to say,  
And forely, forely to repent it—  
What was it made the Emp’ror groan ?  
I’d give a good round sum, I own,  
To be inform’d how ’twas he spent it.

Dear TITUS, quickly leave thy tomb ;  
Enter of HARRINGTON the room,  
Whom MUSIC and each GRACE reveres—  
I’ll answer for’t, thou wilt not say,  
“ Alas, alas, I’ve lost a *day* ;”  
But, “ Gods ! I’ve found *five hundred years* !”

ANACREON

## ANACREON

TO

H I S    L Y R E.

SENT TO A LADY.

---

**F**AIN would I strike the harp to Kings,  
And give to war the sounding strings ;  
But, lo ! the chords rebellious prove,  
And tremble with the notes of love.

In vain I quarrel with my lyre,  
In vain I change the rebel wire ;  
Boldly I strike to war again,  
But love prevails through all the strain.

Oh !

Oh ! since not master of the shell,  
Ye Kings, and sons of war, farewell ;  
And since the Loves the song require,  
To VENUS I resign the lyre.

---

'Twas thus, O NYMPH, with attic tongue,  
The gay ANACREON pour'd the song,  
A BARD belov'd by *me* :  
And who the POET's harp can blame ?  
Perhaps old Greece could boast a DAME,  
With every grace like *thee*.

## O D E.

PETER modestly, delicately, and tenderly, pleadeth against the *excessive* Damages lately given for certain illegal Liberties in Love-matters.

A MAN may, in the cold dim eve of life,  
By way of fun-shinc, take a pretty wife,  
To warm him, as King DAVID did of yore ;\*  
Kiss her neat little finger, pat her cheek,  
Toy with the snowy beauties of her neck—  
No more !  
Preventing thus each Rake of flesh and sin  
From impudently stepping in.

Thus toying, mumbling, chuckling, the old fool,  
Who wanteth much the birch of CUPID's school,  
Expects his wife, so soft, and so divine,

\* Here is a flagrant error of the Lyric Bard. It was not a *wife*, but a pair of pretty black-eyed *Hebrew lasses*, whom the Monarch chose for his *loving* companions.

To fancy ev'ry sublunary bliss  
 In ev'ry toying monkey-trick, and kiss,  
 And round his neck, her arms with *rapture* twine;

Just like the fragrant pea, with blooms so thick,  
 That curls her tendrils round a rotten stick!

For *him* to raise his hedge, and bar his gate,  
 Is nat'ral—sad is trespass on th' estate:  
 For who, alas! can sit with silent ease,  
 And see a neighbour's pig among his peas?

But why should . . . . . be afraid of horns,  
 Who married a poor squeal, starv'd cat, for *money*?  
 Heav'ns! what should put the JUDGE's breech on  
 thorns?

Where, for the wasps, alas! is Madam's honey?

'Tis sweetness tempts the insects from the skies;  
 Gall needeth not a flapper for the flies.

So furious is this JUDGE against Crim. Con.  
 That poor ADULTERY is just undone:  
 Afraid to write, or squeeze, or wink his eye,  
 Nay, waft the foul's soft wishes on a sigh!



Woe to the wicked *Cornu*-factors now !

Ten, twenty, thirty, forty thousand pounds,  
For *him* to pay, who milks his neighbour's cow ;  
Stealing by night so slyly to his grounds !

“ O ’tis so vile, so wicked an affair !

“ Dreadful a neighbour's honour to ensnare—

“ Take his dear spouse without his leave, indeed !

“ What ! of his bosom steal the tender wife !

“ The pigeon to his feet, prolonging life,

“ Of sinking age the sweet supporting reed !

“ O that the law would make such doings *death* !”

Thus roars the jealous JUDGE, with thund’ring breath.

O . . . . . ! rave not thus with anger pale,

But let thy *fav’rite* JUSTICE hold the scale :

What though we must *condemn* the smuggled bliss ;

*Ten thousand pounds* are too much for a *kiss*.

THE  
ADDRESS OF THE FAIRIES  
TO THE  
*LADIES OF R—, IN CORNWALL:*  
LEFT ON THE DIAL-PLATE IN THE GARDEN.

---

YE gentle MAIDS of Camborne's Druid vale,  
Admir'd and lov'd by all our elfin train ;  
Your worth with wonder and delight we hail,  
And pen, unseen, for *you* the tuneful strain.

Beneath these oaks our happy court we keep,  
When Midnight rules the world with solemn sway :  
While *you*, forgetful, sink to silent sleep,  
We, blithsome, gambol 'mid the moonlight ray.

Sweet

Sweet is the spot where INNOCENCE is seen—

Dear is the valley where the VIRTUES dwell:

By *such* allur'd, we trip this dewy green,

Far from the sound of RIOT's savage yell.

HEALTH, rose-lipp'd HEALTH, shall crown your crys-  
tal rill,

And bid with ev'ry balm your Zephyrs blow;

Unceasing song shall charm the echoing hill,

And PLENTY robe with bloom, the vale below.

Thus wing'd with joy shall glide your golden hours,

Till for yon skies ye bid the world adieu;

And when at last ye leave these blissful bow'rs,

Your little weeping *friends* will wander too.

OBERON,

PUCK,

BLOSSOM,

MAB, &c.

To

CHARLOTTE,

ON

NEW-YEAR'S DAY.

---

BEHOLD another year succeed !  
But, CHARLOTTE, thou hast nought to dread,  
Since TIME will ev'ry beauty spare :  
TIME knows what's *perfect*, and well knows,  
'Twould take him *ages* to compose  
Another Damsel *half so fair*.

50

## C Y N T H I A.

---

CYNTHIA, I own my heart is lost,  
And dare confess it with a boast ;

It does a credit to my sighs ;  
For who like *thee* displays a face,  
Or who like *thee* abounds with grace,  
Or sports like *thee* a pair of eyes ?

But, ah ! 'tis folly to complain,  
Because I hear no sighs again,

A soft, a sweet return for *mine* :  
Love is a *Rogue*, who bads me gaze ;  
And when he saw *my* bosom blaze,  
Refus'd to raise a spark in *thine*.

‡

HYMN

# HYMN

TO

S I L E N C E.

O SILENCE! to our earth by WISDOM giv'n,  
 Yet from the *fashionable* circles driv'n  
 To breathing Zephyrs, and the limpid stream,  
 Whose murmurs sweetly soothe the shepherd's dream;  
 For thee I often sigh, but sigh in vain,  
 When FOLLY stuns me with her noisy train.

Oh! how I wish thy presence, when the 'SQUIRE  
 Impertinently bursts into my room;  
 Hallooing from the kennel's howl and mire,  
 And casting o'er my day, a midnight gloom.

Yet if his sister *Phil.* comes giggling in,  
 And talks of fashions, op'ra, ball, and play;  
 Methinks, my ears can *bear* the varied din,  
 Which forceth thee, mute MAID, to run away.

Yet 'tis not *long* I wish thee thus apart ;  
So much thy presence glads, *at times*, my heart—  
For when I clasp the Nymph, so fair and young,  
And steal a sweet acquaintance with her *lip*,  
I wish thee in the room at once to skip,  
And gently take possession of her *tongue*.

## C E C I L I A.

CECILIA, as 'twas Christmas time,  
Resolving on a flight sublime,

Prepar'd to pass her holidays in heav'n :  
The GODDESS then brush'd up her wings,  
Pick'd up her trinkets, her best things,  
Her harp, and songs, and pen, by PHÆBUS  
giv'n.

When in rush'd Music—"Madam, no,

"Indeed you *must* not, *shall* not go"—

"Poh! hold thy tongue (the GODDESS cry'd)

"thou Ninny;

"Think'st thou I'll quit dear BATH, my pride,

"And not an *equal charm* provide?

"Thou stupid creature, to forget *Ranzzini*."



## S O N G.

ALL, DELIA ! I will not complain,  
 That another is blest in thy charms ,  
 Yet allow me to *envy* the SWAIN,  
 Whom DELIA can take to her arms.

I confess that no merit is mine—  
 That of DELIA I ought to despair :  
 Since thy virtues, dear Maid, are divine,  
 And thy form like an Angel's so fair.

On FATE let me fix all the blame,  
 Who shew'd me thy form of desire ;  
 When I caught from thy beauty a flame,  
 That only with life can expire.

Yet,

Yet, DELIA, before I depart,  
Ah ! do not *one* favour deny ;  
Though FORTUNE denies me thy *heart*,  
Let thy pity accept of its *sigh*.

## M A D R I G A L.

SWEET Girl, the man's a downright fool,  
That asks for constancy in love—  
VARIETY's a charming school :  
How nat'ral for the heart to rove !

A form like thine can never cloy—  
And, lo, thy graces, what a plenty !  
Then tell me, why should *one* enjoy  
The beauties that suffice for *twenty* ?

AN

## A P O L O G Y

FOR

I N C O N S T A N C Y.

TO PHILLIS.

---

“ **H**OW 'tis thou governest *above*,  
“ I know not verily, O **L**OVE ;  
“ But to my grief, this truth I know,  
“ 'That **F**OLLY leads thy dance *below*.”

'Twas thus I spleenful cry'd, when first my heart  
From thy black sparklers felt the stinging dart :  
In dismal crape I dress'd up many a ballad ;

Mad at four looks, I look'd for nought but smile,  
 Not dreaming once that vinegar and oil  
 Produc'd a fine effect upon a fallad.

My wary wisdom now is on its guard,  
 And ev'ry day, I, PETER, am prepar'd  
 To catch my little Syren out of humour :  
 A disappointment at a ball perchance,  
 Not standing up the *foremost* in a dance,  
 Which forms a feast for wide-mouth'd MADAM  
 RUMOUR,

May give thee fidgets, put thee out of forts—  
 What flighted Lady loveth such reports ?

Grant that thine eyes, with fullen clouds o'ercast,

Let fall, alas ! a hearty show'r of rain—  
 Soon will those funs (for long it cannot last)

Peep out with radiance on the world again.  
 When, lo ! their beams will seem a great deal brighter,  
 My spirits also dancing ten times lighter.

Life is too mawkish, if 'tis always *sweet* ;  
 At times, a disappointment is a treat.  
 Some scout this doctrine—Psha ! the vapid asses !  
 Lord, drown them in a hogthead of molasses.

When

When MAJESTY was in a monstrous passion,  
 And grimly THURLOW thunder'd out d-mnation,  
 And LEEDS and HAWKSB'RY join'd their jowls to-  
     gether,  
 Brewing, like witches of Macbeth, foul weather ;

I cannot truly say my heart was light :  
 Indeed the Bard found something like a fright ;  
     Indeed I trembled at the gathering gloom ;  
 But when the cloud so harmless pass'd away,  
 My spirits all so frolicksome and gay,  
     To dance their jig, had scarcely elbow-room.  
 I laugh'd at each dark terrifying mien,  
 And mock'd the dread that rush'd through ev'ry vein.

Yet, is it possible, ye tuneful NINE,  
     (Doubtless the thought the great APOLLO shocks)  
 That verses vend'd by a Bard divine,  
     Can put his sacred legs into the stocks ?  
 Yes ! and his sacred head into the pillory :  
 So say the law archives of Lent and Hilary,

Some, Moderation kick, like fools, to door,  
 And with their passions always in a roar.

Ah !

Ah ! would those madmen wisely time employ,  
They ought to be *economists* of joy.

Too frequent and too violent a motion  
Will tear the best machinery to pieces ;  
This doctrine to young masters is a *potion*,  
A nauseous potion too to *love-sick Misses*.

Beyond th' extravagance of rhyme,  
Beyond the flight of thought sublime,  
I chace not blisses thus beyond all measure—  
RAPTURE's a fiery hunter to besride ;  
Indeed I wish not *madman-like* to ride,  
But, calm on that sweet filly, christen'd PLEASURE.

PHILLIS, I will not *always* have thy smile ;  
At times, I'll give thee liberty to *pout* :  
Such is my plan, the minutes to beguile ;  
Sometimes *in* heav'n, my love, and sometimes *out*.  
Variety affords a zest to life—  
But, main ! we must not say this to a *wife*.

## H Y M N

T O

L I F E.

---

PARENT of PLEASURE, and of many a groan,  
I should be loath to part with thee, I own,

Dear LIFE !

To tell the truth, I'd rather lose a *wife*,  
Should Heav'n e'er deem me worthy of possessing  
That best, that most invaluable blessing.

Some people talk of thee with much *sang-froid*,  
As one too pitiful to be enjoy'd ;

But thou'rt a most delightful girl with *me*—  
A hundred thousand pretty things are *thine* ;  
Indeed, of golden treasure thou'rt a mine,  
Thy manners greatly with my heart agree.

I love



I love thy sweet acquaintance from my heart ;  
 Will make a bargain with thee not to part,  
     Till Fate shall strike our system off its hinges :  
 Consenting to a little gout sometimes,  
 That spoils my appetite to meat and rhimes,  
     Those very sharp *memento-mori* twinges.

I thank thee that thou brought'st me into *being* ;  
 The things of this our world are well *worth seeing*,  
     And, let me add moreover, well worth feeling ;  
 Then what the dev'l would people have,  
 These gloomy hunters of the grave,  
     For ever fighting, groaning, canting, kneeling ?

I cannot rise from thee as from a feast,  
     As HORACE says, *uti convivæ satur*—  
         No such matter :  
 I'll answer for myself at least.

No, when it comes that thou and I must part,  
 LIFE, I shall leave thee with a fighting heart ;  
 Leave the warm precincts of the cheerful day,  
 With ling'ring longing looks, says GRAY.

Some

Some with they never had been born, how odd!

To see the handy works of God,

In, sun, and moon, and starry sky;

Though last, not least, to see sweet WOMAN'S  
charms;

Nay more, to clasp them in our arms,

And pour the soul in love's delicious sigh,

Is well worth coming for, I'm sure,

Supposing that thou gav'st us nothing more.

Yet, thus surrounded, LIFE, dear LIFE, I'm *thine*;

And could I always call thee *mine*,

I would not quickly bid this world farewell;

But whether here, or long, or short my stay,

I'll keep in mind, for ev'ry day,

An old French motto, *Vive la bagatelle*!

Before us HEAV'N hath plac'd the tear and smile;

Each may be won with very trifling toil—

But if there be in nature such a mule,

Who, willing with misfortune to be curst,

Should, like an idiot, madly choose the first,

In God's name let him suffer like a fool.

Misfortunes are this lott'ry world's sad blanks ;  
Presents, in my opinion, not worth thanks :  
The PLEASURES are the twenty-thousand prizes,  
Which nothing but a downright ass despises.

ODE

## O D E

TO

ADMIRAL HOTHAM.

THRICE happy man, on whom DUNDAS and PITT,  
With all the energy of human wit,

And all the pow'rs of sacred truth beside,  
Have lavish'd the wild torrent of their praise,  
Deck'd thy bald head with GLORY's brightest rays!

Haste from thy vessel with unwounded hide;

Thy vessel, which, like *thee*, 'mid WAR's alarm,  
And mighty danger, met no mighty harm.

Great TAR, at once thy course for England shape;  
England, broad staring, quite upon the gape,  
To meet the VICTOR, by whose arm, DUNDAS  
Declares what *marvellous things* have come to pass!

Yet as we bear thee through the streets along,  
Amid the stunning shout, and howling song ;  
Suppose a PATRIOT SAGE should cross thy way,  
And, claiming silence, ask in manly tone,  
“ What for these honours, HOTHAM, hast thou done ? ”  
HOTHAM ! now what the devil wilt thou say ?

FROM THE PERSIAN OF  
EMIR JOHAD.

TO  
*THE BUTTERFLY.*

---

SWEET child of summer, who from flow'r to flow'r,  
To sip each odour, sport'st on filken wing;  
I greet thy presence 'mid the golden hour,  
Whilst with the birds the vales of SERDI ring.

I see thee perching on each rose's bloom;  
From fragrance thus to fragrance wont to glide;  
Now from the tender vi'llet waft perfume;  
Now fix'd upon the lily's snowy pride.

Though blest art thou—my bliss is greater still;  
I kiss the bosom of the brightest FAIR!  
The charms of ADEL all my senses fill;  
And whilst those charms I press, her love I share.

But thou a mutual passion canst not know ;  
No fond endearments can return to thee—  
Whilst I, belov'd, with constant rapture glow—  
Sweet child of summer, come and envy *me*.

## O D E

TO THE

*LION SHIP OF WAR,*

ON HER RETURN WITH THE EMBASSY FROM CHINA.

DEAR LION, welcome from thy *monkey* trip;  
 Glad is the BARD to see thee, thou good Ship;  
 Thy mournful ensign, half way down the staff,  
 Provokes (I fear me much) a general laugh!

What sad long phizzes thou hast now on board!  
 A high and mighty disappointed LORD!  
 And lo, a disappointed doughty KNIGHT,  
 Whose buds of hope have felt a horrid blight.

Say, wert thou not *asham'd* to put thy prow  
 Where BRITONS, dog-like, learnt to crawl and bow:



Where *Eastern* Majesty, as hist'ry sings,  
Looks down with smiles of scorn on *Western* Kings ?

Ah me ! 'tis universally allow'd  
That Eastern Monarchs are prodigious proud ;  
Unlike the *humble* Monarchs of the *West*—  
Such kind and pliable and gentle creatures !  
So placid, of their souls, and sweet, the features ;  
Where nought but VIRTUE is a welcome guest

Your Eastern Despots, in their lofty station,  
Expect the censer of rich adulation

To burn for ever underneath their noses :  
This incense boasts a certain opiate pow'r ;  
Whose pleasant, stupefying, plenteous show'r,  
The optics of the understanding closes ;

Producing, too, a charming gaudy dream,  
In which Kings think they hold the world's esteem ;  
Think too, the conscience sound, though full of holes,  
And virtues, thick as herrings, in their souls.

O FLATTERY, thou attendant on INANITY,  
Thou meat, drink, clothes, and furniture of VANITY,  
'Tis cruel to attack a *feeble* head ;

Yes,

Yes, cruel—likewise let me add, a *shame*—  
 Who never makest mention of its name,  
 Poor, easy, gaping cuckoo, when 'tis *dead*.

Once more to *thee*, O LION, to return—  
 A subject form'd to bid all England mourn!

O think upon thy BRITONS, how disgrac'd,  
 As to the palacc of JEHOL they rac'd,  
 So shabbily, so tawdrily array'd!\*

The natives, with horse-laughs, the tribe remarking,†  
 While, grunting, kicking, braying, howling, bark-  
 ing,‡  
 Hogs, dogs, and asses, join'd the cavalcade!

Not

\* "I cannot but add to the obstacles which we received from the curiosity of the Chinese people, some small degree of mortification at the kind of impression our appearance seem'd to make on them: for they no sooner obtained a sight of any of us, than they universally burst out into loud shouts of laughter."—*Vide* ANDERSON'S *Narrative of the British Embassy to China*.

† Mr. ANDERSON supposes the clothes for the *suite* of the Ambassador were second-hand things purchased from the servants of the French Ambassador LUZERNE, or from the Play-houses---perhaps from Monmouth-street.

‡ ' We found ourselves (says Mr. ANDERSON) intermingled with a cohort of pigs, asses, and dogs, which broke our ranks, *such as*

Not STAUNTON, with his Doctör's gown and cap,  
 Could from the populace obtain *one* clap;  
 Nor poor MACARTNEY, with his star and ribbon!—  
 Child-like, he might as well have had a bib on!

Ah me! before he fail'd, a friend,  
 I told ye all how things would end.\*

Tell me, who plann'd this silly expedition?  
 That brain was surely in a mad condition:  
     Say, was it AVARICE, the lean old JADE,  
 Who, though half Asia's gems her corpse illumine,  
 (SOL's radiance on a melancholy tomb)  
     Can join with MEANNESS in her dirtiest trade?

*they were*, and put us into irrecoverable confusion. All formality of procession, therefore, was at an end, and the Ambassador's palanquin was so far advanced before us, as to make a little *smart running* necessary to overtake it."

\* See my Epistle to LORD MACARTNEY, in which I prophesied somewhat *more* than came to pass, as the Embassy was *bond fide* not literally *flogged*; but, says ANDERSON, "we entered Pekin like *paupers*, we remained in it like *prisoners*, and we quitted it like *vagrants*."

Who

Who told our King, the embassy would thrive,  
Must be the most egregious fool alive—

God mend that Courtier's head, or rather trash-  
pot!—

Perhaps he cry'd, "Upon the rich HINDOO

" Your glorious Majesty has cast its shoe,

" And CHINA next, my LIEGE, must be your wash-  
" pot."

## O D E

T O A

## B U T T E R F L Y.

CHILD of the summer's golden hour,  
 Who, happy, rov'st from flow'r to flow'r,  
 Now sportive winnowing 'mid th' expanse of air;  
 O welcome to my little field!  
 Each leaf of fragrance may it yield!  
 Yes, dwell with *me*, and NATURE's bounty share.

No black SIR JOSEPH\* with his net,  
 And JONAS †, whelm'd with dust and sweat,  
 Shall rudely chase thee far from my protection;

\* Banks.

† Jonas Dryander, the Knight's *forte quo non*.

Wild-leaping ev'ry fence and ditch ;  
 So rank the Virtuoso itch,  
     For making a rare butterfly collection.

Yet round thy paper-gibbet, laud would flow,  
 Amid the Knight's brave breakfasts in Soho ;  
     With rapture shown to toast-and-muffin Sages :  
 With *thee* too, would the *royal Journals* ring ;  
 And ev'n thy pretty mealy painted wing  
     Employ description sweet, for fifty pages !

Yet what, alas ! is praise to people *dead* ?  
 A panegyric on a lump of lead—  
     Precisely so !

Ye Gods, then, let me all *my* praises *hear*—  
 For verily 'tis wisdom to prefer  
     One grain *above ground*, to a pound *below*.

Rare CHILD of Æther, pr'ythee then agree  
 To choose the offer'd field, and dwell with *me* :  
     Here will I mark thee, 'mid thy meals, how chaste !  
 So busy on the flow'rs of golden hue,  
 And silver daisies moist with morning dew,  
     How innocent, how simple thy repast !

Ah !

Ah ! diff'rent far, from *Us* who grossly lave  
Our lips in beef and mutton's sanguine wave !

Whilst *We*, a race barbarian, cruel, *slay*—  
From *hog*, too, form the dinners of the day—

From hog, that lodg'd of yore the Imps of evil !\*  
Intrepid *He* who ventur'd *thus* to dine !  
Methinks the man who dreamt of eating *swine*,  
Must really next have thought of eating *devil*.

\* The history of the herd of swine is universally known as well as believed.

O D E  
ON  
M O D E R A T I O N.

“SOME folks are mad, and do not know it,”  
Says *some one*—I forget the *Poet* ;  
And verily the Bard was in the right.  
Wild as a puppy chasing butterflies,  
The world hunts TRANSPORT with keen nose and eyes;  
Dæciful Laïs, who often proves a bite !

The calm, cool, philosophic hour ;  
The purling brook, the woodbine bow’r,  
The grove’s, the valley’s sweet and simple song ;  
MORN’S virgin blush, and EVENING’S setting ray,  
On more than half the world are *thrown away*,  
Whose joys must like a whirlwind pour along.

Calmly



Calmly let *me* begin and end LIFE's chapter ;

Ne'er panting for a *hurricane* of rapture :

Calm let *me* walk—not riotous and jumping :

With due decorum, let my heart

Perform a sober, quiet part,

Not at the ribs be ever bumping, bumping.

RAPTURE's a *Charger*—often breaks his girth,

Runs off, and flings his rider in the dirt.

Lo, when for Gretna Green the couple start,

LOVE plays his gambols through each throbbing heart :

Squeezing and hugging, kissing, on they go ;

Wild, from the chaise, they poke their heads to JOHN,

“ Make haste, dear JOHN, drive on, drive on, drive  
on—

“ Lord ! lord ! your horses are so very slow !”

And whilst, for Gretna Green, each turtle sighs,

The BLACKSMITH\* seems an Angel in their eyes.

\* Also a DIVINE, who gains a comfortable maintenance by making matrimonial chains as well as horse-shoes.

But when this BLACKSMITH has perform'd *his* part,  
Possession quells the tumults of the heart;

The heart with foaming blifs no more boils over !  
Now leifurely into the chaise they get !

They ask no John to drive, no horfe to fweat !

No eyes keen fparkle fhows the burning lover ;

No kifles 'midft the jolting road they fnap ;

CÆLIA now takes a comfortable nap :

Down on her cheeks, her locks difhevell'd flow ;

Not vafly fmooth, but much like locks of hay ;

Her cap not much refembling Alpine fnow,

Shook from her rolling wearied head away.

The YOUTH too, with his noddle on his breaft ;

His hair all carelefs, much in hay-like trim ;

As though fweet wedlock's joys had loft their zelt ;

As though a dull indiff'rence damn'd the whim ;

With mouth half fhut, that heavy feems to fay,

“ The devil take the BLACKSMITH and the day,

“ Who tied me to that trollop, now my wife,

“ Juft like a jack-afs to a poft, for *life* !”

THE

P R A I S E

OF

A N E C D O T E.

BLESSED be the Retailers of Anecdote, who afford so much pleasant and light food to the mind. Blessed more particularly be MASTER JOHN NICHOLS, compiler of the Magazine of *quantity*, and *eke* his wonderful coadjutor DOCTOR (not *Myfter*) RICHARD GOUGH, who so often giveth that old devourer TIME a vomit, to make him disgorge

A furbelow of good QUEEN BESS's tail;

A taylor's thimble, and a rusty nail.

Important is the most trivial Anecdote of an extraordinary person ; and when consecrated by Age, it becomes invaluable.

Thus of himself sayeth the celebrated Monsieur MENAGE, one of my great *precursors* in *Anna*, who, if I may be in the fashion of alliteration, could give dignity to a dunghill, grace to a guttler, prettiness to a pigstye, honour to a horse-pond, and majesty to a mouse. “ When I boarded at Angers,” says this extraordinary man, “ the Mistress of the house quarrelled with the Maid for the loss of a pound of butter, which, by some means or other, had sneaked out of the way. The girl declared that the cat eat every bit of it. The incredulous mistress swore it was false ; and, to be convinced, she put the cat into a pair of scales ; when, lo ! the animal, to the maid’s confusion, weighed only three quarters of a pound !”

“ It is a fortunate thing (says Monsieur MENAGE, in another place) to be acquainted with celebrated people.” The smallest anecdote of a man of consequence, adds a gem to the treasures of History. Adopting this idea, I shall from time to time communicate to my readers, pretty little stories of Great People. To begin with his present GRACE of LEEDS, who is Musician, Politician, and Poet—

'Twas in that season of the year,

When Oratorios sweet appear,

And human warblers, all divinely sing;

Unlike the little birds, I wot,

Who close in frost and snow the throat,

And chant in summer only, and the spring;

that, being in the Green Room of Covent Garden, I stumbled on his GRACE of LEEDS, who, notwithstanding his having been the burthen of one of my merry songs, voluntarily and smilingly addressed *the Bard*, that is to say, *me*, the LYRIC PETER, Ο ΠΟΙΗΤΗΣ. The unexpectedness of the salute produced a palpitation, mixed with a quantity of reverence. "When was you in Cornwall last?" said his Grace, with a smiler. "About two years since," replied I—"Pray when was your *Grace* in that province?" "Last year," answered the Duke. "The Dutcheß accompanied your Grace, I presume?" quoth I, in a pretty, tender, unpresuming, and winning tone. "She *did*," rejoined his Grace, with the most affable smile, and conciliating manner. "GODOLPHIN is wildly situated," quoth I. "If I mistake not, Cornwall was made the scene of the *dilemmas* of the old Spanish and Italian writers of romance."

inance." "Hem, hem," rejoined the Duke, with a smile and a nod, which seemed *to me*, though intended as tones and signals of assent, to imply more *ignorance* than *knowledge*, which every GREAT MAN is too great to confess. His Grace now turned the discourse to Shakespeare, and Dryden, and Pope, and some more modern authors, with a pretty volubility, and some critical remark, which, though not in the true spirit of Longinus, was really not contemptible; for the Duke is a bit of a Poet; witness an unfortunate Prologue or two, and some *fortunate* amatory stanzas, that won the heart of the Duchess. Part of the natural history of a Poet is a desultory disposition, leaping from earth to heaven in his frenzy. Here the *converse* of the proposition took place; for, after a sublime quotation from Shakespeare, the Duke abruptly descended to the humbler subject of his *nose*!!! "How came you, Sir, in your Ode, to attack my nose?" This was a thundering question; for thou knowest, Reader, if thou hast perused all my lyrical lucubrations, that his Grace's proboscis has been the subject of a poetical smile. "My Lord Duke," answered I, "when your Grace, Lord Hawkebury, Lord Thurlow, Lord Sidney, and  
 I i 2 others,

others, your colleagues in Administration, took it into your heads to attack me, I thought a poor Poet had a right to the laws of retaliation." "But why attack my *nose*, Sir, why attack my *nose*?" The conversation now took a turn to his GRACE's knowledge of the Poets, from which he made many quotations, and spoke them with propriety:—on a sudden he quitted the classics, and reverted to his favourite and wounded feature—"But why attack my *nose*? is there any thing *uncommon* in my *nose*?" I answered, that, at the time I mentioned it, I was not *certain* whether he had a *nose* or no, as its existence was only fancied from *report*; but that I *knew* his GRACE had *power*, and meant to employ it against me with *hostility*. This answer produced no reply. The Duke stood mute and simpering for a few minutes, and then broke out on a sudden, "I will introduce ye to the Duchess." We immediately quitted the Green Room arm in arm, and repaired to a Stage-box, that held her Grace and Sister, Miss ANGLISH. The introduction was respectful, solemn, and awful—when, behold, the Duke, unable to quit his favourite topic, turned the solemnity of the meeting into farce.—"My love," (quoth the Duke to the Duchess) "I have been asking

asking the Doctor what provoked him to attack my *nose*?" Then turning to me, "Pray, Doctor, what provoked you to attack my nose?" Driven to the necessity of a compliment, I replied that "had I seen his Grace's *nose* before I wrote the Odes, I should most certainly have composed a *panegyric* on it instead of a *satire*, as the nose was really a very good nose indeed." The ladies smiled, the Duke was pleased; I leaned over the box, to shew the audience into what good company Fortune had thrown me. The conversation grew more cheerful—several ingenious *impromptus* were exchanged. At length I took my leave, with a profound bow of thanks for the honours I had received. His Grace returned my bow; the ladies also most condescendingly bowed to my bow; and forth I went, with exultation, to communicate this sudden *peripetia* or change of fortune to all my acquaintances.

#### GENTLE READER,

Wouldst thou not have imagined that the *war hatchet* was buried for ever? Such was my too credulous opinion; but *fronti nulla fides*! The very next public dinner his Grace gave, what did he? He ex-



hibited a ludicrous account of our interview; applauded his own amazing magnanimity, wit, and condescension, and laughed at the Poet. Dashed from the pinnacle of my ambition, for I expected a high place in Administration, and mortified by the disappointment, I sat me down, and in the true spirit of sorrow wrote the following pathetic stanzas.

## THE SONG OF DISAPPOINTMENT:

### AN FLIGIAC BALLAD.

HOPE whisper'd fine things in my ear;  
 I believ'd her, though trick is her trade:  
 She told me that FORTUNE was near,  
 Who had always behav'd like a jade.

*Great names, little people afloat—*  
 How 'witching the title, Your GRACE!—  
 My Lord Duke, Lady Duchess, what sound!  
 Big with honour, and dinner, and place.

In fancy I join'd the Duke's table,  
 Where his Grace so instructively chats ;  
 Despising my garret, that stable,  
 My joint-stool, and my penn'orth of sprats.

In fancy I *jok'd* with his GRACE,  
 And felt a huge torrent of bliss—  
 Then I flatter'd the Duchess's face,  
 And whisper'd love-stories to Miss.\*

In fancy his GRACE I beheld,  
 Heard his mouth with sound criticism ope ;  
 That mouth most deliciously swell'd  
 With quotations from DRYDEN and POPE.

In fancy I heard him aloud  
 Read his prologue so sweet to his guests ;  
 Saw wonderment stare from the crowd,  
 And rapture burst wild from their breasts.

Now I heard him delightfully thrum ;  
 Now in praise of old music a raver ;  
 Now HANDEL's huge chorutics hum ;  
 Now a critic on crotchet and quaver.

\* Miss Anguish.

In fancy a bonfire I blaz'd ;  
 At my wit heard them call out " encore ;"  
 While the room with astonishment gaz'd,  
 Prepar'd ev'ry moment to roar.

But the Duke has secreted his face ;  
 To the BARD what a terrible blow !  
 And gone are the smiles of ~~her~~ GRACE,  
 And the smiles of each ANGUISH *al-jû*.

But I'm not deluded alone ;  
 To *another* he sadly behav'd :  
 Doctor JACKSON, by promises won,  
 Cut his curls from his pate, and was shav'd.

Though the Doctor look'd smart with his locks  
 Sublime too, and swarthy, and big ;  
 He was told, when a Bishop, his flocks  
 Would expect a *full bushel of* wig.

A wig was accordingly bought,  
 As a cauliflow'r large, and as fair ;  
 Where the barber too, blest with good thought,  
 Wove religion and pomp in each hair.

In short, 'twas so solemn a *quiz*,  
 So form'd for concerns of the soul ;  
 People scarce could decide on its phiz,  
 Which look'd wisest, the caxon or jowl.

But after this grand operation  
 Of clipping and wiggling, I trow,  
 Sore baulk'd was poor *Con's*\* exaltation,  
 But *why*—none with certainty know.

Some thought *Heav'n* with the *wig* was displeas'd ;  
 But people may think as they list :  
 Others said (with maliciousness seiz'd)  
 Heav'n hated the *pride* of the Priest.

So the Doctör no Bishop was made,  
 Nor at present a Bishop is *he* ;  
 And it also may safely be said,  
 That a Bishop he never will *be*.

But the DUKE too is thwarted, I ween ;  
 Who looks *up* like a hawk to the Crown ;  
 But, alas ! our good King and good Queen  
 Have never vouchsaf'd to *look down*.

\* CON, *i. e.* Consequential Jackson—a constant appellative bestowed on him at the University of Oxford.

Now to Duke and to Ducheſs adieu ;  
Adieu to my honours *like-wife* ;  
The viſion departs from my view,  
And HOPE, the falſe flatterer, flies.

My teeth too are robb'd of ſweet picking ;  
Ah teeth, to good eating attach'd !  
And thus have I counted my chicken,  
Poor blockhead, before they were hatch'd.

THE  
CONVENTION BILL,  
AN ODE.

---

*Où profanum vulgus, et arce—*

*Favete linguis.*

HOR.

I hate the Mob—Avaunt the *Vulgar Throng*!

Be padlocks plac'd on ev'ry BRITON'S tongue.

PITTS'S *Translator.*



TO THE  
R E A D E R.

GENTLE READER,

THE insufferable licentiousness of the present age, with regard to political opinion, demands an immediate redress. As the freedom of discussion may be the loss of a MINISTER'S *Place*; *that* MINISTER is in the right to make use of his *most virtuous* MAJORITY, to bring in a Bill

For binding to the peace the TONGUE and PEN,  
So hostile to the *peace* of COURTIER MEN,

who, as Pope says of his friend Addison,

—"damn for arts that caus'd *themselves* to rise."

MESSIEURS PITT and DUNDAS were *not* pot-valiant when they *stumbled* on this Convention Act, whatever  
the



the world may think. The JOLLY GOD, it is said, was *for once* forced to give place to the GODDESS *yclept* PRUDENCE, who has totally presided over this Bill, which *wisely* orders that a *dozen men*, like a *dozen bottles of wine*, shall not pass from house to house without a PERMIT. Convinced of the *necessity* and *wisdom* of our PREMIER's political manœuvre, I join his standard, and heartily vote to perpetual confinement the PEN

That, with its lever nib of brass,  
Tries from his pow'r to heave DUNDAS ;  
And TONGUE that, with its crushing wit,  
Treads, like an Elephant, on PITT,  
By SLANDER urg'd, whose breath of flame  
Melts the fair column of a NAME.

P. P.

ODE

# O D E

TO

*Mr. P I T T.*

---

ACCEPT a CONVERT, Ode-composing PETER!

“ THE THUNDER-BEARING BIRD of British metre,”

Says FAME, from truth not often known to wander:  
To thee JOB’s war-horse from Parnassus, PITT,  
A gentle Beast, I kneeling take the bit,

Like tam’d BUCEPHALUS to ALEXANDER;

A Horse to *other* Riders so uncivil;

Who rear’d, and plung’d, and kick’d them to the  
Devil.

SINCE IMPUDENCE, assuming FREEDOM’s form,

Near MOTHER RED-CAP brews the dangerous storm,

Assembling such a formidable rout;

Loud

Loud threat'ning, too, O PITT ! in evil hour  
 To blow thee, like the goffâmer, from pow'r :  
 'Tis time, full time, methinks, to *look about*.

Say the full plan thou meanest to pursue,  
 To curb of Liberty this upstart crew :  
 Our eyes are, hawk-like, on the sharpen'd gaze.  
 Pronounce how many men shall meet together,  
 To canvass our political foul weather, .  
 And shake their heads, in hopes of better days.

If not too pert—Thou great REFORMING MAN,  
 How many wilt thou suffer in a clan,  
 To groan their grievance, whisper woeful tale,  
 Where the small Tap-room pours its gin and ale ?

SEDITION lurks within a PORTER-MUG—  
*Eke* in a GLASS of GIN the knave lies snug !  
 Who *drinks*, in rank rebellion dips his nose !  
 I like not *healths* ! too oft they carry treason :  
 Then let us cut at once the rascal's waistband,  
 That dares to drink “ a Rope to FREEDOM'S  
 Foes ! ”

And

And if to NEWS-PAPERS thou turn'st thine eyes  
 Hot-beds of treason upon treason rise,  
     Save ROSE's—guiltless of all wit-pollution!  
 But, if *sheer heavinefs* can aid a cause,  
 GEORGE's two Brats\* shall pound the People's jaws,  
     As *logs* and *lead* do wond'rous execution.

Rebellion taints a *whisper*, too, I think,  
 And wond'rous danger hides within a *wink*;  
 Much in a *shrug*, and much in *lifted eyes*;  
 But, if a *groan* escape, a MONARCH *dies*.

AUGUSTUS acted very sagely—for as  
 He lov'd two Poets, VIRGIL call'd, and HORACE,  
     He issued proclamation, where, quoth he,  
 “ Let no one Poet, upon pain of death,”  
 (And, Lord! how dangerous that same loss of breath!)  
     “ Dare, if he values life, to mention ME.”

\* Mr. GEORGE ROSE, of the TREASURY, is the Proprietor of two News Papers, *misnomered* the TRUE BRITON and SUN: the first, pleasantly *fabulous*; and the last, never emitting a *single Ray*. They are intended, however, as two *brazen* pillars of our *happy* Constitution, acquainting the world with *every motion* of MAJESTY. GEORGE is really a *character*, and should be brought a *little more forward* on the political canvass. To continue the metaphor, this *Treasury Gentleman* has been kept too far in the *back ground*. A history of his life, parentage, and education, would prove a *bonne bouche* for the PUBLIC.

It had a very fine effect, says FAME ;  
 E'en cats and puppies reverenc'd CÆSAR's name !  
 Thus let *our* CÆSAR mounted be on high,  
 And no one *take his name in vain*, but PYE.

Behold the pale CHINESE ! tame slaves of POW'ER,  
 Who, at a MANDARIN, in corners cower ;

Dropping to earth the eye with awe-clad head ;  
 While others yield themselves to panting flight,  
 Not vent'ring to turn back the fearful fight,  
 Lest a huge blunderbuss should strike them dead !

Such souls in BRITONS may we hope to see ?  
 Haste, haste, the *times* to tremble thus at THEE !

Oh ! as in NORMAN WILLIAM's humbling day,  
 At eve, shall solemn CURFEW's sound the knell :  
 And men, like babes, be forc'd to bed away,  
 Soon as they hear the monitory bell ?

When MAJESTY to Parliament shall ride,  
 Ah ! may the MONARCH by the MOB be *eye'd* ?  
 And, if allow'd the *blissing* of a view,  
 Hether with *half* an eye, *one* eye, or *two* ?

And

And will not it be deem'd a *danger* thing  
 To ogle through a *spying glass* *spying*?  
 And will not *Knaves* *front* to *Justice* run,  
 And swear the *spying-glass* a *very good Gun*?

By thy sage council, *ye shall know*,  
 Like *DAVID* *GOLIATH*, *George* may travel on,  
 When, lo, of curiosity and  
 A Peeping Tom may from a window poke;  
 Then lo, *but* of the *fabre's* stroke  
 Dair is the *lancey* *Pepper* to the dead.

A *Religious Majesty* is fond of hunting,  
*Let* his company no more be *hunting*!  
 A *Serpent* may bear a very dangerous brush,  
*Bowles* may pull a cleaver from the frock;  
*Peasants* may launch at *Majesty* a block,  
 Or *iron* dart, or pike-like pole may push;

*Jack Ketch* within his pocket hide his stings,  
 And *Couriers* launch their lap-stones at their King;  
 Since *such* *offences*, by ambition born,  
 Join *Majesty*, and *Whoop*, and *Hound*, and *Horn*!

And, when our KING to *Weymouth* shall repair,  
 Forget not thou an order to the MAY'R,  
 When in the tub the ROYAL LIFE embarks,  
 To read the Riot-act to *shrimps* and *sharks* !

And now may God your hearts, ye BRITONS, turn !  
 Your fins in sackcloth and in ashes mourn :

Without a sigh, to MINISTERS *submit*—  
 Ye are but *children* yet, so mend your ways ;  
 Sing to the Lord (th' EXCHEQUER'S LORD !) with  
 praise ;

And go to school, good boys, to GOODY PITT.

But hark ! a voice !—" Ah, PITT ! thine arts are  
 " vain ;

" BRITONS *dare* speak, and, when oppress'd, *complain* ;

" To MAN the little privilege is giv'n :

" And, should a MISCREANT *curb* it, (dead to shame)

" May ALBION'S GENIUS tear the Villain's frame,

" And fling it piece-meal to the fowls of Heav'n !"

Whence is that solemn sound, alas ! declare :  
 The GHOST of ALFRED bids a ROGUE *beware*.

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